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THE

WORKS

OF

LORD BYRON:

WITH

HIS LETTERS AND JOURNALS,

AND HIS LIFE,

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IX.

PUBLIC LIBRARY NEW-YORK

NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1847.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Volume contains Lord Byron's Miscellaneous Pieces in verse, produced between January 1811, when the first two Cantos of "Childe Harold" were finally prepared for the press, and January 1814. Among the shorter effusions at the beginning, are the beautiful Songs dedicated to the real, or imaginary, Thyrza; perhaps the most exquisitely graceful, as well as pathetic, of his love poems. These are followed by the satirical pieces, entitled, "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "The Waltz:" in which the progress of Lord Byron's skill in this widely different species of composition may be distinctly, and instructively, traced; and which are now for the first time rendered generally intelligible, by the substitution of names for initials or asterisks, and the accompaniment of explanatory notes.

The reader passes to the three earliest specimens of the Author's romantic narrative —

"The Giaour," written in April, and published in May; — "The Bride of Abydos," written in November, and published early in December, 1813; — and "The Corsair," composed during the last thirteen days of the same month, and published in January, 1814. These vigorous performances, so rapidly following each other, kept the public attention rivetted on Lord Byron at this, the most brilliant, and, perhaps, the happiest period of his short career. He was enjoying the steady blaze of fame, and exulting in a strength, which now, in general estimation, knew no rival. By a careful comparison of the original MSS. and successive Editions of these splendid poems, the Editor has been enabled to collect a rich harvest of various readings, many of them curious, and not a few important; and the margin continues to present a running series of historical, biographical, and critical annotations.

The Appendix consists of the poet's Remarks on the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language; with Specimens and Translations, — all produced during his residence in the Capuchin Convent, at Athens, in 1811.

July 20. 1832.

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THE opposite engraving presents a fac-simile of Stanza x of the third canto of "Childe Harold," as dashed off Lord Byron, in June, 1816, during one of his evening cursions on the Lake of Geneva. The reader will find Walter's Scott's opinion of this Stanza at p. 174. Vol. VII

The sky is changed! — and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

1811—1813.

LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE.(1)

DEAR object of defeated care!
Though now of Love and thee bereft,
To reconcile me with despair,
Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope;
But this I feel can ne'er be true:
For by the death-blow of my Hope
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January, 1811.(2)

(1) [These lines are copied from a leaf of the original MS. of the second canto of "Childe Harold."—E.]

(2) [On the departure, in July, 1810, of his friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, for England, Lord Byron fixed his head-quarters at Athens, where he had taken lodgings in a Franciscan convent; making occasional excursions through Attica and the Morea, and employing himself, in the interval of his tours, in collecting materials for those notices on the state of modern Greece which are appended to the second canto of "Childe Harold." In this retreat also he wrote "Hints from Horace," "The Curse of Minerva," and "Remarks on the Romaic, or Modern Greek Language." He thus writes to his mother:—"At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind, instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us to send our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us. Here I see, and have conversed with, French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, &c. &c. &c.; and, without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. When I see the superiority of England (which, by the by, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased; and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring any thing more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal; nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship; and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics or the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard that reputation by a future

SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH.

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh;
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epitaph?
If such you seek, try Westminster, and view
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG,

"Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων."(1)

SONS of the Greeks, arise!
The glorious hour's gone forth,
And, worthy of such ties,
Display who gave us birth.

---

effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them fo those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they ma serve to prolong my memory, when I myself shall cease to remember. have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, &c. &c., fo me. This will be better than scribbling—a disease I hope myself cure of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life; but God knows, an does best for us all."—E.]

(1) The song Δεῦτε παῖδες, &c., was written by Riga, who perished in th attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the autho could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original [While at the Capuchin convent, Lord Byron devoted some hours daily t the study of the Romaic; and various proofs of his diligence will be foun in the Appendix.—E.]

CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go
In arms against the foe,
Till their hated blood shall flow
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising
The Turkish tyrant's yoke,
Let your country see you rising,
And all her chains are broke.
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,
Behold the coming strife!
Hellénes of past ages,
Oh, start again to life!
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking
Your sleep, oh, join with me!
And the seven-hill'd(1) city seeking,
Fight, conquer, till we're free.
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers
Lethargic dost thou lie?
Awake, and join thy numbers
With Athens, old ally!
Leonidas recalling,
That chief of ancient song,
Who saved ye once from falling,
The terrible! the strong!
Who made that bold diversion
In old Thermopylæ,

(1) Constantinople. "Εστιάλεος."

And warring with the Persian
To keep his country free;
With his three hundred waging
The battle, long he stood,
And like a lion raging,
Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c. (1)

TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG,

" Μπενω μες 'τσ' περιβόλι
'Ωραιότατη Χάηδή," &c. (2)

I ENTER thy garden of roses, (3)
Beloved and fair Haidée,
Each morning where Flora reposes,
For surely I see her in thee.

(1) [Riga was a Thessalian, and passed the first part of his youth among his native mountains, in teaching ancient Greek to his countrymen. On the first burst of the French revolution, he joined himself to some other enthusiasts, and with them perambulated Greece, rousing the bold, and encouraging the timid by his minstrelsy. He afterwards went to Vienna to solicit aid for a rising, which he and his comrades had for years been endeavouring to accomplish; but he was given up by the Austrian government to the Turks, who vainly endeavoured by torture to force from him the names of the other conspirators. — E.]

(2) The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our " χέρι," in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

(3) [National songs and popular works of amusement throw no small light on the manners of a people: they are materials which most travellers have within their reach, but which they almost always disdain to collect. Lord Byron has shown a better taste; and it is to be hoped that his example will, in future, be generally followed. — GEORGE ELLIS.]

Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee,
Receive this fond truth from my tongue,
Which utters its song to adore thee,
Yet trembles for what it has sung;
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,
Through her eyes, through her every feature,
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;
Bring me hemlock—since mine is ungrateful,
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.
The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,
Will deeply embitter the bowl;
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee
My heart from these horrors to save:
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances
Secure of his conquest before,
Thus thou, with those eyes for thy lances,
Hast pierced through my heart to its core.
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish
By pangs which a smile would dispel?
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st me cherish,
For torture repay me too well?

Now sad is the garden of roses,
  Beloved but false Haidée!
There Flora all wither'd reposes,
  And mourns o'er thine absence with me.

LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS.

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD WRITTEN: —

"FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart
To trace the birth and nursery of art:
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;
He comes to Athens, and he writes his name."

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED THE FOLLOWING: —

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,
His name would bring more credit than his verse. (1)

(1) [At Orchomenus, where stood the Temple of the Graces, I was tempted to exclaim, 'Whither have the Graces fled?' Little did I expect to find them here; yet here comes one of them with golden cups and coffee, and another with a book. The book is a register of names, some of which are far sounded by the voice of fame. Among them is Lord Byron's, connected with some lines which I here send you. — H. W. WILLIAMS.]

ON PARTING.

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,
An equal love may see:
The tear that from thine eyelid streams
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest
In gazing when alone;
Nor one memorial for a breast,
Whose thoughts are all thine own.

Nor need I write — to tell the tale
My pen were doubly weak:
Oh! what can idle words avail,
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,
That heart, no longer free,
Must bear the love it cannot show
And silent ache for thee.

March, 1811.

EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER. (1)

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,
The *souls* of learning and of leather.
Poor Joe is gone, but left his *all*:
You'll find his relics in a *stall*.
His works were neat, and often found
Well stitch'd, and with *morocco* bound.
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid
He cannot mend the shoe he made;
Yet is he happy in his hole,
With verse immortal as his *sole*.
But still to business he held fast,
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.
Then who shall say so good a fellow
Was only "leather and prunella?"
For character—he did not lack it;
And if he did, 'twere shame to "Black-it."

Malta, May 16. 181

ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA.

GOOD plays are scarce,
So Moore writes farce:
The poet's fame grows brittle—
We knew before
That *Little*'s Moore,
But now 'tis *Moore* that's *little*.

September 14. 1811. (

(1) [Some notice of this poetaster has been given, *ante*, Vol. VII. p. 2 He died in 1810, and his works have followed him. — E.]

(2) [The farce in question was called "M. P.; or, the Blue Stocking *and came out* at the Lyceum Theatre, on the 9th of September. — E.]

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, (1)

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO "BANISH CARE."

"Oh! banish care"—such ever be
The motto of *thy* revelry!
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights
Renew those riotous delights,
Wherewith the children of Despair
Lull the lone heart, and "banish care."
But not in morn's reflecting hour,
When present, past, and future lower,
When all I loved is changed or gone,
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,
Whose every thought—but let them pass—
Thou know'st I am not what I was.
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,
By all the powers that men revere,
By all unto thy bosom dear,
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,
Speak—speak of any thing but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,
The tale of one who scorns a tear;
And there is little in that tale
Which better bosoms would bewail.
But mine has suffer'd more than well
'T would suit philosophy to tell.

(1) [*i. e.* Mr. Francis Hodgson (not then the Reverend). See Vol. VII. p. 305.—E.]

I ve seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant, which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child;—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kiss'd, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less. (1)

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,
Nor seek again an eastern shore;
The world befits a busy brain,—
I'll hie me to its haunts again.
But if, in some succeeding year,
When Britain's "May is in the sere,"
Thou hear'st of one, whose deepening crim
Suit with the sablest of the times,
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise,
One, who in stern ambition's pride,
Perchance not blood shall turn aside,

(1) [These lines will show with what gloomy fidelity, even while u the pressure of recent sorrow, the poet reverted to the disappointme his early affection, as the chief source of all his sufferings and e present and to come. — Moore.]

One rank'd in some recording page
With the worst anarchs of the age,
Him wilt thou *know* — and *knowing* pause
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause. (1)

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11. 1811. (2)

TO THYRZA.

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,
And say, what Truth might well have said,
By all, save one, perchance forgot,
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea
Divided, yet beloved in vain;
The past, the future fled to thee
To bid us meet — no — ne'er again!

(1) [The anticipations of his own future career in these concluding lines are of a nature, it must be owned, to awaken more of horror than of interest, were we not prepared, by so many instances of his exaggeration in this respect, not to be startled at any lengths to which the spirit of self-libelling would carry him. It seemed as if, with the power of painting fierce and gloomy personages, he had also the ambition to be, himself, the dark 'sublime he drew,' and that, in his fondness for the delineation of heroic crime, he endeavoured to fancy, where he could not find in his own character, fit subjects for his pencil. — MOORE.]

(2) [Two days after, in another letter to Mr. Hodgson, the poet says, — "I am growing *nervous* (how you will laugh!) — but it is true, — really, wretchedly, ridiculously, fine-ladically *nervous*. Your climate kills me; I can neither read, write, nor amuse myself, or any one else. My days are listless, and my nights restless: I have seldom any society, and, when I have, I run out of it. I don't know that I sha'n't end with insanity; for I find a want of method in arranging my thoughts that perplexes me strangely." — E.]

Could this have been — a word, a look
That softly said, " We part in peace,"
Had taught my bosom how to brook,
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee
Prepared a light and pangless dart,
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,
In that dread hour ere death appear,
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,
Had flow'd as fast — as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day
In these, to me, deserted towers,
Ere call'd but for a time away,
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;
The smile none else might understand;
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,
The pressure of the thrilling hand;

The kiss, so guiltless and refined
That Love each warmer wish forbore;
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,
Even passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;
The song, celestial from thy voice,
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore — I wear it still,
But where is thine? — Ah! where art thou?
Oft have I borne the weight of ill,
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom
The cup of woe for me to drain.
If rest alone be in the tomb,
I would not wish thee here again;

But if in worlds more blest than this
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere,
Impart some portion of thy bliss,
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me — too early taught by thee!
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:
On earth thy love was such to me;
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11. 1811. (1)

(1) [Mr. Moore considers "Thyrza" as if she were a mere creature of the poet's brain. "It was," he says, "about the time when he was thus bitterly feeling, and expressing, the blight which his heart had suffered from a *real* object of affection, that his poems on the death of an *imaginary* one were written; — nor is it any wonder, when we consider the peculiar circumstances under which these beautiful effusions flowed from his fancy, that, of all his strains of pathos, they should be the most touching and most pure. They were, indeed, the essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs; — a confluence of sad thoughts from many sources of sorrow, refined and warmed in their *passage through* his fancy, and forming thus one deep *reservoir of mournful feeling.*" It is a pity to disturb a sentiment thus

STANZAS.

[" AWAY, AWAY," &c.]

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,
Or I must flee from hence — for, oh!
I dare not trust those sounds again.
To me they speak of brighter days —
But lull the chords, for now, alas!
I must not think, I may not gaze
On what I am — on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more
Is hush'd, and all their charms are fle
And now their softest notes repeat
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;
And all that once was harmony
Is worse than discord to my heart!

---

beautifully expressed; but Lord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Dalla
exact date of these lines, viz. Oct. 11th, 1811, writes as follows
been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very c
happier times: but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief,' an
of horrors,' till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left
which, five years ago, would have bowed my head to the ea
reply to this letter, Mr. Dallas says, — " I thank you for you
communication. How truly do I wish that that being had li
yours! What your obligations to her would have been in th
conceivable." Several years after the series of poems on '
written, Lord Byron, on being asked to whom they referred, b
whose tenderness he never ceased to confide, refused to answe
of painful agitation, such as rendered any farther recurrence
impossible. The reader must be left to form his own conclusi
following pieces are all devoted to Thyrza. — E.]

'Tis silent all! — but on my ear
The well remember'd echoes thrill;
I hear a voice I would not hear,
A voice that now might well be still:
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,
Till consciousness will vainly wake
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep,
Thou art but now a lovely dream;
A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.
But he who through life's dreary way
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in wrath,
Will long lament the vanish'd ray
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6. 1811.(1)

STANZAS.

["ONE STRUGGLE MORE," &c.]

ONE struggle more, and I am free
From pangs that rend my heart in twain;
One last long sigh to love and thee,
Then back to busy life again.

(1) ["I wrote this a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days."—*B. Letters, Dec. 8. 1811.*]

It suits me well to mingle now
With things that never pleased before:
Though every joy is fled below,
What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;
Man was not form'd to live alone:
I'll be that light, unmeaning thing
That smiles with all, and weeps with none.
It was not thus in days more dear,
It never would have been, but thou
Hast fled, and left me lonely here;
Thou 'rt nothing, — all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!
The smile that sorrow fain would wear
But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,
Like roses o'er a sepulchre.
Though gay companions o'er the bowl
Dispel awhile the sense of ill;
Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,
The heart — the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night
It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;
For then I deem'd the heavenly light
Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:
And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,
When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,
"Now Thyrza gazes on that moon —"
Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave!

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,
And sickness shrunk my throbbing veins,
" 'Tis comfort still," I faintly said,
" That Thyrza cannot know my pains:"
Like freedom to the time-worn slave,
A boon 'tis idle then to give,
Relenting Nature vainly gave
My life, when Thyrza ceased to live!

My Thyrza's pledge in better days,
When love and life alike were new!
How different now thou meet'st my gaze!
How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!
The heart that gave itself with thee
Is silent—ah, were mine as still!
Though cold as e'en the dead can be,
It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!
Though painful, welcome to my breast!
Still, still, preserve that love unbroken,
Or break the heart to which thou 'rt press'd!
Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallow'd when its hope is fled:
Oh! what are thousand living loves
To that which cannot quit the dead?

EUTHANASIA.

When Time, or soon or late, shall bring
The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead.
Oblivion! may thy languid wing
Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there,
To weep, or wish, the coming blow:
No maiden, with dishevell'd hair,
To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,
With no officious mourners near:
I would not mar one hour of mirth,
Nor startle friendship with a fear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour
Could nobly check its useless sighs,
Might then exert its latest power
In her who lives and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last
Thy features still serene to see:
Forgetful of its struggles past,
E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still
Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing breath;
And woman's tears, produced at will,
Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour,
Without regret, without a groan;
For thousands Death hath ceased to lower,
And pain been transient or unknown.

"Ay, but to die, and go," alas!
Where all have gone, and all must go!
To be the nothing that I was
Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,
And know, whatever thou hast been,
'Tis something better not to be.

STANZAS.

["AND THOU ART DEAD," &c.]

"Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

AND thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth;
And form so soft, and charms so rare,
Too soon return'd to Earth!
Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not:
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved, and long must love,
Like common earth can rot;
To me there needs no stone to tell,
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past,
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow:
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;
The worst can be but mine:
The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away;
I might have watch'd through long decay

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
  Must fall the earliest prey;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
  The leaves must drop away:
And yet it were a greater grief
To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it pluck'd to-day;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade;
The night that follow'd such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade:
Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd,
And thou wert lovely to the last;
  Extinguish'd, not decay'd;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed;
To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain,
Than thus remember thee!
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught, except its living years.

Februar

STANZAS.

["IF SOMETIMES," &c.]

If sometimes in the haunts of men
Thine image from my breast may fade,
The lonely hour presents again
The semblance of thy gentle shade:
And now that sad and silent hour
Thus much of thee can still restore,
And sorrow unobserved may pour
The plaint she dare not speak before.

Oh, pardon that in crowds awhile
I waste one thought I owe to thee,
And, self-condemn'd, appear to smile,
Unfaithful to thy Memory!
Nor deem that memory less dear,
That then I seem not to repine;
I would not fools should overhear
One sigh that should be wholly *thine*.

If not the goblet pass unquaff'd,
It is not drain'd to banish care;
The cup must hold a deadlier draught,
That brings a Lethe for despair.
And could Oblivion set my soul
From all her troubled visions free,
I'd dash to earth the sweetest bowl
That drown'd a single thought of thee.

For wert thou vanish'd from my mind,
Where could my vacant bosom turn?
And who would then remain behind
To honour thine abandon'd Urn?
No, no—it is my sorrow's pride
That last dear duty to fulfil;
Though all the world forget beside,
'Tis meet that I remember still.

For well I know, that such had been
Thy gentle care for him, who now
Unmourn'd shall quit this mortal scene,
Where none regarded him, but thou:
And, oh! I feel in *that* was given
A blessing never meant for me;
Thou wert too like a dream of Heaven,
For earthly Love to merit thee.

March 14. 1812.

ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN.(1)

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be
That thou shouldst thus be rent in twain?
Have years of care for thine and thee
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,
And every fragment dearer grown,
Since he who wears thee feels thou art
A fitter emblem of *his own.*

March 16. 18

LINES TO A LADY WEEPING.(2)

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;
Ah! happy if each tear of thine
Could wash a father's fault away!

(1) [We know not whether the reader should understand the cornel heart of these lines to be the same with that of which some notices a given in Vol. VII. p. 99. — E.]

(2) [This impromptu owed its birth to an *on dit*, that the late Princ Charlotte of Wales burst into tears on hearing that the Whigs had fou it impossible to put together a cabinet, at the period of Mr. Perceva death. They were appended to the first edition of the "Corsair," and e cited a *sensation*, as it is called, marvellously disproportionate to th length,—or, we may add, their merit. The ministerial prints raved for t months on end, in the most foul-mouthed vituperation of the poet, and that belonged to him — the Morning Post even announced a motion in t House of Lords — "and all this," Lord Byron writes to Mr. Moore, "Bedreddin in the Arabian Nights remarks, for making a cream tart wi pepper: how odd, that eight lines should have given birth, I really thin *to eight thousand!*" — E.]

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—
Auspicious to these suffering isles;
And be each drop in future years
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March, 1812.

THE CHAIN I GAVE.

(*From the Turkish.*)

The chain I gave was fair to view,
The lute I added sweet in sound;
The heart that offer'd both was true,
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell
Thy truth in absence to divine;
And they have done their duty well,—
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,
But not to bear a stranger's touch;
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st think
In other hands its notes were such.

Let him, who from thy neck unbound
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,
Who saw that lute refuse to sound,
Restring the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too
The chain is broke, the music mute.
'Tis past — to them and thee adieu—
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF THE "PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

ABSENT or present, still to thee,
My friend, what magic spells belong!
As all can tell, who share, like me,
In turn thy converse (1), and thy song.

But when the dreaded hour shall come
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,
And "MEMORY" o'er her Druid's tomb (2)
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine,
And blend, while ages roll away,
Her name immortally with *thine!*

April 19.

(1) ["When Rogers does talk, he talks well; and, on all subjects his delicacy of expression is pure as his poetry. If you enter his his drawing-room — his library — you of yourself say, this is not the of a common mind. There is not a gem, a coin, a book thrown asid chimney-piece, his sofa, his table, that does not bespeak an almost fi elegance in the possessor." *B. Diary*, 1813. — E.]

(2) [The reader will recall Collins's exquisite lines on the tomb o *son*: "*In yonder grave a Druid lies*," &c. — E.]

ADDRESS,

SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10. 1812.(1)

In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of pride;
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and mourn'd,
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it adorn'd!)
Through clouds of fire the massy fragments riven,
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from heaven;
Saw the long column of revolving flames
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled Thames,(2)
While thousands, throng'd around the burning dome,
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for their home,

(1) [The theatre in Drury Lane, which was opened, in 1747, with Dr. Johnson's masterly address, beginning, —

"When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal Shakspeare rose,"

and witnessed the last glories of Garrick, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt in 1794. The new building perished by fire in 1811; and the Managers, in their anxiety that the opening of the present edifice should be distinguished by some composition of at least equal merit, advertised in the newspapers for a general competition. Scores of addresses, not one tolerable, showered on their desk, and they were in sad despair, when Lord Holland interfered, and, not without difficulty, prevailed on Lord Byron to write these verses — "at the risk," as he said, "of offending a hundred scribblers and a discerning public." The admirable *jeu d'esprit* of the Messrs. Smith will long preserve the memory of the "Rejected Addresses." — E.]

(2) ["By the bye, the best view of the said fire (which I myself saw from a house-top in Covent Garden) was at Westminster Bridge, from the reflection *of the Thames.*" *B. to Lord H.* — E.]

As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly shone
The skies, with lightnings awful as their own,
Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd her fall;
Say — shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in our isle,
Know the same favour which the former knew,
A shrine for Shakspeare — worthy him and *you?*

Yes — it shall be — the magic of that name
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of flame;
On the same spot still consecrates the scene,
And bids the Drama *be* where she hath *been:*
This fabric's birth attests the potent spell —
Indulge our honest pride, and say. *How well!*

As soars this fane to emulate the last,
Oh! might we draw our omens from the past,
Some hour propitious to our prayers may boast
Names such as hallow still the dome we lost.
On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art
O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the sternest heart
On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;
Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,
Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last adieu:
But still for living wit the wreaths may bloom
That only waste their odours o'er the tomb.
Such Drury claim'd and claims — nor you refuse
One tribute to revive his slumbering muse;
With garlands deck your own Menander's head!
Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead!

Dear are the days which made our annals bright,
Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley (1) ceased to write.
Heirs to their labours, like all high-born heirs,
Vain of *our* ancestry as they of *theirs;*
While thus Remembrance borrows Banquo's glass
To claim the sceptred shadows as they pass,
And we the mirror hold, where imaged shine
Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,
Pause — ere their feebler offspring you condemn,
Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both Players and Plays
Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,
Whose judging voice and eye alone direct
The boundless power to cherish or reject;
If e'er frivolity has led to fame,
And made us blush that you forbore to blame;
If e'er the sinking stage could condescend
To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,
All past reproach may present scenes refute,
And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute! (2)

(1) [Originally, "Ere Garrick *died*," &c. — "By the bye, one of my corrections in the copy sent yesterday has dived into the bathos some sixty fathom —

'When Garrick died, and Brinsley ceased to write.'

Ceasing to *live* is a much more serious concern, and ought not to be first. Second thoughts in every thing are best; but, in rhyme, third and fourth don't come amiss. I always scrawl in this way, and smooth as fast as I can, but never sufficiently; and, latterly, I can weave a nine-line stanza faster than a couplet, for which measure I have not the cunning. When I began 'Childe Harold,' I had never tried Spenser's measure, and now I cannot scribble in any other." *B. to Lord H.* — E.]

(2) [The following lines were omitted by the Committee —

Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's laws,
Forbear to mock us with misplaced applause;
So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's powers,
And reason's voice be echo'd back by ours!

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule obey'd,
The Drama's homage by her herald paid,
Receive *our* welcome too, whose every tone
Springs from our hearts, and fain would win your ov
The curtain rises—may our stage unfold
Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!
Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,
Still may *we* please—long, long may *you* preside!

" Nay, lower still, the Drama yet deplores
That late she deign'd to crawl upon all-fours.
When Richard roars in Bosworth for a horse,
If you command, the steed must come in course.
If you decree, the stage must condescend
To soothe the sickly taste we dare not mend.
Blame not our judgment should we acquiesce,
And gratify you more by showing less.
The past reproach let present scenes refute,
Nor shift from man to babe, from babe to brute."

" Is Whitbread," said Lord Byron, " determined to castrate all *cavalry* lines? I do implore, for my *own* gratification, one lash on t accursed quadrupeds—' a long shot, Sir Lucius, if you love me.' "—

(1) [" Soon after the ' Rejected Addresses ' scene in 1812, I met Sheri In the course of dinner, he said, ' Lord Byron, did you know that amo the writers of addresses was Whitbread himself?' I answered by an quiry of what sort of an address he had made. ' Of that,' replied Sheri ' I remember little, except that there was a *phœnix* in it.'—' A phœni Well, how did he describe it?'—' Like a *poulterer*,' answered Sherid it was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off fe single feather.' " *B. Letters*, 1821.—E.]

TO TIME.

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing
The varying hours must flag or fly,
Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,
But drag or drive us on to die—

Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd
Those boons to all that know thee known;
Yet better I sustain thy load,
For now I bear the weight alone.

I would not one fond heart should share
The bitter moments thou hast given;
And pardon thee, since thou could'st spare
All that I loved, to peace or heaven.

To them be joy or rest, on me
Thy future ills shall press in vain;
I nothing owe but years to thee,
A debt already paid in pain.

Yet even that pain was some relief;
It felt, but still forgot thy power:
The active agony of grief
Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I 've sigh'd to think thy flight
Would soon subside from swift to slow;
Thy cloud could overcast the light,
But *could not add* a night to woe;

For then, however drear and dark,
My soul was suited to thy sky;
One star alone shot forth a spark
To prove thee—not Eternity.

That beam hath sunk, and now thou art
A blank; a thing to count and curse
Through each dull tedious trifling part,
Which all regret, yet all rehearse.

One scene even thou canst not deform;
The limit of thy sloth or speed
When future wanderers bear the storm
Which we shall sleep too sound to heed

And I can smile to think how weak
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SO

Ah! Love was never yet without
The pang, the agony, the doubt,
Which rends my heart with ceaseless si
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe,
I faint, I die beneath the blow.
That Love had arrows, well I knew;
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net
Which Love around your haunts hath set;
Or, circled by his fatal fire,
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing
Was I, through many a smiling spring;
But caught within the subtle snare,
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,
Can neither feel nor pity pain,
The cold repulse, the look askance,
The lightning of Love's angry glance.

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;
Like melting wax, or withering flower,
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!
And art thou changed, and canst thou hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:
What wretch with me would barter woe?
My bird! relent: one note could give
A charm, to bid thy lover live.

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,
In silent *anguish I* sustain;

And still thy heart, without partaking
One pang, exults—while mine is breakin

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!
Thou canst not murder more than now:
I've lived to curse my natal day,
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,
Can patience preach thee into rest?
Alas! too late, I dearly know
That joy is harbinger of woe.

STANZAS.

["THOU ART NOT FALSE."]

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,
To those thyself so fondly sought;
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle
Are doubly bitter from that thought:
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou grieve
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou leavest

The wholly false the heart despises,
And spurns deceiver and deceit;
But she who not a thought disguises,
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—
When she can change who loved so truly,
It feels what mine has felt so newly.

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow
  Is doom'd to all who love or live;
And if, when conscious on the morrow,
  We scarce our fancy can forgive,
That cheated us in slumber only,
To leave the waking soul more lonely,

What must they feel whom no false vision,
  But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?
Sincere, but swift in sad transition;
  As if a dream alone had charm'd?
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE "ORIGIN OF LOVE."

THE "Origin of Love!"—Ah, why
  That cruel question ask of me,
When thou mayst read in many an eye
  He starts to life on seeing thee?

And shouldst thou seek his *end* to know:
  My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,
He 'll linger long in silent woe;
  But live—until I cease to be.

STANZAS.

["REMEMBER HIM," &c.]

REMEMBER him, whom passion's power
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:
Remember thou that dangerous hour
When neither fell, though both were loved.

That yielding breast, that melting eye,
Too much invited to be bless'd:
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost
But saved thee all that conscience fears;
And blush for every pang it cost
To spare the vain remorse of years.

Yet think of this when many a tongue,
Whose busy accents whisper blame,
Would do the heart that loved thee wrong,
And brand a nearly blighted name.

Think that, whate'er to others, thou
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:
I bless thy purer soul even now,
Even now, in midnight solitude.

Oh, God! that we had met in time,
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;
When thou hadst loved without a crime,
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore,
From this our gaudy world be past!
And that too bitter moment o'er,
Oh! may such trial be thy last!

This heart, alas! perverted long,
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;
To meet thee in the glittering throng,
Would wake Presumption's hope of joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,
That world resign—such scenes forego,
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;
From what even here hath pass'd, may guess
What there thy bosom must endure

Oh! pardon that imploring tear,
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,
The thought that we no more may meet;
Yet I deserve the stern decree,
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart
Had then less sacrificed to thine;
It felt not half so much to part,
As if its guilt had made thee mine.

18

ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS. (1)

When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent,
(I hope I am not violent)
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.

And since not ev'n our Rogers' praise
To common sense his thoughts could raise —
Why *would* they let him print his lays?

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

To me, divine Apollo, grant — O!
Hermilda's first and second canto,
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining,
My own and others' bays I'm twining —
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

(1) [See Moore's Notices, *ante*, Vol. II. p. 198. — E.]

TO LORD THURLOW

" I lay my branch of laurel down,
Then thus to form Apollo's crown
Let every other bring his own."
Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers.

I lay my branch of laurel down."
Thou " lay thy branch of *laurel* down!"
Why, what thou 'st stole is not enow;
And, were it lawfully thine own,
Does Rogers want it most, or thou?
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:
Were justice done to both, I trow,
He 'd have but little, and thou—none.

" *Then thus to form Apollo's crown.*"
A crown! why, twist it how you will,
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still.
When next you visit Delphi's town,
Enquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,
They 'll tell you Phœbus gave his crown,
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

" *Let every other bring his own.*"
When coals to Newcastle are carried,
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,
From his spouse when the Regent's unmarried,
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

TO THOMAS MOORE.

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT COLD BATH FIELDS PRISON, MAY 19. 1813. (1)

Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town,
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or To
Brown, —
For hang me if I know of which you may mo
brag, [Ba
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-penny Po
* * * * * *
But now to my letter — to *yours* 'tis an answer —
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you can, sir,
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to spunge on
(According to compact) the wit in the dungeon —
Pray Phœbus at length our political malice
May not get us lodgings within the same palace!
I suppose that to-night you 're engaged with son
codgers,
And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted Sam Roger
And I, though with cold I have nearly my death g
Must put on my breeches, and wait on the Heat
cote,
But to-morrow, at four, we will both play the *Scurr*
And you 'll be Catullus, the Regent Mamurra.(2)

(1) [See *antè*, Vol. II. p. 206.]

(2) [The reader who wishes to understand the full force of this scan lous insinuation is referred to Muretus's notes on a celebrated poem Catullus, entitled *In Cæsarem*; but consisting, in fact, of savagely scorn abuse of the favourite *Mamurra*: —

" Quis hoc potest videre? quis potest pati,
Nisi impudicus et vorax et helluo?
Mamurram habere quod comata Gallia
Habebat unctum, et ultima Britannia? " &c. — E.]

IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND.

When, from the heart where Sorrow sits,
Her dusky shadow mounts too high,
And o'er the changing aspect flits,
And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;
Heed not that gloom, which soon shall sink:
My thoughts their dungeon know too well;
Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,
And droop within their silent cell. (1)

September, 1813.

SONNET, TO GENEVRA.

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair,
And the wan lustre of thy features—caught
From contemplation—where serenely wrought,
Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from its despair—
Have thrown such speaking sadness in thine air,
That—but I know thy blessed bosom fraught
With mines of unalloy'd and stainless thought—
I should have deem'd thee doom'd to earthly care.

(1) [These verses are said to have dropped from the poet's pen, to excuse a transient expression of melancholy which overclouded the general gaiety. It was impossible to observe his interesting countenance, expressive of a dejection belonging neither to his rank, his age, nor his success, without feeling an indefinable curiosity to ascertain whether it had a deeper cause than habit or constitutional temperament. It was obviously of a degree incalculably more serious than that alluded to by Prince Arthur—

—'I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night
Only for wantonness.'

But, howsoever derived, this, joined to Lord Byron's air of mingling in amusements and sports as if he contemned them, and felt that his sphere was far above the frivolous crowd which surrounded him, gave a strong effect of colouring to a character whose tints were otherwise romantic.—Sir Walter Scott.]

With such an aspect, by his colours blent,
When from his beauty-breathing pencil born,
(Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent)
The Magdalen of Guido saw the morn—
Such seem'st thou—but how much more excellent
With nought Remorse can claim — nor Virtu scorn.

December 17. 1813. (1

SONNET, TO THE SAME.

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe,
And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could flush
Its rose of whiteness with the brightest blush,
My heart would wish away that ruder glow:
And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but, oh!
While gazing on them sterner eyes will gush,
And into mine my mother's weakness rush,
Soft as the last drops round heaven's airy bow.
For, through thy long dark lashes low depending,
The soul of melancholy Gentleness
Gleams like a seraph from the sky descending,
Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;
At once such majesty with sweetness blending,
I worship more, but cannot love thee less.

December 17. 1813

(1) ["Redde some Italian, and wrote two sonnets. I never wrote but on sonnet before, and that was not in earnest, and many years ago, as a exercise—and I will never write another. They are the most pulin *petrifying*, stupidly platonic compositions." *Diary*, 1813.—E.]

FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

"TU MI CHAMAS."

In moments to delight devoted,
"My life!" with tenderest tone, you cry;
Dear words! on which my heart had doted,
If youth could neither fade nor die.

To death even hours like these must roll,
Ah! then repeat those accents never;
Or change "my life!" into "my soul!"
Which, like my love, exists for ever.

ANOTHER VERSION.

You call me still your *life*.—Oh! change the word—
Life is as transient as the inconstant sigh:
Say rather I'm your soul,; more just that name,
For, like the soul, my love can never die.

HINTS FROM HORACE:

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE "AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA," AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO "ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS."

—— "Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi."
Hor. De Arte Poet.

'Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir."
Fielding's Amelia.

[Authors are apt, it is said, to estimate their performances more according to the trouble they have cost themselves, than the pleasure they afford to the public; and it is only in this way that we can pretend to account for the extraordinary value which Lord Byron attached, even many long years after they were written, to these "Hints from Horace." The business of *translating* Horace has hitherto been a hopeless one; — and notwithstanding the brilliant cleverness of some passages, in both Pope's and Swift's *Imitations* of him, there had been, on the whole, very little to encourage any one to meddle seriously even with that less difficult department. It is, comparatively, an easy affair to transfer the effect, or something like the effect, of the majestic declamations of Juvenal; but the Horatian satire is cast in a mould of such exquisite delicacy — uniting perfect ease with perfect elegance throughout — as has hitherto defied all the skill of the moderns. Lord Byron, however, having composed this piece at Athens, in 1811, and brought it home in the same desk with the two first cantos of "Childe Harold," appears to have, on his arrival in London, contemplated its publication as far more likely to increase his reputation than that of his original poem. Perhaps Milton's preference of the "Paradise Regained" over the "Paradise Lost" is not a more decisive example of the extent to which a great author may mistake the source of his greatness.

Lord Byron was prevented from publishing these lines, by a feeling which, considering his high notion of their merit, does him honour. By accident, or nearly so, the "Harold" came out before the "Hints;"— and the reception of the former was so flattering to Lord Byron, that it could scarcely fail to take off, for the time, the edge of his appetite for literary bitterness. In short, he found himself mixing constantly in society with persons who had — from good sense, or good-nature, or from both — overlooked the petulancies of his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and felt, as he said, that he should be "heaping coals of fire on his head" if he were to persist in bringing forth a continuation of his juvenile lampoon. Nine years had passed ere he is found writing thus to Mr. Murray:—"Get from Mr. Hobhouse, and send me, a proof of my "Hints from Horace:" it has now the *nonum prematur in annum* complete for its production. I have a notion that, with some omissions of names and passages, it will do; and I could put my late observations *for* Pope amongst the notes. As far as versification goes, it is good; and, in looking back at what I wrote about that period, I am astonished to see how little I have trained on. I wrote better then than now; but that comes of my having fallen into the atrocious bad taste of the times." On hearing, however, that, in Mr. Hobhouse's opinion, the iambics would require "a good deal of slashing" to suit the times, the notion of printing them was once more abandoned. They were first published, therefore, in 1831, seven years after the poet's death. — E.]

HINTS FROM HORACE.

Athens. Capuchin Convent, March 12. 1811.

WHO would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace
His costly canvass with each flatter'd face,
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his brush?
Or, should some limner join, for show or sale,
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?
Or low Dubost (1) — as once the world has seen —
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic spleen?

> Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
> Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
> Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
> Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;

(1) In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H—— as a "beast," and the consequent action, &c. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment. — [The gentleman here alluded to was Thomas Hope, the author of "Anastasius," and one of the most munificent patrons of art this country ever possessed. Having, somehow, offended an unprincipled French painter, by name Dubost, that adventurer revenged himself by a picture called "Beauty and the Beast," in which Mr. Hope and his lady were represented according to the well-known fairy story. The picture had too much malice not to succeed; and, to the disgrace of John Bull, the exhibition of it is said to have fetched thirty pounds in a day. A brother of Mrs. Hope thrust his sword through the canvass; and M. Dubost had the consolation to get five pounds damages. The affair made much noise at the time: though Mr. Hope had not then placed himself on that seat of literary eminence, which he afterwards attained. Probably, indeed, no man's reputation in the world was ever so suddenly and completely altered, as his was by the appearance *of his magnificent* romance. — E.]

Not all that forced politeness, which defends
Fools in their faults, could gag his grinning :
Believe me, Moschus (1), like that picture s
The book which, sillier than a sick man's dr
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists (2) know,
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow ;
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,
And grant in turn the pardon which we ask
But make not monsters spring from gentle c
Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not laml

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes ten
(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends ;
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,
As pertness passes with a legal gown :
Thus many a bard describes in pompous str
The clear brook babbling through the goodl

Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Fingentur species, ut nec pes, nec caput uni
Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas,
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim
Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia ; non ut
Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.
Inceptis gravibus plerumque et magna professis
Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter

(1) ["Moschus." — In the original MS., "Hobhouse." —

(2) ["All artists." — Originally, "We scribblers." — E.]

The groves of Granta, and her gothic halls, [walls·
King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd windows, and old
Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims
To paint a rainbow, or — the river Thames. (1)

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may shine—
But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse sign;
You plan a *vase* — it dwindles to a *pot;*
Then glide down Grub-street — fasting and forgot;
Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Review,
Whose wit is never troublesome till — true. (2)

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming tribe
(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a scribe)
Are led astray by some peculiar lure.
I labour to be brief—become obscure;
One falls while following elegance too fast;
Another soars, inflated with bombast;

Assuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianæ,
Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.
Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum
Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rotâ cur urceus exit?
Denique sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.
Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,
Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,
Obscurus fio: sectantem levia, nervi
Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:

(1) "Where pure description held the place of sense." — Pope.
(2) [*This is pointed, and felicitously expressed.* — Moore.

Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,
He spins his subject to satiety;
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves!

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,
The flight from folly leads but into vice;
None are complete, all wanting in some part,
Like certain tailors, limited in art.
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;
But coats must claim another artisan. (1)
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame; (2)
Or, with a fair complexion, to expose
Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strengt
And ponder well your subject, and its length;

Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ:
Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,
Delphinum sylvis appingit fluctibus aprum.
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.
Æmilium circa ludum faber unus et ungues
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.
Sumite materiem vestris, qui scribitis, equam
Viribus; et versate diu quid ferre recusent

(1) Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor; with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen found it impossible confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may have since taken pl I neither know, nor desire to know.

(2) [MS. "As one leg perfect, and the other lame."—E.]

or lift your load, before you 're quite aware
'hat weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.
ıt lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,
wait the poet, skilful in his choice;
'ith native eloquence he soars along,
race in his thoughts, and music in his song.

Let judgment teach him wisely to combine
'ith future parts the now omitted line:
ıis shall the author choose, or that reject,
·ecise in style, and cautious to select;
or slight applause will candid pens afford
) him who furnishes a wanting word.
ıen fear not if 'tis needful to produce
ıme term unknown, or obsolete in use,
ıs Pitt (1) has furnish'd us a word or two,
hich lexicographers declined to do;)
) you indeed, with care,—(but be content
) take this license rarely)—may invent.

Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.
Ordinis hæc virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici
Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.
In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis:
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum. Si forte necesse est
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,
Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter;

1) Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as y be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

New words find credit in these latter days
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase.
What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse
To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.
If you can add a little, say why not,
As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lu
Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues;
'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present
Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,
So fade expressions which in season please;
And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,
And works and words but dwindle to a date.
Though as a monarch nods, and commerce cal
Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, st
The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,
And rising ports along the busy shore
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,

Et novâ fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta. Quid autem
Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur, acquirere pauca
Si possum, invideor, cum lingua Catonis et Enni
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,
Signatum præsente nota producere nomen.
Ut silvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos;
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,
Et juvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.
Debemur morti nos nostraque: sive receptus
Terra Neptunus classes aquilonibus arcet,
Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum;

l, all must perish; but, surviving last,
ıe love of letters half preserves the past.
ue, some decay, yet not a few revive; (1)
ıough those shall sink, which now appear to thrive,
ı custom arbitrates, whose shifting sway
ır life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and angels wage,
re they not shown in Milton's sacred page?
is strain will teach what numbers best belong
o themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly paint
he lover's anguish, or the friend's complaint.
ut which deserves the laurel — rhyme or blank?
/hich holds on Helicon the higher rank?
et squabbling critics by themselves dispute
his point, as puzzling as a Chancery suit.

Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,
Doctus iter melius; mortalia facta peribunt?
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.
Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque.
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus;
Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.
Res gestæ regumque ducumque et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.
Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum;
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.
Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,
Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.

(1) Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter: thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts! — [There was considerable malice in thus putting *Weber*, a poor German hack, a mere manuensis of Sir Walter Scott, between the two other names. — E.]

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish spleer
You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dea

Blank verse (2) is now, with one consent, all
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dryden's da
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;

Archilocum proprio rabies armavit iambo;
Hunc socci cepere pedem, grandesque cothurni,
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.
Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,
Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.

(1) "Mac Flecknoe," the "Dunciad," and all Swift's lampooning l Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal fe and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal ch of the writers. — [For particulars of Dryden's feud with his successo laureateship, Shadwell, whom he has immortalised under the name Flecknoe, and also as Og, in the second part of "Absalom and Achito and for the literary squabbles in which Swift and Pope were engag reader must turn to the lives and works of these three great writer also Mr. D'Israeli's painfully interesting book on "The Quarrels thors." — E.]

(2) [Like Dr. Johnson, Lord Byron maintained the excellence of over blank verse in English poetry. "Blank verse," he says, in h lost letter to the editor of Blackwood's Magazine, "unless in the no one except Milton ever wrote who could rhyme. I am awar Johnson has said, after some hesitation, that he could not 'preva himself to wish that Milton had been a rhymer.' The opinions truly great man, whom, like Pope, it is the present fashion to dec ever be received by me with that deference which time will restore from all; but, with all humility, I am not persuaded that the "P Lost" would not have been more nobly conveyed to posterity, n haps in heroic couplets, — although even they could sustain the s if well balanced, — but in the stanza of Spenser, or of Tasso, or terza rima of Dante, which the powers of Milton could easily have on our language. The "Seasons" of Thomson would have been in rhyme, although still inferior to his "Castle of Indolence;" a Southey's "Joan of Arc" no worse. — E.]

While modest Comedy her verse foregoes
For jest and *puns* (1) in very middling prose.
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the worse,
Or lose one point, because they wrote in verse.
But so Thalia pleases to appear,
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times a year!

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have weight:—
Adapt your language to your hero's state.
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;
Nor unregarded will the act pass by
Where angry Townly (2) lifts his voice on high.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?
Cur nescire pudens prave, quam discere malo?
Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco
Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.
Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.
Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit,
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.

(1) With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition. ["Cicero also," says Addison, "has sprinkled several of his works with them; and, in his book on Oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which, upon examination, prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of James the First, who was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy counsellors that had not some time or other signalised themselves by a clinch, or a conundrum. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former; as in the latter, nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together."—E.]

(2) [In Vanbrugh's comedy of the "Provoked Husband."—E.]

Again, our Shakspeare limits verse to kings,
When common prose will serve for common things
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,
To "hollowing Hotspur (1)" and the sceptred sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your art,
To polish poems;—they must touch the heart:
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the song,
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;
Command your audience or to smile or weep,
Whiche'er may please you — any thing but sleep.
The poet claims our tears; but, by his leave,
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor tear,
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or sneer.
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious face,
And men look angry in the proper place.
At double meanings folks seem wondrous sly,
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;
For nature form'd at first the inward man,
And actors copy nature — when they can.

Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul, uterque
Projicit ampullas et sesquipedalia verba;
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.
Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunto,
Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.
Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent
Humani vultus; si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia lædent.
Telephe, vel Peleu, male si mandata loquèris,
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo: tristia mœstum
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

(1) "And in his ear I'll hollow, Mortimer!" — 1 *Henry IV.*

She bids the beating heart with rapture bound,
Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the ground;
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,
She gave our mind's interpreter — the tongue,
Who, worn with use, of late would fain dispense
(At least in theatres) with common sense;
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery, pit,
And raise a laugh with any thing—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,
Whence spring their scenes, from common life or court;
Whether they seek applause by smile or tear,
To draw a "Lying Valet," or a "Lear,"
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from school,
A wandering "Peregrine," or plain "John Bull;"
All persons please when nature's voice prevails,
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a plot.
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?
One precept serves to regulate the scene:—
Make it appear as if it *might* have *been*.

Fortunarum habitum; juvat, aut impellit ad iram;
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit;
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.
Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,
Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.
Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros;
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventa
Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;
Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.
Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,
Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem;

If some Drawcansir(1) you aspire to draw,
Present him raving, and above all law:
If female furies in your scheme are plann'd,
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your hand;
For tears and treachery, for good or evil,
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and the Dev
But if a new design you dare essay,
And freely wander from the beaten way,
True to your characters, till all be past,
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters fail,
Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,
Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.
Sit Medea ferox invictaque; flebilis Ino;
Perfidus Ixion; Io vaga; tristis Orestes;
Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes
Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Difficile est proprie communia dicere *; tuque
Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

(1) [See the "Rehearsal."—

"*Johnson.* Pray, Mr. Bayes, who is that Drawcansir?

"*Bayes.* Why, Sir, a great hero, that frights his mistress, snuf kings, baffles armies, and does what he will, without regard to num good sense, or justice."—E.]

* "*Difficile est proprie communia dicere.*"—Mde. Dacier, Mde. d vigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning o passage in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace. printed at the close of the eleventh volume of Madame de Sévigné's Le edited by Grouvelle, Paris, 1806. Presuming that all who *can* construe venture an opinion on such subjects, particularly as so many who ca have taken the same liberty, I should have held my "farthing candle awkwardly as another, had not my respect for the wits of Louis the teenth's Augustan siècle induced me to subjoin these illustrious autho 1st, Boileau: "Il est difficile de traiter des sujets qui sont à la port tout le monde d'une manière qui vous les rende propres, ce qui s'a s'approprier un sujet par le tour qu'on y donne." 2dly, Batteux: "

And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer
A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and err;
Yet copy not too closely, but record,
More justly, thought for thought than word for word,
Nor trace your prototype through narrow ways,
But only follow where he merits praise.

Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.
Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum,
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Il est bien difficile de donner des traits propres et individuels aux êtres purement possibles." 3dly, Dacier: "Il est difficile de traiter convenablement ces caractères que tout le monde peut inventer." Mde. de Sévigné's opinion and translation, consisting of some thirty pages, I omit, particularly as M. Grouvelle observes, "La chose est bien remarquable, aucune de ces diverses interpretations ne parait être la véritable." But, by way of comfort, it seems, fifty years afterwards, "Le lumineux Dumarsais" made his appearance, to set Horace on his legs again, "dissiper tous les nuages, et concilier tous les dissentimens;" and some fifty years hence, somebody, still more luminous, will doubtless start up and demolish Dumarsais and his system on this weighty affair, as if he were no better than Ptolemy and Tycho, or his comments of no more consequence than astronomical calculations on the present comet. I am happy to say, "la longueur de la dissertation" of M. D. prevents M. G. from saying any more on the matter. A better poet than Boileau, and at least as good a scholar as Sévigné, has said,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

And, by this comparison of comments, it may be perceived how a good deal may be rendered as perilous to the proprietors. — [Dr. Johnson gave the interpretation thus — "He means that it is difficult to appropriate to particular persons qualities which are common to all mankind, as Homer has done." — "It seems to result from the whole discussion," says Mr. Croker, "that, in the ordinary meaning of the words, the passage is obscure, and that, to make sense, we must either alter the words, or assign to them an unusual interpretation. All commentators are agreed, by the help of the context, what the general meaning must be; but no one seems able 'verbum verbo reddere fidus interpres.'" (*Boswell*, vol. iii. p. 438.) — But, in our humble opinion, Boileau's translation is precisely that of this "fidus interpres." — E.]

For you, young bard! whom luckless fate m
To tremble on the nod of all who read,
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,
Beware — for God's sake, don't begin like Bow

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim :

(1) About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was a
by Mr. Cumberland * (in a review † since deceased) as being enga
epic poem to be entitled "Armageddon." The plan and specii
mise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor hi
by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to whi
rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking,
is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cu
for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day a
may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (subli
ideas confessedly are) has not,—by raising expectation too high, or
ing curiosity, by developing his argument, — rather incurred the
injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (who

* [On the original MS. we find,— "This note was written" [a
"before the author was apprized of Mr. Cumberland's death."
littérateur died in May 1811, and had the honour to be buried in
ster Abbey, and to be eulogised, while the company stood r
grave, in the following manly style by the then dean, Dr. Vin
schoolfellow, and through life his friend. — "Good people! the p
see now deposited is Richard Cumberland, an author of no small r
writings were chiefly for the stage, but of strict moral tendency:
not without faults, but they were not gross, abounding with oaths
inous expressions, as, I am shocked to observe, is the case of ma
present day. He wrote as much as any one: few wrote better
works will be held in the highest estimation, as long as the English
will be understood. He considered the theatre a school for moral
ment, and his remains are truly worthy of mingling with the illustr
which surround us. Read his prose subjects on divinity! there yo
the true Christian spirit of the man who trusted in our Lord an
Jesus Christ. May God forgive him his sins; and, at the resur
the just, receive him into everlasting glory!" — E.]

† [The "London Review," set up in 1809, under Mr. Cum
editorial care, did not outlive many numbers. He spoke great
the prospectus, about the distinguishing feature of the journal
having the writer's name affixed to the articles. This plan has
pretty well both in France and Germany, but has failed utterly
as it has been tried in this country. It is needless, however, to g
speculation on the principle *here;* for the "London Review,"
sent into the world with or without names, must soon have d
original disease of dulness. — E.]

"Awake a louder and a loftier strain,"—
And pray, what follows from his boiling brain?—
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,
Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!

"Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum."
Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.

I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pye, and all the "dull of past and present days." Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore;* if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter: but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well "the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely;" and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr Townsend's share will be from *envy;* — he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice. — [This was penned at Athens. On his return to England Lord B. wrote to a friend: —"There is a sucking epic poet at Granta, a Mr. Townsend, protégé of the late Cumberland. Did you ever hear of him and his 'Armageddon?' I think his plan (the man I don't know) borders on the sublime; though, perhaps, the anticipation of the 'Last Day' is a little too daring: at least, it looks like telling the Almighty what he is to do; and might remind an ill-natured person of the line —

'And fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'

But I don't mean to cavil — only other folks will; and he may bring all the lambs of Jacob Behmen about his ears. However, I hope he will bring it to a conclusion, though Milton is in his way."— All Lord Byron's anticipations, with regard to this poem, were realised to the very letter. To gratify the curiosity which had been excited, Mr. Townsend, in 1815, was induced to publish eight out of the twelve books of which it was to consist. "In the benevolence of his heart, Mr. Cumberland," he says, "bestowed praise on me, certainly too abundantly and prematurely; but I hope that any deficiency on my part may be imputed to the true cause — my own inability to support a subject, under which the greatest mental powers must inevitably sink. My talents were neither equal to my own ambition, nor his zeal to serve me." — E.]

Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire
The temper'd warblings of his master-lyre;
Soft as the gentler breathing of the lute,
" Of man's first disobedience and the fruit"
He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,
Earth, heaven, and Hades echo with the song. (1)
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,
As if we witness'd all already done;
Leaves on his path whatever seems too mean
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;
Gives, as each page improves upon the sight,
Not smoke from brightness, but from darkness—light;
And truth and fiction with such art compounds,
We know not where to fix their several bounds.
If you would please the public, deign to hear
What soothes the many-headed monster's ear;
If your heart triumph when the hands of all
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte!
" Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes."
Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,
Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim.
Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.
Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et quæ
Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit:
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.
Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret, audi.

(1) [There is more of poetry in these verses upon Milton than in any other passage throughout the paraphrase. — Moore.]

Deserve those plaudits—study nature's page,
And sketch the striking traits of every age;
While varying man and varying years unfold
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told.
Observe his simple childhood's dawning days,
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and his plays;
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more to groan
O'er Virgil's (1) devilish verses and — his own;
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too abstruse,
He flies from Tavell's frown to "Fordham's Mews;"
(Unlucky Tavell! (2) doom'd to daily cares
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears,) (3)

Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat;
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.
Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo
Signat humum; gestit paribus colludere, et iram
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.
Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi;

(1) Harvey, the *circulator* of the *circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration, and say, "the book had a devil." Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also, but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of "Long and Short" is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

(2) "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem." I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no.—To the above events, "quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui," all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

(3) [The Rev. G. F. Tavell was a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, during Lord Byron's residence, and owed this notice to the zeal with which he had protested against some juvenile vagaries, sufficiently explained in Mr. Moore's *Notices*, Vol. I. p. 210.—E.]

Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in vain,
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket plain.
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;
Constant to nought — save hazard and a whore,
Yet cursing both — for both have made him sore;
Unread (unless, since books beguile disease,
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his term away,
And, unexpell'd perhaps, retires M. A.;
Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs* (1) proclaim,
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter name!

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;
Marries for money, chooses friends for rank,
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the Bank;
Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was there.
Mute, though he votes, unless when call'd to cheer,
His son 's so sharp — he 'll see the dog a peer!

Manhood declines — age palsies every limb;
He quits the scene — or else the scene quits him;

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,
Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.
Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis
Quærit opes, et amicitias inservit honori;
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.
Multa senem conveniunt incommoda; vel quod

(1) "Hell," a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are *cheated* a good deal. "Club," a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, *and* are not supposed to be cheated at all.

Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny grieves,
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;
Counts cent per cent, and smiles, or vainly frets,
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hopeful's debts;
Weighs well and wisely what to sell or buy,
Complete in all life's lessons — but to die;
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to please,
Commending every time, save times like these;
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,
Expires unwept — is buried — let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,
Nor spare my precepts, though they please you less.
Though woman weep, and hardest hearts are stirr'd
When what is done is rather seen than heard,
Yet many deeds preserved in history's page
Are better told than acted on the stage;
The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,
And horror thus subsides to sympathy.
True Briton all beside, I here am French —
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench;
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow
In tragic scene disgusts, though but in show;

Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum.
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.
Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipse sibi tradit *spectator*. *Non* tamen intus

We hate the carnage while we see the trick,
And find small sympathy in being sick.
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth
Appals an audience with a monarch's death;
To gaze when sable Hubert threats to sear
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature* bear?
A haltered heroine (1) Johnson sought to slay—
We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play,
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating times
Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would quake
To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:
And yet, God knows! what may not authors do,
Whose postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines blue?" (2)

Digna geri, promes in scenam; multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus;
Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.
Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu
Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.
Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit. * * * *

(1) "Irene had to speak two lines with the bowstring round her ne but the audience cried out 'Murder!' and she was obliged to go off stage alive." — *Boswell's Johnson.* [These two lines were afterwa struck out, and Irene was carried off, to be put to death behind scenes. "This shows," says Mr. Malone, "how ready modern audie are to condemn, in a new play, what they have frequently endured quietly in an old one. Rowe has made Moneses, in Tamerlane, die by bowstring without offence." Davies assures us, in his Life of Garrick, the strangling Irene, contrary to Horace's rule, *coram populo*, was gested by Garrick. See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. i. p. 172. — E.]

(2) In the postscript to the "Castle Spectre," Mr. Lewis tells us, though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action,

Above all things, *Dan* Poet, if you can,
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man;
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.
Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,
I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did;(1)
Where good and evil persons, right or wrong,
Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in song.
Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia lends!
Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay
On whores, spies, singers wisely shipp'd away.
Our giant capital, whose squares are spread
Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg, their bread,
In all iniquity is grown so nice,
It scorns amusements which are not of price.
Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing ear
Aches with orchestras which he pays to hear,
Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to snore,
His anguish doubling by his own "encore;"
Squeezed in "Fop's Alley," jostled by the beaux,
Teased with his hat, and trembling for his toes;
Scarce wrestles through the night, nor tastes of ease
Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:
Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye guess?—
Because it costs him dear, and makes him dress!

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he has made the anachronism to set off the scene: and if he could have produced the effect "by making his heroine blue,'—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!"

(1) [In 1706, Dennis, the critic, wrote an "Essay on the Operas after the Italian manner, which are about to be established on the English Stage;" in which he endeavours to show, that it is a diversion of more pernicious consequence than the most licentious play that ever appeared upon the stage.—E.]

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan schools;
Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of fools!
Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk(1)
(What harm, if David danced before the ark?)(2)
In Christmas revels, simple country folks [jokes.
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and coarse
Improving years, with things no longer known,
Produced blithe Punch and merry Madame Joan,
Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,
'Tis strange Benvolio(3) suffers such a show;(4)

(1) "The first theatrical representations, entitled 'Mysteries and Moralities,' were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatis personæ were usually Adam, Pater Cœlestis, Faith, Vice," &c. &c. — See *Warton's History of English Poetry.* [These, to modern eyes, wild, uncouth, and generally profane performances, were thought to contribute so much to the information and instruction of the people, that one of the popes granted a pardon of one thousand days to every person who resorted peaceably to the plays acted in the Whitsun-week at Chester, beginning with the "Creation," and ending with the "General Judgment." These were performed at the expense of the different tradmg companies of that city. The "Creation" was performed by the drapers; the "Deluge" by the dyers; "Abraham, Melchisedec, and Lot" by the barbers; the "Purification" by the blacksmiths; the "Last Supper" by the bakers; the "Resurrection" by the skinners; and the "Ascension" by the tailors. In Mr. Payne Collier's recent work on English Dramatic Poetry, the reader will find an abstract of the several collections of these mystery-plays, which is not only interesting for the light it throws on the early days of our drama, but instructive and valuable for the curious information it preserves with respect to the strangely debased notions of Scripture history that prevailed, almost universally, before translations of the Bible were in common use. See also the Quarterly Review, vol. xlvi. p. 477. — E.]

(2) Here follows, in the original MS. —

"Who did what Vestris — yet, at least,— cannot,
And cut his kingly capers sans culotte." — E.]

(3) Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

(4) [For Benvolio we have, in the original MS., "Earl Grosvenor;" and for the next couplet —

Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Oaths, boxing, begging,—all, save rout and race.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd her prime
In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared the best,
And turn'd some very serious things to jest.
Nor church nor state escaped his public sneers,
Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, volunteers:
"Alas, poor Yorick!" now for ever mute!
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote.

We smile, perforce, when histrionic scenes
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and queens,
When "Chrononhotonthologos must die,"
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope to sit
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,
And bear Swift's motto, "Vive la bagatelle!"
Which charm'd our days in each Ægean clime,
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme. (1)

"Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives place,
Save gambling—for his Lordship loves a race."

It we cannot trace the exact propriety of the allusions. Lord Grosvenor w Marquis of Westminster, no doubt distinguished himself by some ack on the Sunday Newspapers, or the like, at the same time that he s known to keep a stud at Newmarket—but why a long note on a ject certainly insignificant, and perhaps mistaken?—E.]

1) In dedicating the fourth canto of "Childe Harold" to his fellow tra-ler, Lord Byron describes him as "one to whom he was indebted for the al advantages of an enlightened friendship; one whom he had long wn, and accompanied far, whom he had found wakeful over his sickness kind in his sorrow, glad in his prosperity and firm in his adversity,

Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in the last;
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed, (1)
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole low she lies; (2)
Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her glance;
Decorum left her for an opera dance!

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true in counsel and trusty in peril:"—while Mr. Hobhouse, in describing a short tour to Negroponte, in which his noble friend was unable to accompany him, regrets the absence of a companion, "who, to quickness of observation and ingenuity of remark, united that gay good humour which keeps alive the attention under the pressure of fatigue, and softens the aspect of every difficulty and danger."—E.]

(1) Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélémi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laërtius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his Observer, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

(2) [The following is a brief sketch of the origin of the Playhouse Bill:—In 1735, Sir John Barnard brought in a bill "to restrain the number of houses for playing of interludes, and for the better regulating of common players." The minister, Sir Robert Walpole, conceiving this to be a favourable opportunity of checking the abuse of theatrical representation, proposed to insert a clause to ratify and confirm, if not enlarge, the power of the Lord Chamberlain in licensing plays; and at the same time insinuated, that unless this addition was made the king would not pass it. But Sir John Barnard strongly objected to this clause; contending that the power of that officer was already too great, and had been often wantonly exercised. He therefore withdrew his bill, rather than establish by law a power in a single officer so much under the direction of the Crown. In the course, however, of the session of 1737, an opportunity offered, which Sir Robert did not fail to seize. The manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre having brought to him a farce called "The Golden Rump," which had been proffered for exhibition, the minister paid the profits which might have accrued from the performance, and detained the copy. He then made extracts of the most exceptionable passages, abounding in profaneness, sedition, and blasphemy, read them to the house, and obtained leave to bring in a bill to limit the number of playhouses; to subject all dramatic writings to the inspection of the Lord Chamberlain; and to compel the proprietors to take out a license for every production before it could appear on the stage.—E.]

Yet Chesterfield (1), whose polish'd pen inveighs
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to our plays;
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,
And damning dulness of lord chamberlains.
Repeal that act! (2) again let Humour roam
Wild o'er the stage — we've time for tears at home;

(1) His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts. — [Though the Playhouse Bill is generally said to have been warmly opposed in both Houses, this speech of the Earl of Chesterfield is the only trace of that opposition to be found in the periodical publications of the times. The following passage, which relates to the powers of the Lord Chamberlain, will show the style of the oration: — "The bill is not only an encroachment upon liberty, but it is likewise an encroachment on property. Wit, my Lords, is a sort of property; it is the property of those who have it, and too often the only property they have to depend on. Thank God! my Lords, we have a dependence of another kind; we have a much less precarious support, and, therefore, cannot feel the inconveniencies of the bill now before us: but it is our duty to encourage and protect wit, whosesoever's property it may be. Those gentlemen who have any such property are all, I hope, our friends: do not let us subject them to any unnecessary or arbitrary restraint. I must own, I cannot easily agree to the laying of any tax upon wit; but by this bill it is to be heavily taxed, it is to be excised: for, if this bill passes, it cannot be retailed in a proper way without a permit; and the Lord Chamberlain is to have the honour of being chief gauger, supervisor, commissioner, judge, and jury. But, what is still more hard, though the poor author, — the proprietor, I should say,— cannot, perhaps, dine till he has found out and agreed with a purchaser, yet, before he can propose to seek for a purchaser, he must patiently submit to have his goods rummaged at this new excise-office; where they may be detained for fourteen days, and even then he may find them returned as prohibited goods, by which his chief and best market will be for ever shut against him, without the least shadow of reason, either from the laws of his country or the laws of the stage. These hardships, this hazard, which every gentleman will be exposed to who writes any thing for the stage, must certainly prevent every man of a generous and free spirit from attempting any thing in that way; and as the stage has always been the proper channel for wit and humour, therefore, my Lords, when I speak against this bill, I must think I plead the cause of wit, I plead the cause of humour, I plead the cause of the British stage, and of every gentleman of taste in the kingdom. The stage and the press, my Lords, are two of our out-sentries: if we remove them, if we hoodwink them, if we throw them in fetters, the enemy may surprise us. Therefore, I must look upon the bill now before us as a step for introducing arbitrary power into this kingdom."— E.]

(2) ["*Repeal that Act!*" — After a lapse of nearly a century, the state

Let "Archer" plant the horns on "Sullen's" brows,
And "Estifania" gull her "Copper (1)" spouse;
The moral's scant—but that may be excused,
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill; (2)
Ay, but Macheath's example—psha!—no more!
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd before; (3)

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of the laws affecting dramatic literature, and the performance of the drama, has again become the subject of parliamentary enquiry and report. — E.]

(1) Michael Perez, the "Copper Captain," in "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

(2) [Of this "skill," Reynolds, in his "Life and Times," records a remarkable instance. The doctor had, it seems, an "*eye* like Mars, to threaten and command." *Threaten*, in every sense of the word; for his numerous patients stood as much in awe of this formidable weapon as of bars, chains, or strait waistcoats. After a few weeks' attendance on the King, he allowed his Majesty a razor to shave himself, and a penknife to cut his nails. For this he was one evening charged by the other physicians, before a committee of the House of Commons, with rashness and imprudence. Mr. Burke was very severe on this point, and authoritatively demanded to know, "If the royal patient had become outrageous at the moment, what power the doctor possessed of instantaneously terrifying him into obedience?"—"Place the candles between us, Mr. Burke," replied the doctor, in an equally authoritative tone, "and I'll give you an answer. There, Sir! by the *eye*. I should have looked at him *thus*, Sir—*thus!*" Mr. Burke instantaneously averted his head; and, making no reply, evidently acknowledged this *basilisk* authority. This story was often related by the doctor himself. — E.]

(3) [Dr. Johnson was of the like opinion. Of the "Beggar's Opera" he says, in his Life of Gay:—"The play, like many others, was plainly written only to divert, without any moral purpose, and is, therefore, not likely to do good; nor can it be conceived, without more speculation than life requires or admits, to be productive of much evil. Highwaymen and housebreakers seldom frequent the playhouse, or mingle in any elegant diversion; nor is it possible for any one to imagine that he may rob with safety, because he sees Macheath reprieved upon the stage." On another occasion, the common question with regard to this opera having been introduced, he said:—"As to this matter, which has been very much contested, I myself am of opinion, that more influence has been ascribed to it than in reality it ever had; for I do not believe that any man was ever made a rogue by being present at that representation."—See *Croker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 242.* — E.]

And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse, (1)
Plays make mankind no better, and no worse.
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men!
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again. (2)
But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus appeal?
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly zeal?
For times of fire and faggot let them hope!
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin!
While the Lord's servant chastens whom he loves,
And Simeon (3) kicks, where Baxter only "shoves." (4)

(1) Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c. on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

(2) ["*If it rise again.*"—When Lord Byron penned this couplet at Athens, he little imagined that he should so soon be called on to write an address to be spoken on the opening of New Drury, and become one of the committee for managing its concerns. See *ante*, p. 29. — E.]

(3) Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of "good works." He is ably supported by John Stickles, a labourer in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, for, according to Johnny in full congregation, "*No hopes for them as laughs.*"—[The Rev. Charles Simeon, fellow of King's College, Cambridge,—a zealous Calvinist, who, in consequence of his zeal, has been engaged in sundry warm disputations with other divines of the university. Besides many single sermons, he has published "Helps to Composition, or 500 Skeleton Sermons," in five volumes; and "Horæ Homileticæ, or Discourses (in the form of skeletons) upon the whole Scripture," in eleven volumes. — E.]

(4) "Baxter's Shove to heavy-a—d Christians"—the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again. [Richard Baxter is described by Granger as "a man famous for weakness of body and strength of mind; for having the strongest sense of religion himself, and exciting a sense of it in the thoughtless and profligate; for preaching more sermons, engaging in more controversies, and writing more books, than any other non-conformist of his age." Dr. Barrow says that "his practical writings were never mended, his controversial seldom confuted." On Boswell's asking Johnson which of them he should read, the Doctor replied, "Any of them; they are all good."— E.]

Whom nature guides, so writes, that every dun
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope
To match the youthful eclogues of our Pope?
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different kind,
For art too rude, for nature too refined,
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands disgraced
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now detest
Proscribed not only in the world polite,
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath made them
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hudibras!
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final feet;

Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis
Speret idem: sudet multum, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaque pollet;
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.
Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,
Ne velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses,
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res:
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat et nucis emtor,
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.
Syllaba longa brevi subjecta, vocatur iambus,
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit

Nor less in merit than the longer line,
This measure moves a favourite of the Nine.
Though at first view eight feet may seem in vain
Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious strain,
Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late
This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,
And, varied skilfully, surpasses far
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,
Are curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,
What few admire — irregularity.
This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis hard
When such a word contents a British bard.

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,
Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?
Remove whate'er a critic may suspect,
To gain the paltry suffrage of "*correct?*"

Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secundâ
Cederet aut quarta socialiter. Hic et in Acci
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni
In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,
Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex;
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.
Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes
Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus, et intra
Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,

Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,
By day and night, to read the works of Greece.
But our good fathers never bent their brains
To heathen Greek, content with native strains.
The few who read a page, or used a pen,
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste
Were quaint and careless, any thing but chaste;
Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,
It will not do to call our fathers fools!
Though you and I, who eruditely know
To separate the elegant and low,
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care
To learn, who our first English strollers were;
Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart;
But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,
There 's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;

Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.
At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros et
Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus et aure.
Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.
Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ

Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause,
Though too licentious for dramatic laws:
At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confest,
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

Whate'er their follies, and their faults beside,
Our enterprising bards pass nought untried;
Nor do they merit slight applause who choose
An English subject for an English muse,
And leave to minds which never dare invent
French flippancy and German sentiment.
Where is that living language which could claim
Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,
If all our bards, more patient of delay,
Would stop, like Pope (1), to polish by the way?

Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,
Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multa
Laude; sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim
Dignam lege regi: lex est accepta; chorusque
Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.
Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ;
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta;
Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.

(1) ["They support Pope, I see, in the Quarterly,"—wrote Lord Byron in 1820, from Ravenna—"it is a sin, and a shame, and a *damnation*, that Pope!! should require it: but he does. Those miserable mountebanks of the day, the poets, disgrace themselves, and deny God, in running down Pope, the most faultless of poets." Again, in 1821:—"Neither time, nor distance, nor grief, nor age, can ever diminish my veneration for him who is the great moral poet of all times, of all climes, of all feelings, and of all stages of existence. The delight of my boyhood, the study of my manhood, perhaps (if allowed *to me to attain* it) he may be the consolation of my age

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of fault
Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only *thought*, but *you* would make, us mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard
Against that ridicule they deem so hard;
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,
Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;
Reside in garrets, fly from those they meet,
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you please,
The name of poet may be got with ease,

Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,
Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum-
quemque poetarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non
Multa dies et multa litura coercuit, atque
Præsectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.
Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas
Democritus; bona pars non ungues ponere curat,
Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,

His poetry is the book of life. Without canting, and yet without neglecting religion, he has assembled all that a good and great man can gather together of moral wisdom clothed in consummate beauty. Sir William Temple observes, 'that of all the members of mankind that live within the compass of a thousand years, for one man that is born capable of making a *great poet*, there may be a *thousand* born capable of making as great generals and ministers of state as any in story.' Here is a statesman's opinion of poetry; it is honourable to him and to the art. Such a 'poet in a thousand years' was Pope. A thousand years will roll away before such another can be hoped for in our literature. But it can *want* them: he is himself a literature." — E.]

So that not tuns of helleboric juice
Shall ever turn your head to any use;
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a Lake, (1)
And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake; (2)
Then print your book, once more return to town,
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and down.

Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,

(1) ["That this is the age of the decline of English poetry, will be doubted by few who have calmly considered the subject. That there are men of genius among the present poets, makes little against the fact; because it has been well said, that, 'next to him who forms the taste of his country, the greatest genius is he who corrupts it.' No one has ever denied genius to Marini, who corrupted, not merely the taste of Italy, but that of all Europe, for nearly a century. The great cause of the present deplorable state of English poetry is to be attributed to that absurd and systematic depreciation of Pope, in which, for the last few years, there has been a kind of epidemic concurrence. The Lakers and their school, and every body else with their school, and even Moore without a school, and dilettanti lecturers at institutions, and elderly gentlemen who translate and imitate, and young ladies who listen and repeat, and baronets who draw indifferent frontispieces for bad poets, and noblemen who let them dine with them in the country, the small body of the wits and the great body of the blues, have latterly united in a depreciation, of which their forefathers would have been as much ashamed as their children will be. In the mean time, what have we got instead? The Lake School, which began with an epic poem 'written in six weeks,' (so 'Joan of Arc' proclaimed herself,) and finished with a ballad composed in twenty years, as 'Peter Bell's' creator takes care to inform the few who will enquire. What have we got instead? A deluge of flimsy and unintelligible romances, imitated from Scott and myself, who have both made the best of our bad materials and erroneous system. What have we got instead? Madoc, which is neither an epic nor any thing else, Thalaba, Kehama, Gebir, and such gibberish, written in all metres, and in no language." *B. Letters*, 1819.—See also the two pamphlets against Mr. Bowles, written at Ravenna in 1821, in which Lord Byron's enthusiastic reverence for Pope is the principal feature, *antè*, Vol. VI. p. 346.—E.]

(2) As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz. — independence.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,
To purge in spring — like Bayes (1) — before I write?
If this precaution soften'd not my bile,
I know no scribbler with a madder style;
But since (perhaps my feelings are too nice)
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,
And, blunt myself, give edge to others' steel,
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;
From Horace show the pleasing paths of song,
And from my own example — what is wrong.

Though modern practice sometimes differs quite,
'Tis just as well to think before you write;
Let every book that suits your theme be read,
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!
Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi:
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat error.
Scribendi recte, sapere est et principium et fons.
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.

(1) [See the "Rehearsal:" —

"*Bayes.* Pray, Sir, how do you do when you write?

"*Smith.* Faith, Sir, for the most part I'm in pretty good health.

"*Bayes.* I mean, what do you do when you write?

"*Smith.* I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

"*Bayes.* Now I write standing — that's one thing; and then another thing is, with what do you prepare yourself?

"*Smith.* Prepare myself! what the devil does the fool mean?

"*Bayes.* Why, I'll tell you what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stewed prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine, you must purge." —E.]

He who has learn'd the duty which he owes
To friends and country, and to pardon foes;
Who models his deportment as may best
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and bar;
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philosophise:
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well told,
Without much grace, or weight, or art, will hold
A longer empire o'er the public mind
Than sounding trifles, empty, though refined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient days
The muse may celebrate with perfect praise,
Whose generous children narrow'd not their hearts
With commerce, given alone to arms and arts.
Our boys (save those whom public schools compel
To "long and short" before they're taught to spell)

Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;
Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes;
Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quæ
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,
Quam versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ.
Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.
Romani pueri *longis* rationibus assem
Discunt in partes centum diducere: dicat

From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,
" A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got."
Babe of a city birth! from sixpence take
The third, how much will the remainder make?—
" A groat."—" Ah, bravo! Dick hath done the sum!
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum."

They whose young souls receive this rust betimes,
'Tis clear, are fit for any thing but rhymes;
And Locke will tell you, that the father's right
Who hides all verses from his children's sight;
For poets (says this sage (1), and many more,)
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;
And Delphi now, however rich of old,
Discovers little silver, and less gold,
Because Parnassus, though a mount divine,
Is poor as Irus (2), or an Irish mine. (3)

> Filius Albini, Si de quincunce remota est
> Uncia, quid superat? poterat dixisse—Triens. Eu!
> Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?
> Semis. An hæc animos ærugo et cura peculi
> Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi
> Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?

(1) I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—" E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desideri, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento." A little further on: " Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d' oro e d' argento."—*Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke.* ["If the child have a poetic vein, it is to me the strangest thing in the world, that the father should desire or suffer it to be cherished or improved."—" It is very seldom seen, that any one discovers mines of gold or silver on Parnassus."—E.]

(2) " Iro pauperior:" this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

(3) The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

But every thing has faults, nor is't unknown
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,
With all his best endeavours, only squall;
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the spark, (1)
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark. (2)

Where frequent beauties strike the reader's view
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;
But pardon equally to books or men,
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,
Despises all advice too much to mend,
But ever twangs the same discordant string,
Give him no quarter, howsoe'er he sing.

Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus;
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult manus et mens,
Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum;
Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus.
Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo?
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; ut citharœdus
Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:

(1) [This couplet is amusingly characteristic of that mixture of fun and bitterness with which their author sometimes spoke in conversation; so much so, that those who knew him might almost fancy they hear him utter the words. — MOORE.]

(2) As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations — "*And Homer (damn him!) calls*" — it may be presumed that any body or any thing may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

Let Havard's (1) fate o'ertake him, who, for once,
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:
At first none deem'd it his; but when his name
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost its fame.
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to doze,
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some stand
The critic eye, and please when near at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight;
This seeks the shade, but that demands the light,

Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,
Quem bis terve bonum cum risu miror; et idem
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.
Ut pictura, poesis: erit quæ, si propius stes,
Te capiet magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,

(1) For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see "Davies's Life of Garrick." I believe it is "Regulus," or "Charles the First." The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.—["Havard," says Davies, "was reduced to great straits, and in order to retrieve his affairs, the story of Charles the First was proposed to him as a proper subject to engage the public attention. Havard's desire of ease was known to be superior to his thirst for fame or money; and Giffard, the manager, insisted upon the power of locking him up till the work was finished. To this he consented; and Giffard actually turned the key upon him, and let him out at his pleasure, till the play was completed. It was acted with great emolument to the manager, and some degree of reputation, as well as gain, to the author. It drew large crowds to the theatre; curiosity was excited with respect to the author: that was a secret to be kept from the people; but Havard's love of fame would not suffer it to be concealed longer than the tenth or twelfth night of acting the play. The moment Havard put on the sword and tie-wig, the genteel dress of the times, and professed himself to be the writer of 'Charles the First,' the audiences were thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the usual sum of a hundred pounds for the copyright."—E.]

Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious view,
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance, or choi
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,
Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;
Few reach the summit which before you lies.
Our church and state, our courts and camps, conc
Reward to very moderate heads indeed!
In these plain common sense will travel far;
All are not Erskines who mislead the bar:
But poesy between the best and worst
No medium knows; you must be last or first;
For middling poets' miserable volumes
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and columns

Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.
O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis; hoc tibi dictum
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Recte concedi: consultus juris, et actor
Causarum mediocris abest virtute diserti
Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:
Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnæ.

(1) [Here, in the original MS., we find the following couplet and note
" Though what 'Gods, men, and columns' interdict,
The Devil and Jeffrey pardon — in a Pict. *

* " The Devil and Jeffrey are here placed antithetically to gods and r
such being their usual position, and their due one — according to the f
tious saying, 'If God won't take you, the Devil must;' and I am sure no
durst object to his taking the poetry which, rejected by Horace, is acce
by Jeffrey. That these gentlemen are in some cases kinder, — the or
countrymen, and the other from his odd propensity to prefer evil to goo
than the 'gods, men, and columns' of Horace, may be seen by a refer
to the review of Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming;' and in No. 51. of
Edinburgh Review (given to me the other day by the captain of an Eng

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound inspires,
How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel
When Southrons writhe upon their critic wheel,
Or mild Eclectics (1), when some, worse than Turks,
Would rob poor Faith to decorate "good works."

(1) To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend

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frigate off Salamis), there is a similar concession to the mediocrity of Jamie Graham's 'British Georgics.' It is fortunate for Campbell, that his fame neither depends on his last poem, nor the puff of the Edinburgh Review. The catalogues of our English are also less fastidious than the pillars of the Roman librarians.—A word more with the author of 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' At the end of a poem, and even of a couplet, we have generally 'that unmeaning thing we call a thought;' so Mr. Campbell concludes with a thought in such a manner as to fulfil the whole of Pope's prescription, and be as 'unmeaning' as the best of his brethren:

'Because I may not *stain* with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief.'

When I was in the fifth form, I carried to my master the translation of a chorus in Prometheus *, wherein was a pestilent expression about 'staining a voice,' which met with no quarter. Little did I think that Mr. Campbell would have adopted my fifth form 'sublime'—at least in so conspicuous a situation. 'Sorrow' has been 'dry' (in proverbs), and 'wet' (in sonnets), this many a day; and now it '*stains*,' and stains a sound, of all feasible things! To be sure, death-songs might have been stained with that same grief to very good purpose, if Outalissi had clapped down his stanzas on wholesome paper for the Edinburgh Evening Post, or any other given hyperborean gazette; or if the said Outalissi had been troubled with the slightest second sight of his own notes embodied on the last proof of an overcharged quarto: but as he is supposed to have been an improvisatore on this occasion, and probably to the last tune he ever chanted in this world, it would have done him no discredit to have made his exit with a mouthful of common sense. Talking of '*staining*' (as Caleb Quotem says) puts me in mind' of a certain couplet, which Mr. Campbell will find in a writer for whom he, and his school, have no small contempt:—

'E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art—the art to *blot*!'"—E.]

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* [See *ante*, Vol. VII. p. 27.—E.]

Such are the genial feelings thou canst claim —
My falcon flies not at ignoble game.
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!
For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen
Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,
Alas! I cannot "strike at wretched kernes." (1)
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign
A muse and heart by choice so wholly thine?

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lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those "Elegies" which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them "so joyful a trouble," except, indeed, "upon compulsion, Hal;" but if, as David says in the "Rivals," it should come to "bloody sword and gun fighting," we "won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?" I do not know what I had done to these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:" and now, as these Christians have "smote me on one cheek," I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the "recording angel;" but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated "mine enemy's dog thus." To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being "winged" only, and that Heaviside may be at hand to extract the ball. — [The following is the charitable passage in the Eclectic Review of which Lord Byron speaks: — "If the noble lord and the learned advocate have the courage requisite to sustain their mutual insults, we shall probably soon hear the explosions of another kind of *paper*-war, after the fashion of the ever memorable duel which the latter is said to have fought, or seemed to fight, with 'Little Moore.' We confess there is sufficient provocation, if not in the critique, at least in the satire, to urge a 'man of honour' to defy his assailant to mortal combat. Of this we shall no doubt hear more in due time." — E.]

(1) ["Alas! I cannot strike at wretched kernes." *Macbeth.* — E.]

–d contemner of my schoolboy songs,
ıu no vengeance for my manhood's wrongs?
voked thou once could bid me bleed,
ıu no weapon for my daring deed?
ıot a word!—and am I then so low?
u forbear, who never spared a foe?
ıu no wrath, or wish to give it vent?
or nobles, dunces by descent?
ın "minors," quibbles on a name, (1)
facetious paragraph of blame?
this on Ilion I have stood,
ught of Homer less than Holyrood?
: of Euxine or Ægean sea,
, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.
me cease; in vain my bosom burns,
rydon unkind Alexis turns: (2)
mes are vain; thy Jeffrey then forego,
that anger which he will not show.
en?—Edina starves some lanker son,
an article thou canst not shun;
ıs fastidious Scotchman shall be found,
in Billingsgate, though less renown'd.

ıt table some discordant dish
hock our optics, such as frogs for fish;
lieu of butter men decry,
pies please not in a modern pie;

ratas inter mensas symphonia discors,
rassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver
ndunt, poterat duci quia cœna sine istis;

memorable critique of the Edinburgh Review on "Hours of
ol. VII. p. 188.—E.]
es alium, si te hic fastidit Alexin.

If all such mixtures then be half a crime,
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.
Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a gun:
Will he who swims not to the river run?
And men unpractised in exchanging knocks
Must go to Jackson (1) ere they dare to box.
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,
None reach expertness without years of toil;
But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they pleas
Why not?—shall I, thus qualified to sit
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?
Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum sate,
And lived in freedom on a fair estate;
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels, packs,
To *all* their income, and to — *twice* its tax;
Whose form and pedigree have scarce a fault,
Shall I, I say, suppress my attic salt?

Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,
Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.
Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,
Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit,
Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ:
Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere?—Quid mi?
Liber et ingenuus præsertim census equestrem
Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.

(1) [Lord Byron's taste for boxing brought him acquainted, at an period, with this distinguished, and, it is not too much to say, *resp* professor of the art; for whom, throughout life, he continued to ent a sincere regard. In a note to the eleventh canto of Don Juan, he him "his old friend, and corporeal pastor and master."—E.]

Thus think " the mob of gentlemen ;" but you,
Besides all this, must have some genius too.
Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,
And print not piping hot from Southey's school,
Who (ere another Thalaba appears),
I trust, will spare us for at least nine years.[vex'd—
And hark 'ye, Southey ! (1) pray — but don't be
Burn all your last three works—and half the next.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva :
Id tibi judicium est, ea mens ; si quid tamen olim
Scripseris, in Metii descendat judicis aures,
Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.

(1) Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the " Curse of Kehama," maugre the neglect of Madoc, &c., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of " one in jeopardy :" he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one eel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horresco referens) pulled out — his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on enquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its " alacrity of sinking " was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of " Felo de bibliopolâ " against a " quarto unknown ;" and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the " Curse of Kehama" (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street. — Arthur, Aifred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus, Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all *live* publishers will be subpœnaed as witnesses. — But Mr. Southey has published the " Curse of Kehama," — an inviting title to quibblers. By the bye, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the Edinburgh Annual Register (of which, by the bye, Southey is editor) " the grand poetical triumvirate of the day." But, on second thoughts,

But why this vain advice? once published, boo
Can never be recall'd — from pastry-cooks!
Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle,"(1) inste
punk,
May travel back to Quito — on a trunk! (2)

Membranis intus positis, delere licebit
Quod non ediderís; nescit vox missa reverti.

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it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leader blind, though they might as well keep to themselves "Scott' thousand copies sold," which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's ables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the "Lepidus" of this triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good compan

"Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil *he* came there."

The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid: "Bec the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C com both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the b is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is the triangle A C B, the *less* to the *greater*, which is *absurd*," &c editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpik side "Pons Asinorum."*

(1) Voltaire's "Pucelle" is not quite so immaculate as Mr. S "Joan of Arc," and yet I am afaid the Frenchman has both mo and poetry too on his side — (they rarely go together) — than our minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French st whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first

(2) Like Sir Bland Burgess's "Richard;" the tenth book of which Malta, on a trunk of Eyres, 19. Cockspur-street. If this be doubte buy a portmanteau to quote from.

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* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. tyne said it meant the "Bridge of Berwick," but Southey claim half English; Scott swore it was the "Brig o' Stirling;" he had jus two King James's and a dozen Douglasses over it. At last it was by Jeffrey, that it meant nothing more nor less than the "counter o Constable's shop."

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lempriere,
Led all wild beasts but women by the ear;
And had he fiddled at the present hour,
We'd seen the lions waltzing in the Tower;
And old Amphion, such were minstrels then,
Had built St. Paul's without the aid of Wren.
Verse too was justice, and the bards of Greece
Did more than constables to keep the peace;
Abolish'd cuckoldom with much applause,
Call'd county meetings, and enforced the laws,
Cut down crown influence with reforming scythes,
And served the church — without demanding tithes;
And hence, throughout all Hellas and the East,
Each poet was a prophet and a priest,
Whose old-establish'd board of joint controls
Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's prince,
And fighting's been in fashion ever since;
And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans warr'd,
(A limping leader, but a lofty bard,) (1)

Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum
Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus:
Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:
Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,
Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda
Ducere quo vellet: fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere; sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago; dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus
Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella

(1) [Lord Byron had originally written —

"As lame as I am, but a better bard."

The reader of Mr. Moore's *Notices* will appreciate the feeling which, on

Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,
Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,
In song alone Apollo's will was told.
Then if your verse is what all verse should be,
And gods were not ashamed on't, why should w

The Muse, like mortal females, may be woo'd
In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;
Fierce as a bride when first she feels affright,
Mild as the same upon the second night;
Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,
Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!
Her eyes beseem, her heart belies, her zone,
Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of art,
Kind Nature always will perform her part;
Though without genius, and a native vein
Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain —

Versibus exacuit; dictæ per carmina sortes:
Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum
Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque repertus,
Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori
Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.
Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,
Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,
Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium: alterius sic
Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

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doubt, influenced Lord Byron's alteration of the manuscript line. See Vol. I. p. 131. — E.].

Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,
Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a race,
Must bear privations with unruffled face,
Be call'd to labour when he thinks to dine,
And, harder still, leave wenching and his wine.
Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,
Have followed music through her farthest flight;
But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,
"I've got a pretty poem for the press;"
And that's enough; then write and print so fast;—
If Satan take the hindmost, who 'd be last?
They storm the types, they publish, one and all,
They leap the counter, and they leave the stall.
Provincial maidens, men of high command,
Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand! (1)
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio (2) play'd this prank,
(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)
Not all the living only, but the dead,
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head; (3)

Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit, et alsit;
Abstinuit Venere et vino: qui Pythia cantat
Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.
Nunc satis est dixisse; ego mira poemata pango:

(1) [The Red Hand of Ulster, introduced generally in a canton, marks the shield of a baronet of the United Kingdom. — E.]

(2) ["*Pollio.*" — In the original MS. "*Rogers.*" — E.]

(3) "Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum medio portans Œagrius Hebrus,
Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua;
Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat;
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ." — Georgic. iv. 523.

Damn'd all their days, they posthumously thrive —
Dug up from dust, though buried when alive!
Reviews record this epidemic crime,
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for rhyme.
Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen
In Morning Post, or Monthly Magazine.
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot-press'd,
Behold a quarto! — Tarts must tell the rest.
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious chords
To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,
Or country Crispins, now grown somewhat stale,
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric ale!
Hark to those notes, narcotically soft
The cobbler-laureats (1) sing to Capel Lofft! (2)

> Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est,
> Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.
> * * * * * * *

(1) I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it* is a *tailor*, but begged Capel Lofft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta —— psha! — of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers. — Merry's "Moorfields whine" was nothing to all this. The "Della Cruscans" were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ("Arcades ambo" — bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an "Essay on War" is produced by the ninth part of a "poet."

> "And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate."

Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he did, why not take it as his motto? — [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 269. note. — E.]

(2) This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessary to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of "Remains" utterly

Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one druid, who prepares in time
'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of rhyme;
Racks his dull memory, and his duller muse,
To publish faults which friendship should excuse.
If friendship's nothing, self-regard might teach
More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.
But what is shame, or what is aught to him?
He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.
Some fancied slight has roused his lurking hate,
Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some debate;

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destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making Sappho, may do well; but the "tragedies" are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done; for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the late man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of "Remains" come under the statute against "resurrection men." What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;" and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat, is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Joe Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this "Sutor ultra Crepidam's" friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums:—"To the Duchess of Somuch, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are, &c. &c."—why, this is doling out the "soft milk of dedication" in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.—[See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 93.—E.]

Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon
The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.
Perhaps at some pert speech you 've dared to frown,
Perhaps your poem may have pleased the town:
If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man —
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!
Then be it so; and may his withering bays
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in praise!
While his lost songs no more shall steep and stink,
The dullest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,
But springing upwards from the sluggish mould,
Be (what they never were before) be — sold!
Should some rich bard (but such a monster now,
In modern physics, we can scarce allow),
Should some pretending scribbler of the court,
Some rhyming peer (1) — there 's plenty of the sort (2) —

(1) In the original MS. —

"Some rhyming peer — Carlisle or Carysfort."

To which is subjoined this note: — "Of 'John Joshua, Earl of Carysfort' I know nothing at present, but from an advertisement in an old newspaper of certain Poems and Tragedies by his Lordship, which I saw by accident in the Morea. Being a rhymer himself, he will forgive the liberty I take with his name, seeing, as he must, how very commodious it is at the close of that couplet; and as for what follows and goes before, let him place it to the account of the other Thane; since I cannot, under these circumstances, augur pro or con the contents of his 'foolscap crown octavos.'" — [John Joshua Proby, first Earl of Carysfort, was joint postmaster-general in 1805, envoy to Berlin in 1806, and ambassador to Petersburgh in 1807. Besides his poems, he published two pamphlets, to show the necessity of universal suffrage and short parliaments. He died in 1828. — E.]

(2) Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the "ultimus Romanorum," the last of the Cruscanti! — "Edwin" the "profound," by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of "well said Baviad the Correct." I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

All but one poor dependent priest withdrawn
(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's yawn!)
Condemn the unlucky curate to recite
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,
How would the preacher turn each rueful leaf,
Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!
Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's death,
He'll risk no living for a little breath.
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every line,
(The Lord forgive him!) "Bravo! grand! divine!"
Hoarse with those praises (which, by flatt'ry fed,
Dependence barters for her bitter bread),
He strides and stamps along with creaking boot,
Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot;
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,
As when the dying vicar will not die!
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his heart;—
But all dissemblers overact their part.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

"What reams of paper, floods of ink,"
Do some men spoil, who never think!
And so perhaps you 'll say of me,
In which your readers may agree.
Still I write on, and tell you why;
Nothing 's so bad, you can't deny,
But may instruct or entertain
Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMISTS.

In tracing of the human mind
Through all its various courses,
Though strange, 'tis true, we often find
It knows not its resources:
And men through life assume a part
For which no talents they possess,
Yet wonder that, with all their art,
They meet no better with success, &c. &c.

Ye, who aspire to "build the lofty rhyme,"(1)
Believe not all who laud your false "sublime;"
But if some friend shall hear your work, and say,
"Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,"
And, after fruitless efforts, you return
Without amendment, and he answers, "Burn!"
That instant throw your paper in the fire,
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;
But (if true bard!) you scorn to condescend,
And will not alter what you can't defend,
If you will breed this bastard of your brains (2),—
We'll have no words—I've only lost my pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite thought,
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;
If your cool friend annoy you now and then,
And cross whole pages with his plaguy pen;
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—
Better let him than all the world deride.

——— Si carmina condes,
Nunquam te fallant anima sub vulpe latentes.
Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,
Hoc (aiebat) et hoc: melius te posse negares,
Bis terque expertum frustra, delere jubebat,
Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus.
Si defendere delictum quam vertere malles,
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat inanem,
Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendet inertes:
Culpabit duros; incomptis allinet atrum
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet
Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;

(1) [See Milton's Lycidas. — E.]

(2) "*Bastard of your brains.*"—Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, &c. &c. &c.

Give light to passages too much in shade,
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've made;
Your friend's "a Johnson," not to leave one word,
However trifling, which may seem absurd;
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,
And furnish food for critics, (1) or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching tune,
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,
As yawning waiters fly (2) Fitzscribble's (3) lungs;
Set on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious each
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,
When riot pauses until rents increase.
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian, strays
Her hedge and ditch, through unfrequented ways,
By some chance he walks into a well,
And shouts for succour with stentorian yell,

Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum
Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urgeat,
Aut fanaticus error et iracunda Diana,
Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.
Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum

(1) "A crust for the critics."—*Bayes, in the "Rehearsal."*

(2) And the "waiters" are the only fortunate people who can "fly" from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the "Literary Fund," being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of examining, "Sic" (that is, by choking Fitz with bad wine, or worse injury) "me servavit Apollo!"

(3) ["Fitzscribble," originally "Fitzgerald." See Vol. VII. p. 225.—E.]

" A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for grace
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a pace;
For there his carcass he might freely fling,
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.
Though this has happen'd to more bards than one
I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no good,
(Unless his case be much misunderstood)
When teased with creditors' continual claims,
" To die like Cato,"(1) leapt into the Thames!
And therefore be it lawful through the town
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown. (2)

Clamet, Io cives! non sit qui tollere curet.
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,
Qui scis an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque
Servari nollit? Dicam: Siculique poetæ
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam
Insiluit: sit jus liceatque perire poetis;

(1) On his table were found these words: " *What Cato did, and Addi approved, cannot be wrong.*" But Addison did not " approve; " and if had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daugh on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped t last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of " Atticus," and enemy of Pope!—[Eustace Budgell, a friend and relative of Addiso " leapt into the Thames " to escape a prosecution, on account of forgi the will of Dr. Tindal; in which Eustace had provided himself with legacy of two thousand pounds. To this Pope alludes—

" Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please — except my will."

(2) [" We talked (says Boswell) of a man's drowning himself. — JOHNS 'I should never think it time to make away with myself.' I put the ci of Eustace Budgell, who was accused of forging a will, and sunk himself the Thames, before the trial of its authenticity came on. 'Suppose, Si said I, 'that a man is absolutely sure that, if he lives a few days long he shall be detected in a fraud, the consequence of which will be utt *disgrace*, and expulsion from society.' JOHNSON. 'Then, Sir, let him abroad to a distant country; let him go to some place where he is

Who saves the intended suicide receives
Small thanks from him who loathes the life he leaves;
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not lose
The glory of that death they freely choose.
Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;
Dosed (1) with vile drams on Sunday he was found
Or got a child on consecrated ground!
And hence is haunted with a rhyming rage—
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his cage.
If free, all fly his versifying fit,
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit.
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*
He flays with recitation limb by limb;
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his breach,
And gorges like a lawyer—or a leech.

Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec, si retractus erit, jam
Fiet homo, et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.
Nec satis apparet cur versus factitet: utrum
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus,
Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

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known. Don't let him go to the devil, where he *is* known.'" — See *Croker's Boswell*, vol. ii. pp. 229. 290. — E.]

(1) If "dosed with," &c. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate "Minxerit in patrios cineres," &c. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA.

—— " Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
Immolat, et pœnam scelerato ex sanguine sumit."

Æneid, lib. xii.

[This fierce philippic on Lord Elgin, whose collection of Athenian marbles was ultimately purchased for the nation, in 1816, at the cost of thirty-five thousand pounds, was written at Athens, in March, 1811, and prepared for publication along with the "Hints from Horace;" but, like that satire, suppressed by Lord Byron, from motives which the reader will easily understand. It was first given to the world in 1828. Few can wonder that Lord Byron's feelings should have been powerfully excited by the spectacle of the despoiled Parthenon; but it is only due to Lord Elgin to keep in mind, that, had those precious marbles remained, they must, in all likelihood, have perished for ever amidst the miserable scenes of violence which Athens has since witnessed; and that their presence in England has already, by universal admission, been of the most essential advantage to the fine arts of our own country. The political allusions in this poem are not such as require much explanation. It contains many lines, which, it is hoped, the author, on mature reflection, disapproved of — but is too vigorous a specimen of his iambics to be omitted in any collective edition of his works. — E.]

THE

CURSE OF MINERVA.

Athens, Capuchin Convent, March 17. 1811

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run, (1)
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light;
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it glows;
On old Ægina's rock and Hydra's isle
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;
O'er his own regions lingering loves to shine,
Though there his altars are no more divine.
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows kiss
Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
Their azure arches through the long expanse,
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing glance,
And tenderest tints, along their summits driven,
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of heaven;
Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to sleep.

(1) [The splendid lines with which this satire opens, down to "As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane," first appeared at the commencement of the third canto of the Corsair, the author having, at that time, abandoned all notion of publishing the piece of which they originally made part.—E.]

On such an eve his palest beam he cast
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's (1) latest day!
Not yet — not yet — Sol pauses on the hill,
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes;
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sunk below Citheron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd — the spirit fled;
The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain
The queen of night asserts her silent reign; (2)
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing form.
With cornice glimmering as the moonbeams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And bright around, with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide,
Where meek Cephisus sheds his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk, (3)

(1) Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

(2) The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

(3) The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which

And sad and sombre mid the holy calm,
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm;
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;
And dull were his that pass'd them heedless by. (1)

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental war;
Again his waves in milder tints unfold
Their long expanse of sapphire and of gold,
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle,
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,

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and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

(1) [During our residence of ten weeks at Athens, there was not, I believe, a day of which we did not devote a part to the contemplation of the noble monuments of Grecian genius, that have outlived the ravages of time, and the outrage of barbarous and antiquarian despoilers. The Temple of Theseus, which was within five minutes' walk of our lodgings, is the most perfect ancient edifice in the world. In this fabric, the most enduring stability, and a simplicity of design peculiarly striking, are united with the highest elegance and accuracy of workmanship, the characteristic of the Doric style, whose chaste beauty is not, in the opinion of the first artists, to be equalled by the graces of any of the other orders. A gentleman of Athens, of great taste and skill, assured us that, after a continued contemplation of this temple, and the remains of the Parthenon, he could never again look with his accustomed satisfaction upon the Ionic and Corinthian ruins of Athens, much less upon the specimens of the more modern species of architecture to be seen in Italy. — Hobhouse.]

The past return'd, the present seem'd to cease,
And Glory knew no clime beyond her Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on high
Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd god:
But chiefly, Pallas! thine; when Hecate's glare,
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair
O'er the chill marble, where the startling tread
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the dead.
Long had I mused, and treasured every trace
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how changed
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she ranged!
Not such as erst, by her divine command,
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic hand:
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,
Her idle ægis bore no Gorgon now;
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal glance;
The olive branch, which still she deign'd to clasp,
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her grasp;
And, ah! though still the brightest of the sky,
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue eye;
Round the rent casque her owlet circled slow,
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of woe!

"Mortal!"—'twas thus she spake—"that blush
of shame
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name
First of the mighty, foremost of the free
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found,
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look around.
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,
I saw successive tyrannies expire.
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and Goth (1),
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than both (2),
Survey this vacant, violated fane:
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:
These Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles adorn'd (3),
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Science mourn'd.
What more I owe let gratitude attest—
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.

(1) [On the plaster wall, on the west side of the chapel, these words have been very deeply cut:—

QUOD NON FECERUNT GOTI,
HOC FECERUNT SCOTI.

The mortar wall, yet fresh when we saw it, supplying the place of the statue now in Lord Elgin's collection, serves as a comment on this text. This eulogy of the Goths alludes to an unfounded story of a Greek historian, who relates that Alaric, either terrified by two phantoms, one of Minerva herself, the other of Achilles, terrible as when he strode towards the walls of Troy to his friends, or struck with a reverential respect, had spared the treasures, ornaments, and people of the venerable city.—HOBHOUSE.]

(2) [In the original MS.—

"Ah, Athens! scarce escaped from Turk and Goth,
Hell sends a paltry Scotchman worse than both."—E.]

(3) This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

That all may learn from whence the plunderer came,
The insulted wall sustains his hated name: (1)
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas pleads,
Below, his name — above, behold his deeds! (2)
Be ever hail'd with equal honour here
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:
Arms gave the first his right, the last had none,
But basely stole what less barbarians won.
So when the lion quits his fell repast,
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make their own
The last poor brute securely gnaws the bone.
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are cross'd:
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!
Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to shine!
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,
When Venus half avenged Minerva's shame." (3)

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared reply,
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her eye:
" Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured name,
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.

(1) [On the original MS. is written—
" Aspice quos Pallas Scoto concedit honores
Infrà stat nomen — facta supraque vide." — E.]

(2) [For Lord Byron's detailed remarks on Lord Elgin's dealing with the Parthenon, see note A to the second canto of Childe Harold, and Vol. VIII. p. 111. — E.]

(3) His lordship's name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso relievos, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

Frown not on England; England owns him not:
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair Phyles towers
Survey Bœotia;—Caledonia's ours.
And well I know within that bastard land (1)
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held command:
A barren soil, where Nature's germs combined
To stern sterility, can stint the mind:
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard earth,
Emblem of all to whom the land gives birth:
Each genial influence nurtured to resist:
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.
Each breeze from foggy mount and marshy plain
Dilutes with drivel every drizzly brain,
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'erflows,
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their snows.
Then thousand schemes of petulance and pride
Despatch her scheming children far and wide:
Some east, some west, some every where but north,
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.
And thus—accursed be the day and year!—
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.
Yet Caledonia claims some native worth,
As dull Bœotia gave a Pindar birth;
So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,
And shine like children of a happier strand;
As once, of yore, in some obnoxious place,
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched race."

(1) "Irish bastards," according to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan.

"Mortal!" the blue-eyed maid resumed, "once more
Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is mine,
To turn my counsels far from lands like thine.
Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;
Hear and believe, for Time will tell the rest.

"First on the head of him who did this deed
My curse shall light,—on him and all his seed
Without one spark of intellectual fire,
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:
Still with his hireling artists let him prate,
And folly's praise repay for Wisdom's hate;
Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:
To sell, and make—may Shame record the day!—
The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey. (1)
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard, West,
Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's best,
With palsied hand shall turn each model o'er,
And own himself an infant of fourscore. (2)
Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles'
That art and nature may compare their styles;
While brawny brutes in stupid wonder stare,
And marvel at his lordship's 'stone shop' (3) th

(1) [In 1816, thirty-five thousand pounds were voted by Parliame
the purchase of the Elgin marbles. — E.]

(2) Mr. West, on seeing the "Elgin Collection" (I suppose we sh
of the "Abershaw" and "Jack Shephard" collection), declared
"a mere tyro" in art.

(3) Poor Crib was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first e

Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering coxcombs creep,
To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and peep;
While many a languid maid, with longing sigh,
On giant statues casts the curious eye;
The room with transient glance appears to skim,
Yet marks the mighty back and length of limb;
Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then;*
Exclaims, 'These Greeks indeed were proper men!
Draws sly comparisons of *these* with *those,*
And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.
When shall a modern maid have swains like these!
Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules!
And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief. (1)
Oh, loathed in life, nor pardon'd in the dust,
May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephesian dome,
Shall vengeance follow far beyond the tomb,

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at Elgin House: he asked if it was not "a stone shop?" — He was right; it *is* a shop.

(1) [That the Elgin marbles will contribute to the improvement of art in England, cannot be doubted. They must certainly open the eyes of the British artists, and prove that the true and only road to simplicity and beauty is the study of nature. But, had we a right to diminish the interest of Athens for selfish motives, and prevent successive generations of other nations from seeing those admirable sculptures? The Temple of Minerva was spared as a beacon to the world, to direct it to the knowledge of purity of taste. What can we say to the disappointed traveller, who is now deprived of the rich gratification which would have compensated his travel and his toil? It will be little consolation to him to say, he may find the sculpture *of the Parthenon in* England. — H. W. WILLIAMS.]

And Eratostratus and Elgin shine
In many a branding page and burning line;
Alike reserved for aye to stand accurs'd,
Perchance the second blacker than the first.

" So let him stand, through ages yet unborn,
Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;
Though not for him alone revenge shall wait,
But fits thy country for her coming fate:
Hers were the deeds that taught her lawless son
To do what oft Britannia's self had done.
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war. (1)
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,
Or break the compact which herself had made;
Far from such councils, from the faithless field
She fled—but left behind her Gorgon shield:
A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to stone,
And left lost Albion hated and alone.

" Look to the East, where Ganges' swarthy ra
Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood,
And claims his long arrear of northern blood.
So may ye perish!—Pallas, when she gave
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to enslave.

(1) [The affair of Copenhagen. — E.]

" Look on your Spain! — she clasps the hand she hates,
But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from her gates.
Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell
Whose were the sons that bravely fought and fell.
But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,
Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.
Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,
The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!
But when did Pallas teach, that one retreat
Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

" Look last at home — ye love not to look there;
On the grim smile of comfortless despair:
Your city saddens: loud though Revel howls,
Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine prowls.
See all alike of more or less bereft;
No misers tremble when there 's nothing left.
' Blest paper credit' (1); who shall dare to sing?
It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.
Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,
Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;
But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,
On Pallas calls, — but calls, alas! too late:
Then raves for * *; to that Mentor bends,
Though he and Pallas never yet were friends.
Him senates hear, whom never yet they heard,
Contemptuous once, and now no less absurd.
So, once of yore, each reasonable frog
Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign ' log.'

(1) " Blest paper credit! last and best supply.
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!" — Pope.

Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician clod,
As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

"Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;
Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd power;
Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest scheme;
Your strength a name, your bloated wealth a dream.
Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,
And pirates barter all that's left behind. (1)
No more the hirelings, purchased near and far,
Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.
The idle merchant on the useless quay
Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear away;
Or, back returning, sees rejected stores
Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd shores:
The starved mechanic breaks his rusting loom,
And desperate mans him 'gainst the coming doom
Then in the senate of your sinking state
Show me the man whose counsels may have weight.
Vain is each voice where tones could once command;
E'en factions cease to charm a factious land:
Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,
And light with maddening hands the mutual pile.

"'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns in vain;
The Furies seize her abdicated reign:
Wide o'er the realm they wave their kindling brands
And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.
But one convulsive struggle still remains,
And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her chains.

(1) The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

banner'd pomp of war, the glittering files,
whose gay trappings stern Bellona smiles;
brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,
bid the foe defiance ere they come;
hero bounding at his country's call,
glorious death that consecrates his fall,
the young heart with visionary charms,
bid it antedate the joys of arms.
now, a lesson you may yet be taught,
death alone are laurels cheaply bought:
n the conflict Havoc seeks delight,
lay of mercy is the day of fight.
when the field is fought, the battle won,
gh drench'd with gore, his woes are but begun:
leeper deeds as yet ye know by name;
slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd dame,
rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd field,
it with souls at home, untaught to yield.
with what eye along the distant down
ld flying burghers mark the blazing town?
view the column of ascending flames
e his red shadow o'er the startled Thames?
frown not, Albion! for the torch was thine
lit such pyres from Tagus to the Rhine:
should they burst on thy devoted coast,
sk thy bosom who deserves them most.
law of heaven and earth is life for life,
she who raised, in vain regrets, the strife." (1)

1 The beautiful but barren Hymettus, the whole coast of Attica, s and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus, Philopappus, &c. &c. are iselves poetical; and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athen- id *her very ruins*, were swept from the earth. But, am I to be told

that the "nature" of Attica would be *more* poetical without the "a the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Gree glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the tra what strikes him as most poetical, the Parthenon, or the rock on wh stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The ro the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer's ship was bulged them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves. But it i "*art*," the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselv opposed, and will ever oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athe instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parth and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art." *Letters*, 1821. — E.]

THE WALTZ;

AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN. (1)

"Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi,
Exercet Diana choros." VIRGIL.

"Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,
Diana seems: and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads."
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

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(1) [This trifle was written at Cheltenham in the autumn of 1812, and blished anonymously in the spring of the following year. It was not ry well received at the time by the public; and the author was by no ans anxious that it should be considered as his handiwork. "I hear," says, in a letter to a friend, "that a certain malicious publication on ltzing is attributed to me. This report, I suppose, you will take care to ntradict; as the author, I am sure, will not like that I should wear his p and bells." — E.]

TO THE PUBLISHER.

Sir,

I am a country gentleman of a midland county might have been a parliament-man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812. (1) But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my wife's house) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inveterately entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the bye, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Fitzroe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of

(1) State of the poll (last day), 5.

the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or, at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round, and round, and round, to a d——d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the "Black joke," only more "*affettuoso*," till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, "*quam familiariter*" (1) (as Terence said, when I was at school), they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cockchafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, "Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they are valtzing?" or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now, that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I

(1) My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the *even* sixpence. I grudged the money to a papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and "No popery," and quite regretting the downfal of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq.(1), and a few hints from Dr. Busby(2), (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful "Drury Lane Address,") I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

HORACE HORNEM.

(1) [See *ante*, Vol. VII. p. 225. — E.]
(2) [See "Rejected Addresses." — E.]

THE WALTZ.

ɜE of the many-twinkling feet! (1) whose charms
now extended up from legs to arms;
ɔsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—
roachful term—bestow'd but to upbraid—
ceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,
least a vestal of the virgin Nine.
be from thee and thine the name of prude;
k'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, unsubdued;
legs must move to conquer as they fly,
ut thy coats are reasonably high;
breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
ce forth—*sans armour* thou shalt take the field,
own—impregnable to *most* assaults,
not too lawfully begotten "Waltz."

ail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar,
whisker'd votary of waltz and war,
night devotes, despite of spur and boots;
ght unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes:
, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose banners
odern hero fought for modish manners;

(1) "*Glance their* many-twinkling feet." — GRAY.

On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's (1) fam
Cock'd—fired—and miss'd his man—but gain'd his a
Hail, moving Muse! to whom the fair one's brea
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz,
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,
To "energise the object I pursue," (2)
And give both Belial and his dance their due!

(1) To rival Lord Wellesley's, or his nephew's, as the reader pleases:— one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for; and other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, "by Shrewsl clock," without gaining any thing in *that* country but the title of "Great Lord," and "the Lord;" which savours of profanation, having l hitherto applied only to that Being to whom "*Te Deums*" for carnage the rankest blasphemy. — It is to be presumed the general will one return to his Sabine farm; there

"To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain!"

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do n — we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If "great Lord's" *Cincinnatian* progress in agriculture be no speedier the proportional average of time in Pope's couplet, it will, according t farmers' proverb, be "ploughing with dogs."

By the bye—one of this illustrious person's new titles is forgotten— however, worth remembering — "*Salvador del mundo!*" *credite, pos* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsul the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them — query — are they w saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modificatio any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against t in the next. — "Saviour of the world," quotha! — it were to be wi that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it — his country. Yet stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connection between s stition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be litt dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitle "Virgin Mary:" if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have not to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

(2) [Among the addresses sent in to the Drury Lane Committee *ante*, p. 29.) was one by Dr. Busby, which began by asking —

"When energising objects men pursue,
What are the prodigies they cannot do?"— E.]

Imperial Waltz! imported from the Rhine
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and wine),
Long be thine import from all duty free,
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;
In some few qualities alike—for hock
Improves our cellar—*thou* our living stock.
The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:
Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we owe,
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
And only left us thy d—d debts and dances!
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
We bless thee still—for George the Third is left!
Of kings the best—and last, not least in worth,
For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
To Germany, and highnesses serene,
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the queen?
To Germany, what owe we not besides?
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides;
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud:
Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her faults—
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's "fiat!"
Back to my theme—O Muse of motion! say,
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her way?

Borne on the breath of hyperborean gales,
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg yet had ma
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep
To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to sleep;
Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd arise,
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;
While unburnt Moscow (1) yet had news to sen
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,
She came—Waltz came—and with her certain
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes;
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest despatch,
Which Moniteur nor Morning Post can match;
And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious news
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,
And loads from Frankfort and from Leipsic fairs;
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,
Like Lapland witches to ensure a wind;
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and, to back i
Of Heyné, such as should not sink the packet.

(1) The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently c mended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C——, in swimming riv frozen, and galloping over roads impassable,) that one entire provi perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:— General Rostopchin's consummate conflagration, the consumption of tall and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the deman and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of Lond have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers ha unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to th relief of the surviving Scythians;—the scarcity will soon, by such exer tions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity o provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouche Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day's meal to our suf fering manufacturers.

Fraught with this cargo — and her fairest freight,
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,
The welcome vessel reach'd the genial strand,
And round her flock'd the daughters of the land.
Not decent David, when, before the ark,
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho thought
The knight's fandango friskier than it ought;
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning tread,
Her nimble feet danced off another's head;
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,
Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of *neck*,
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first the moon
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose brows
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;
To you of nine years less, who only bear
The budding sprouts of those that you *shall* wear,
With added ornaments around them roll'd
Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;
To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch
To mar a son's, or make a daughter's, match;
To you, ye children of — whom chance accords —
Always the ladies, and *sometimes* their lords;
To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek
Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;
As Love or Hymen your endeavours guide,
To gain your own, or snatch another's bride; —
To one and all the lovely stranger came,
And every ball-room echoes with her name.

Endearing Waltz! — to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig, and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance, forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!
Waltz — Waltz alone — both legs and arms demand
Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;
Hands which may freely range in public sight
Where ne'er before — but — pray "put out the light.
Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier
Shines much too far — or I am much too near;
And true, though strange — Waltz whispers this re
mark,
"My slippery steps are safest in the dark!"
But here the Muse with due decorum halts,
And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time!
Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!
O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,
Fandango's wriggle, or Bolero's bound;
Can Egypt's Almas (1) — tantalising group —
Columbia's caperers to the warlike whoop —
Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape Horn
With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be borne?
Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to Galt's,
Each tourist pens a paragraph for "Waltz."

Shades of those belles whose reign began of yor
With George the Third's — and ended long b
fore! —

(1) Dancing girls — who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

Though in your daughters daughters yet you thrive
Burst from your lead, and be yourselves alive!
Back to the ball-room speed your spectred host:
Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.
No treacherous powder bids conjecture quake;
No stiff-starch'd stays make meddling fingers ache;
(Transferr'd to those ambiguous things that ape
Goats in their visage(1), women in their shape;)
No damsel faints when rather closely press'd,
But more caressing seems when most caress'd;
Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salts,
Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial "Waltz."

Seductive Waltz!— though on thy native shore
Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a whore;
Werter — to decent vice though much inclined,
Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not blind —

(1) It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière's time, of the "Sieur de la Croix," that there be "no whiskers;" but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may *still* be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none— Scipio himself was shaven — Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide) — Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none —Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; "*argal*" greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together: but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did *against* long hair in the reign of Henry I. — Formerly, *red* was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barrey's comedy of Ram Alley, 1661; Act I. Scene 1.

"*Taffeta.* Now for a wager — What coloured beard comes next by the window?

"*Adriana.* A black man's, I think.

"*Taffeta.* I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion."

There is "nothing new under the sun;" but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into a *favourite*'s colour.

Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with Stael,
Would even proscribe thee from a Paris ball;
The fashion hails — from countesses to queens,
And maids and valets waltz behind the scenes;
Wide and more wide thy witching circle spreads.
And turns — if nothing else — at least our *heads*;
With thee even clumsy cits attempt to bounce,
And cockneys practise what they can't pronounce.
Gods! how the glorious theme my strain exalts,
And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise of
"Waltz!"

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her *début*;
The court, the Regent, like herself were new;(1)
New face for friends, for foes some new rewards;
New ornaments for black and royal guards;
New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd for bread;
New coins (most new)(2) to follow those that fled;
New victories — nor can we prize them less,
Though Jenky wonders at his own success;
New wars, because the old succeed so well,
That most survivors envy those who fell;
New mistresses — no, old — and yet 'tis true,
Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something new;

(1) An anachronism — Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together: the bard means (if he means any thing), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still. — *Printer's Devil.*

(2) Amongst others a new ninepence — a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

Each new, quite new — (except some ancient tricks), (1)
New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-sticks, all new sticks!
With vests or ribands — deck'd alike in hue,
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush in blue:
So saith the muse: my — — (2), what say you?
Such was the time when Waltz might best maintain
Her new preferments in this novel reign;
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not much*;
Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder — all have had their days.
The ball begins — the honours of the house
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,
Some potentate — or royal or serene —
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Gloster's mien,
Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising flush
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.
From where the garb just leaves the bosom free,
That spot where hearts (3) were once supposed to be;

(1) "Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might!*" Who does not remember the "delicate investigation" in the "Merry Wives of Windsor?"—

"*Ford.* Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

"*Mrs. Ford.* What have you to do whither they bear it? — you were best meddle with buck-washing."

(2) The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases — there are several disyllabic names at *his* service (being already in the Regent's): it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes: — a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

(3) "We have changed all that," says the Mock Doctor — 'tis all gone — Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how

Round all the confines of the yielded waist
The strangest hand may wander undisplace
The lady's in return may grasp as much
As princely paunches offer to her touch.
Pleased round the chalky floor how well th
One hand reposing on the royal hip;
The other to the shoulder no less royal
Ascending with affection truly loyal!
Thus front to front the partners move or st
The foot may rest, but none withdraw the
And all in turn may follow in their rank,
The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—Blan
Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's
For whose blest surnames—vide "Mornin
(Or if for that impartial print too late,
Search Doctors' Commons six months
date)—
Thus all and each, in movement swift or sl
The genial contact gently undergo;
Till some might marvel, with the modest T
If "nothing follows all this palming work?'
True, honest Mirza! — you may trust my
Something does follow at a fitter time;
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,
In private may resist him——if it can.

---

women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege
them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men w
thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often n
natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opene
and when divided, you discover a *toad* in the centre, lively,
reputation of being venomous.

(1) In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superflu
—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seein
Pera — *Vide Morier's Travels.*

O ye who loved our grandmothers of yore,
Fitzpatrick, Sheridan (1), and many more! [will
And thou, my prince! whose sovereign taste and
It is to love the lovely beldames still!
Thou ghost of Queensbury! whose judging sprite
Satan may spare to peep a single night,
Pronounce — if ever in your days of bliss
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this;
To teach the young ideas how to rise,
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the eyes;
Rush to the heart, and lighten through the frame,
With half-told wish and ill-dissembled flame
For prurient nature still will storm the breast —
Who, tempted thus, can answer for the rest?

But ye — who never felt a single thought
For what our morals are to be, or ought;
Who wisely wish the charms you view to reap,
Say — would you make those beauties quite so cheap?

(1) [I once heard Sheridan repeat, in a ball-room, some verses, which he had lately written on waltzing; and of which I remember the following —

" With tranquil step, and timid, downcast glance,
Behold the well-pair'd couple now advance.
In such sweet posture our first parents moved,
While, hand in hand, through Eden's bowers they roved,
Ere yet the Devil, with promise fine and false,
Turn'd their poor heads, and taught them how to waltz.
One hand grasps hers, the other holds her hip:
* * * * *
For so the law 's laid down by Baron Trip."

This gentleman, whose name suits so aptly as a legal authority on the subject of waltzing, was, at the time these verses were written, well known in the dancing circles. — MOORE.]

Hot from the hands promiscuously applied,
Round the slight waist, or down the glowing side
Where were the rapture then to clasp the form
From this lewd grasp and lawless contact warm?
At once love's most endearing thought resign,
To press the hand so press'd by none but thine;
To gaze upon that eye which never met
Another's ardent look without regret;
Approach the lip which all, without restraint,
Come near enough—if not to touch—to taint;
If such thou lovest—love her then no more,
Or give—like her—caresses to a score;
Her mind with these is gone, and with it go
The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus blaspheme?
Thy bard forgot thy praises were his theme.
Terpsichore, forgive!—at every ball
My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters *shall;*
My son—(or stop—'tis needless to enquire—
These little accidents should ne'er transpire;
Some ages hence our genealogic tree
Will wear as green a bough for him as me)—
Waltzing shall rear, to make our name amends,
Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his friends.

THE GIAOUR;

A FRAGMENT OF

A TURKISH TALE.(1)

"One fatal remembrance — one sorrow that throws
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes —
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,
For which joy hath no balm — and affliction no sting."

MOORE.

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(1) [The "Giaour" was published in May 1813, and abundantly sustained the impression created by the two first cantos of Childe Harold. It is obvious that in this, the first of his romantic narratives, Lord Byron's versification reflects the admiration he always avowed for Mr. Coleridge's "Christabel," — the irregular rhythm of which had already been adopted in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." The fragmentary style of the composition was suggested by the then new and popular "Columbus" of Mr. Rogers. As to the subject, it was not merely by recent travel that the author had familiarised himself with Turkish history. "Old Knolles," he said at Missolonghi, a few weeks before his death, "was one of the first books that gave me pleasure when a child; and I believe it had much influence on my future wishes to visit the Levant, and gave, perhaps, the oriental colouring which is observed in my poetry." In the margin of his copy of Mr. D'Israeli's essay on "The Literary Character," we find the following note: — "Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady M. W. Montague, Hawkins's translation from Mignot's History of the Turks, the Arabian Nights. — All travels or histories, or books upon the East, I could meet with, I had read, as well as Ricaut, before I was *ten years old*." — E.]

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN

OF ADMIRATION OF HIS GENIUS,

RESPECT FOR HIS CHARACTER,

AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

London, May, 1813.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the "olden time," or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise. The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea, during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful. (1)

(1) [An event, in which Lord Byron was personally concerned, undoubtedly supplied the groundwork of this tale; but for the story, so circumstantially put forth, of his having himself been the lover of this female slave, there is no foundation. The girl whose life the poet saved at Athens was not, we are assured by Sir John Hobhouse, an object of his Lordship's attachment, but of that of his Turkish servant. For the Marquis of Sligo's account of the affair, see Moore's Notices, *antè*, Vol. II. p. 189.—E.]

THE GIAOUR.

No breath of air to break the wave
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,
That tomb (1) which, gleaming o'er the cliff,
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,
High o'er the land he saved in vain:
When shall such hero live again?

* * * * *

Fair clime! (2) where every season smiles
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,

(1) A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.—["There are," says Cumberland, in his Observer, "a few lines by Plato, upon the tomb of Themistocles, which have a turn of elegant and pathetic simplicity in them, that deserves a better translation than I can give:—

'By the sea's margin, on the watery strand,
Thy monument, Themistocles, shall stand:
By this directed to thy native shore,
The merchant shall convey his freighted store;
And when our fleets are summoned to the fight,
Athens shall conquer with thy tomb in sight.'"—E.]

(2) ["Of the beautiful flow of Byron's fancy," says Moore, "when its sources were once opened on any subject, the Giaour affords one of the most remarkable instances: this poem having accumulated under his hand, both in printing and through successive editions, till from four hundred lines, of which it consisted in its first copy, it at present amounts to fourteen hundred. The plan, indeed, which he had adopted, of a series of fragments,—a set of 'orient pearls at random strung'—left him free to introduce, without reference to more than the general complexion of his story, whatever sentiments or images his fancy, in its excursions, could collect; and, how little fettered he was by any regard to connection in these additions, appears from a note which accompanied his own copy of

Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight
And lend to loneliness delight.
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek
Reflects the tints of many a peak
Caught by the laughing tides that lave
These Edens of the eastern wave:
And if at times a transient breeze
Break the blue crystal of the seas,
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,
How welcome is each gentle air
That wakes and wafts the odours there!
For there — the Rose o'er crag or vale,
Sultana of the Nightingale, (1)
The maid for whom his melody,
His thousand songs are heard on high,
Blooms blushing to her lover's tale:

---

this paragraph, in which he says — 'I have not yet fixed the sertion for the following lines, but will, when I see you — as copy.' Even into this new passage, rich as it was at first, his wards poured a fresh infusion." — The value of these after-tou master may be appreciated by comparing the following vers original draft of this paragraph, with the form which they no

" Fair clime! where *ceaseless summer* smiles,
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,
Which, seen from far Colonna's height,
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,
And *give* to loneliness delight.
There *shine the bright abodes ye seek,*
Like dimples upon Ocean's cheek,
So smiling round the waters lave
These Edens of the eastern wave.
Or if, at times, the transient breeze
Break the *smooth* crystal of the seas,
Or *brush* one blossom from the trees,
How *grateful* is the gentle air
That waves and wafts the *fragrance* there."

The whole of this passage, from line 7. down to line 167., " it first had cause to grieve," was not in the first edition. — E.

(1) The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-kn

His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,
Far from the winters of the west,
By every breeze and season blest,
Returns the sweets by nature given
In softest incense back to heaven;
And grateful yields that smiling sky
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.
And many a summer flower is there,
And many a shade that love might share,
And many a grotto, meant for rest,
That holds the pirate for a guest;
Whose bark in sheltering cove below
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,
Till the gay mariner's guitar (1)
Is heard, and seen the evening star;
Then stealing with the muffled oar
Far shaded by the rocky shore,
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,
And turn to groans his roundelay.
Strange—that where Nature loved to trace,
As if for Gods, a dwelling place,
And every charm and grace hath mix'd
Within the paradise she fix'd,

---

sible. If I mistake not, the "Bulbul of a thousand tales" is one of his appellations. [Thus, Mesihi, as translated by Sir William Jones:—

"Come, charming maid! and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and Love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade."—E.]

(1) The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night: with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

There man, enamour'd of distress,
Should mar it into wilderness,
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower
That tasks not one laborious hour;
Nor claims the culture of his hand
To bloom along the fairy land,
But springs as to preclude his care,
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!
Strange—that where all is peace beside,
There passion riots in her pride,
And lust and rapine wildly reign
To darken o'er the fair domain.
It is as though the fiends prevail'd
Against the seraphs they assail'd,
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwel
The freed inheritors of hell;
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead (1)
Ere the first day of death is fled,
The first dark day of nothingness,
The last of danger and distress,
(Before Decay's effacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)

(1) [If once the public notice is drawn to a poet, the talents he e on a nearer view, the weight his mind carries with it in his every- tercourse, somehow or other, are reflected around on his compositio co-operate in giving a collateral force to their impression on the pub this we must assign some part of the impression made by the " Gi The thirty-five lines beginning " He who hath bent him o'er the dea so beautiful, so original, and so utterly beyond the reach of any one poetical genius was not very decided, and very rich, that they alone, the circumstances explained, were sufficient to secure celebrity poem.—Sir E. Brydges.]

And mark'd the mild angelic air,
The rapture of repose that 's there,
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak
The languor of the placid cheek,
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,
And but for that chill, changeless brow,
Where cold Obstruction's apathy (1)
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,
As if to him it could impart
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;
Yes, but for these and these alone,
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,
He still might doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd! (2)
Such is the aspect of this shore;
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more! (3)

(1) "Ay, but to die and go we know not where,
To lye in cold obstruction?".
Measure for Measure.

(2) I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description, but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after "the spirit is not there." It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character: but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

(3) [In Dallaway's Constantinople, a book which Lord Byron is not unlikely to have consulted, I find a passage quoted from Gillies's History of Greece, which contains, perhaps, the first seed of the thought thus expanded into full perfection by genius:—"The present state of Greece compared to the ancient, is the silent obscurity of the grave contrasted with the vivid lustre of active life."—MOORE.]

So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,
We start, for soul is wanting there.
Hers is the loveliness in death,
That parts not quite with parting breath;
But beauty with that fearful bloom,
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,
Expression's last receding ray,
A gilded halo hovering round decay,
The farewell beam of Feeling past away!
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birt
Which gleams, but warms no more its cheri
earth! (1)

Clime of the unforgotten brave!
Whose land from plain to mountain-cave
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!
Shrine of the mighty! can it be,
That this is all remains of thee?
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:
Say, is not this Thermopylæ?
These waters blue that round you lave,
Oh servile offspring of the free—
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!
These scenes, their story not unknown,
Arise, and make again your own;
Snatch from the ashes of your sires
The embers of their former fires;

(1) [There is infinite beauty and effect, though of a painful and s oppressive character, in this extraordinary passage; in which the a has illustrated the beautiful, but still and melancholy aspect of th busy and glorious shores of Greece, by an image more true, more mou and more exquisitely finished, than any that we can recollect in the compass of poetry. — JEFFREY.]

And he who in the strife expires
Will add to theirs a name of fear
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,
They too will rather die than shame:
For Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,
Though baffled oft is ever won.
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page,
Attest it many a deathless age!
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,
Have left a nameless pyramid,
Thy heroes, though the general doom
Hath swept the column from their tomb,
A mightier monument command,
The mountains of their native land!
There points thy Muse to stranger's eye
The graves of those that cannot die!
'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace,
Each step from splendour to disgrace;
Enough — no foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell;
Yes! Self-abasement paved the way
To villain-bonds and despot sway.

What can he tell who treads thy shore?
No legend of thine olden time,
No theme on which the muse might soar
High as thine own in days of yore,
When man was worthy of thy clime.
The hearts within thy valleys bred,
The fiery souls that might have led

Thy sons to deeds sublime,
Now crawl from cradle to the grave,
Slaves — nay, the bondsmen of a slave, (1)
And callous, save to crime;
Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
Mankind, where least above the brutes;
Without even savage virtue blest,
Without one free or valiant breast,
Still to the neighbouring ports they waft
Proverbial wiles, and ancient craft;
In this the subtle Greek is found,
For this, and this alone, renown'd.
In vain might Liberty invoke
The spirit to its bondage broke,
Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:
No more her sorrows I bewail,
Yet this will be a mournful tale,
And they who listen may believe,
Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

* * * * *

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,
The shadows of the rocks advancing
Start on the fisher's eye like boat
Of island-pirate or Mainote;
And fearful for his light caique,
He shuns the near but doubtful creek:
Though worn and weary with his toil,
And cumber'd with his scaly spoil,

(1) Athens is the property of the Kislar Aga (the slave of the ser guardian of the women), who appoints the Way-wode. A pa eunuch — these are not polite, yet true appellations — now *gov governor* of Athens!

Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,
Till Port Leone's safer shore
Receives him by the lovely light
That best becomes an Eastern night.

* * * * *

Who thundering comes on blackest steed, (1)
With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?
Beneath the clattering iron's sound
The cavern'd echoes wake around
In lash for lash, and bound for bound;
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide:
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast;
And though to-morrow's tempest lower,
'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour! (2)
I know thee not, I loathe thy race,
But in thy lineaments I trace
What time shall strengthen, not efface:
Though young and pale, that sallow front
Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt;
Though bent on earth thine evil eye,
As meteor-like thou glidest by,

(1) [The reciter of the tale is a Turkish fisherman, who has been employed during the day in the gulf of Ægina, and in the evening, apprehensive of the Mainote pirates who infest the coast of Attica, lands with his boat on the harbour of Port Leone, the ancient Piræus. He becomes the eye-witness of nearly all the incidents in the story, and in one of them is a principal agent. It is to his feelings, and particularly to his religious prejudices, that we are indebted for some of the most forcible and splendid parts of the poem. — GEORGE ELLIS.]

(2) [In Dr. Clarke's Travels, this word, which means *Infidel*, is always written according to its English pronunciation, *Djour*. Lord Byron adopted the Italian spelling usual among the Franks of the Levant. — E.]

Right well I view and deem thee one
Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew
My gaze of wonder as he flew:
Though like a demon of the night
He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,
His aspect and his air impress'd
A troubled memory on my breast,
And long upon my startled ear
Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.
He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,
That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;
He winds around; he hurries by;
The rock relieves him from mine eye;
For well I ween unwelcome he
Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;
And not a star but shines too bright
On him who takes such timèless flight.
He wound along; but ere he pass'd
One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,
A moment check'd his wheeling steed,
A moment breathed him from his speed,
A moment on his stirrup stood—
Why looks he o'er the olive wood?
The crescent glimmers on the hill,
The Mosque's high lamps are quivering sti
Though too remote for sound to wake
In echoes of the far tophaike, (1)

(1) "Tophaike," musket. — The Bairam is announced by the (sunset; the illumination of the Mosques, and the firing of all kinc arms, loaded with *ball*, proclaim it during the night.

The flashes of each joyous peal
Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal,
To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;
To-night, the Bairam feast 's begun;
To-night—but who and what art thou
Of foreign garb and fearful brow?
And what are these to thine or thee,
That thou should'st either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon Hatred settled in its place:
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient Anger's hasty blush, (1)
But pale as marble o'er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.
His brow was bent, his eye was glazed;
He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,
And sternly shook his hand on high,
As doubting to return or fly:
Impatient of his flight delay'd,
Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—
Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his blade;
That sound had burst his waking dream,
As Slumber starts at owlet's scream.
The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;
Away, away, for life he rides:
Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed (2)
Springs to the touch his startled steed;

(1) ["*Hasty* blush."—For *hasty*, all the editions till the twelfth read "*darkening* blush."—E.]

(2) Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the

The rock is doubled, and the shore
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;
The crag is won, no more is seen
His Christian crest and haughty mien. (1)
'Twas but an instant he restrain'd
That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;
'Twas but a moment that he stood,
Then sped as if by death pursued:
But in that instant o'er his soul
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,
And gather in that drop of time
A life of pain, an age of crime.
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years:
What felt *he* then, at once opprest
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date!
Though in Time's record nearly nought,
It was Eternity to Thought!
For infinite as boundless space
The thought that Conscience must embrace
Which in itself can comprehend
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since t
expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I thir
to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came wit
observation.

(1) [Every gesture of the impetuous horseman is full of anxi
passion. In the midst of his career, whilst in full view of the ast
spectator, he suddenly checks his steed, and rising on his stirrup,
with a look of agonising impatience, the distant city illuminated
feast of Bairam; then pale with anger, raises his arm as if in mena
invisible enemy; but awakened from his trance of passion by the r
of his charger, again hurries forward, and disappears. — GEORGE I

ıe hour is past, the Giaour is gone;
did he fly or fall alone?
to that hour he came or went!
curse for Hassan's sin was sent
urn a palace to a tomb;
:ame, he went; like the Simoom, (1)
: harbinger of fate and gloom,
:ath whose widely-wasting breath
very cypress droops to death—
: tree, still sad when others' grief is fled,
only constant mourner o'er the dead!

ıe steed is vanish'd from the stall;
erf is seen in Hassan's hall;
lonely Spider's thin gray pall
es slowly widening o'er the wall;
Bat builds in his Haram bower
in the fortress of his power
Owl usurps the beacon-tower;

blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to poetry. — [Abyssinian Bruce gives, perhaps, the liveliest account pearance and effects of the suffocating blast of the Desert: — ın o'clock," he says, "while we contemplated with great pleasure ıd top of Chiggre, to which we were fast approaching, and were to solace ourselves with plenty of good water, Idris, our ed out with a loud voice, 'Fall upon your faces, for here is the I saw from the south-east a haze come, in colour like the purple rainbow, but not so compressed or thick. It did not occupy twenty 'eadth, and was about twelve feet high from the ground. It was a ush upon the air, and it moved very rapidly; for I scarce could ll upon the ground, with my head to the northward, when I felt ' its current plainly upon my face. We all lay flat on the ground till Idris told us it was blown over. The meteor, or purple haze, w was, indeed, passed, but the light air, which still blew, was of hreaten suffocation. For my part, I found distinctly in my breast l imbibed a part of it; nor was I free of an asthmatic sensation een some months in Italy, at the baths of Poretta, near two years ." — See *Bruce's Life and Travels*, p. 470. edit. 1830. — E.]

The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's brim
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;
For the stream has shrunk from its marble bed
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are spread.
'Twas sweet of yore to see it play
And chase the sultriness of day,
As springing high the silver dew
In whirls fantastically flew,
And flung luxurious coolness round
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were bright,
To view the wave of watery light,
And hear its melody by night.
And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd
Around the verge of that cascade;
And oft upon his mother's breast
That sound had harmonized his rest;
And oft had Hassan's Youth along
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;
And softer seem'd each melting tone
Of Music mingled with its own.
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose
Along the brink at Twilight's close:
The stream that fill'd that font is fled—
The blood that warm'd his heart is shed!
And here no more shall human voice
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice.
The last sad note that swell'd the gale
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:
That quench'd in silence, all is still,
But the lattice that flaps when the wind is

Though raves the gust, and floods the rain,
No hand shall close its clasp again. (1)
On desert sands 't were joy to scan
The rudest steps of fellow man,
So here the very voice of Grief
Might wake an Echo like relief—
At least 't would say, "All are not gone;
There lingers Life, though but in one"—
For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which Solitude might well forbear; (2)
Within that dome as yet Decay
Hath slowly work'd her cankering way—
But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay,
For bounty cheers not his delay;

(1) [This part of the narrative not only contains much brilliant and just description, but is managed with unusual taste. The fisherman has, hitherto, related nothing more than the extraordinary phenomenon which had excited his curiosity, and of which it is his immediate object to explain the cause to his hearers; but instead of proceeding to do so, he stops to vent his execrations on the Giaour, to describe the solitude of Hassan's once luxurious haram, and to lament the untimely death of the owner, and of Leila, together with the cessation of that hospitality which they had uniformly experienced. He reveals, as if unintentionally and unconsciously, the catastrophe of his story; but he thus prepares his appeal to the sympathy of his audience, without much diminishing their suspense.—GEORGE ELLIS.]

(2) ["I have just recollected an alteration you may make in the proof among the lines on Hassan's Serai, is this—

'Unmeet for solitude to share.'

ow, to share implies more than one, and Solitude is a single gentleman; must be thus—

'For many a gilded chamber's there,
Which solitude might well forbear;'

d so on. Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton ese from me for your trouble. — P. S. I leave this to your discretion: ny body thinks the old line a good one, or the cheese a bad one, don't ept of either." *B. Letters*, Stilton, Oct. 3. 1813.—E.]

Nor there will weary stranger halt
To bless the sacred "bread and salt." (1)
Alike must Wealth and Poverty
Pass heedless and unheeded by,
For Courtesy and Pity died
With Hassan on the mountain side.
His roof, that refuge unto men,
Is Desolation's hungry den.
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from labour
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre! (2)

* * * * *

I hear the sound of coming feet,
But not a voice mine ear to greet;
More near—each turban I can scan,
And silver-sheathed ataghan; (3)
The foremost of the band is seen
An Emir by his garb of green: (4)
"Ho! who art thou?"—"This low salam (5)
Replies of Moslem faith I am."—

(1) To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, ensures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

(2) I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief, is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

(3) The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and, among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

(4) Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

(5) "Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!" peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, "Urla-rula," a good journey; or "saban hiresem, saban serula;" good morn, good even; and sometimes, "may your end be happy;" are the usual salutes.

ıen ye so gently bear
that claims your utmost care,
less, holds some precious freight,
bark would gladly wait."

peakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,
s from the silent shore;
the sail still furl'd, and ply
t oar that 's scatter'd by,
y to those rocks where sleep
l'd waters dark and deep.
our task—so—bravely done,
has been right swiftly run;
longest voyage, I trow,
— * * *
* * * *"

plunged, and slowly sank,
ave rippled to the bank;
as it sank, methought
ın from the current caught
more,—'twas but the beam
er'd o'er the living stream:
l vanishing from view,
ing pebble it withdrew;
ıd less, a speck of white
ı'd the tide, then mock'd the sight;
hidden secrets sleep,
to Genii of the deep,
nbling in their coral caves,
not whisper to the waves.
* * * *

As rising on its purple wing
The insect-queen (1) of eastern spring,
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer
Invites the young pursuer near,
And leads him on from flower to flower
A weary chase and wasted hour,
Then leaves him, as it soars on high,
With panting heart and tearful eye:
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;
A chase of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.
If won, to equal ills betray'd,
Woe waits the insect and the maid;
A life of pain, the loss of peace,
From infant's play, and man's caprice:
The lovely toy so fiercely sought
Hath lost its charm by being caught,
For every touch that woo'd its stay
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,
Ah! where shall either victim rest?
Can this with faded pinion soar
From rose to tulip as before?
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,
Find joy within her broken bower?
No: gayer insects fluttering by
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,

(1) The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and of the species.

And lovelier things have mercy shown
To every failing but their own,
And every woe a tear can claim
Except an erring sister's shame.

* * * * *

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire, (1)
In circle narrowing as it glows,
The flames around their captive close,
Till inly search'd by thousand throes,
And maddening in her ire,
One sad and sole relief she knows,
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,
Whose venom never yet was vain,
Gives but one pang, and cures all pain,
And darts into her desperate brain;
So do the dark in soul expire,
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire; (2)
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,
Darkness above, despair beneath,
Around it flame, within it death!

* * * * *

(1) [Mr. Dallas says, that Lord Byron assured him that the paragraph containing the simile of the scorpion was imagined in his sleep. It forms, therefore, a *pendant* to the "psychological curiosity," beginning with those exquisitely musical lines: —

"A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid," &c.

The whole of which, Mr. Coleridge says, was composed by him during a siesta. — E.]

(2) Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting,

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;
The unwonted chase each hour employs,
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.
Not thus was Hassan won't to fly
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.
Doth Leila there no longer dwell?
That tale can only Hassan tell:
Strange rumours in our city say
Upon that eve she fled away
When Rhamazan's (1) last sun was set,
And flashing from each minaret
Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast
Of Bairam through the boundless East.
'Twas then she went as to the bath,
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;
For she was flown her master's rage
In likeness of a Georgian page,
And far beyond the Moslem's power
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd,
Too well he trusted to the slave
Whose treachery deserved a grave:
And on that eve had gone to mosque,
And thence to feast in his kiosk.
Such is the tale his Nubians tell,
Who did not watch their charge too well;

when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict "Felo de se." The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

(1) The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan. See *ante*, p. 156. note.

But others say, that on that night,
By pale Phingari's (1) trembling light,
The Giaour upon his jet black steed
Was seen, but seen alone to speed
With bloody spur along the shore,
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

* * * * *

Her eye's dark charm 't were vain to tell,
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,
It will assist thy fancy well;
As large, as languishingly dark,
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark
That darted from beneath the lid,
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid. (2)
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say
That form was nought but breathing clay,
By Alla! I would answer nay;
Though on Al-Sirat's (3) arch I stood,
Which totters o'er the fiery flood,

(1) Phingari, the moon.

(2) The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Schebgerag, "the torch of night;" also "the cup of the sun," &c. In the first edition, "Giamschid" was written as a word of three syllables, so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes "Jamshid." I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other. — [In the first edition, Lord Byron had used this word as a trisyllable, — "Bright as the gem of Giamschid,"—but, on my remarking to him, upon the authority of Richardson's Persian Dictionary, that this was incorrect, he altered it to "Bright as the ruby of Giamschid." On seeing this, however, I wrote to him, "that, as the comparison of his heroine's eye to a ruby might unluckily call up the idea of its being bloodshot, he had better change the line to "Bright as the jewel of Giamschid;" which he accordingly did, in the following edition. — MOORE.]

(3) Al-Sirat, the bridge of breadth, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mus-

With Paradise within my view,
And all his Houris (1) beckoning through.
Oh! who young Leila's glance could read
And keep that portion of his creed,
Which saith that woman is but dust,
A soulless toy for tyrant's lust? (2)
On her might Muftis gaze, and own
That through her eye the Immortal shone;
On her fair cheek's unfading hue
The young pomegranate's (3) blossoms strew
Their bloom in blushes ever new;
Her hair in hyacynthine (4) flow,
When left to roll its folds below,
As midst her handmaids in the hall
She stood superior to them all,
Hath swept the marble where her feet
Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet
Ere from the cloud that gave it birth
It fell, and caught one stain of earth.

---

sulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; b this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble wi a "facilis descensus Averni," not very pleasing in prospect to the ne passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christia

(1) [The virgins of Paradise, called from their large black eyes, *Hur oyun*. An intercourse with these, according to the institution of Mahom is to constitute the principal felicity of the faithful. Not formed of cl like mortal women, they are adorned with unfading charms, and deem to possess the celestial privilege of an eternal youth. See D'Herbelot, s Sale's Koran.—E.]

(2) A vulgar error: the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to w behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interp the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Bei enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern "any fitness of things" in t souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

(3) An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, deemed "plus Arabe qu'en Arabie."

(4) Hyacinthine, in Arabic "Sunbul;" as common a thought in t *eastern poets* as it was among the Greeks.

The cygnet nobly walks the water;
So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,
The loveliest bird of Franguestan! (1)
As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,
And spurns the wave with wings of pride,
When pass the steps of stranger man
Along the banks that bound her tide;
Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck: —
Thus arm'd with beauty would she check
Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze
Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.
Thus high and graceful was her gait;
Her heart as tender to her mate;
Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?
Alas! that name was not for thee!

* * * * *

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en
With twenty vassals in his train,
Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,
With arquebuss and ataghan;
The chief before, as deck'd for war,
Bears in his belt the scimitar
Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood,
When in the pass the rebels stood,
And few return'd to tell the tale
Of what befell in Parne's vale.
The pistols which his girdle bore
Were those that once a pasha wore,
Which still, though gemm'd and boss'd with gold,
Even robbers tremble to behold.

(1) "Franguestan," Circassia.

'Tis said he goes to woo a bride
More true than her who left his side;
The faithless slave that broke her bower,
And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

* * * * *

The sun's last rays are on the hill,
And sparkle in the fountain rill,
Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,
Draw blessings from the mountaineer:
Here may the loitering merchant Greek
Find that repose 't were vain to seek
In cities lodged too near his lord,
And trembling for his secret hoard—
Here may he rest where none can see,
In crowds a slave, in deserts free;
And with forbidden wine may stain
The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

* * * * *

The foremost Tartar's in the gap,
Conspicuous by his yellow cap;
The rest in lengthening line the while
Wind slowly through the long defile:
Above, the mountain rears a peak, .
Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,
And theirs may be a feast to-night,
Shall tempt them down ere morrow's light;
Beneath, a river's wintry stream
Has shrunk before the summer beam,
And left a channel bleak and bare,
Save shrubs that spring to perish there:

Each side the midway path there lay
Small broken crags of granite gray,
By time, or mountain lightning, riven
From summits clad in mists of heaven;
For where is he that hath beheld
The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

* * * * *

They reach the grove of pine at last:
"Bismillah! (1) now the peril's past;
For yonder view the opening plain,
And there we 'll prick our steeds amain:"
The Chiaus spake, and as he said,
A bullet whistled o'er his head;
The foremost Tartar bites the ground!
Scarce had they time to check the rein,
Swift from their steeds the riders bound;
But three shall never mount again:
Unseen the foes that gave the wound,
The dying ask revenge in vain.
With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,
Some o'er their courser's harness leant,
Half shelter'd by the steed;
Some fly behind the nearest rock,
And there await the coming shock,
Nor tamely stand to bleed
Beneath the shaft of foes unseen,
Who dare not quit their craggy screen.
Stern Hassan only from his horse
Disdains to light, and keeps his course,

(1) Bismillah—"In the name of God;" the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Till fiery flashes in the van
Proclaim too sure the robber-clan
Have well secured the only way
Could now avail the promised prey;
Then curl'd his very beard (1) with ire,
And glared his eye with fiercer fire:
" Though far and near the bullets hiss,
I've scaped a bloodier hour than this."
And now the foe their covert quit,
And call his vassals to submit;
But Hassan's frown and furious word
Are dreaded more than hostile sword,
Nor of his little band a man
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun! (2)
In fuller sight, more near and near,
The lately ambush'd foes appear,
And, issuing from the grove, advance
Some who on battle-charger prance.
Who leads them on with foreign brand,
Far flashing in his red right hand?
" 'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now;
I know him by his pallid brow;
I know him by the evil eye (3)
That aids his envious treachery;

(1) A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs. (2) " Amaun," quarter, pardon.

(3) The " evil eye," a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

I know him by his jet-black barb:
Though now array'd in Arnaut garb,
Apostate from his own vile faith,
It shall not save him from the death:
'Tis he! well met in any hour,
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!"

•

As rolls the river into ocean,
In sable torrent wildly streaming;
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,
In azure column proudly gleaming,
Beats back the current many a rood,
In curling foam and mingling flood,
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;
Through sparkling spray, in thundering clash,
The lightnings of the waters flash
In awful whiteness o'er the shore,
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,
With waves that madden as they meet—
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,
And fate, and fury, drive along.
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;
And pealing wide or ringing near
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,
The deathshot hissing from afar;
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,
Reverberate along that vale,
More suited to the shepherd's tale:
Though few the numbers—theirs the strife,
That neither *spares nor* speaks for life!

Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press,
To seize and share the dear caress:
But Love itself could never pant
For all that Beauty sighs to grant
With half the fervour Hate bestows
Upon the last embrace of foes,
When grappling in the fight they fold
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

* * * * *

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt,
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand
Which quivers round that faithless brand;
His turban far behind him roll'd,
And cleft in twain its firmest fold;
His flowing robe by falchion torn,
And crimson as those clouds of morn
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend
The day shall have a stormy end;
A stain on every bush that bore
A fragment of his palampore, (1)
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,
His back to earth, his face to heaven,
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye
Yet lowering on his enemy,
As if the hour that seal'd his fate
Surviving left his quenchless hate;

(1) The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

r him bends that foe with brow
as his that bled below.—
* * * *

, Leila sleeps beneath the wave,
shall be a redder grave;
it pointed well the steel
aught that felon heart to feel.
d the Prophet, but his power
n against the vengeful Giaour:
d on Alla—but the word
nheeded or unheard.
ıynim fool! could Leila's prayer
d, and thine accorded there?
d my time, I leagued with these,
itor in his turn to seize;
th is wreak'd, the deed is done,
w I go—but go alone."
* * * *
* * * *

ɔrowsing camels' bells are tinkling: (1)
ther look'd from her lattice high,
ıaw the dews of eve besprinkling
ıture green beneath her eye,
ɜaw the planets faintly twinkling:
wilight—sure his train is nigh."

autiful passage first appeared in the third edition. "If you ofs," writes Lord Byron to Mr. Murray (August 10th, 1813), ɔr finish this infernal story. *Ecce signum*—thirty-three losed!—to the utter discomfiture of the printer, and, I fear vantage."—E.]

She could not rest in the garden-bower,
But gazed through the grate of his steepest to
" Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promised
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less swift?
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,
And warily the steep descends,
And now within the valley bends;
And he bears the gift at his saddle bow —
How could I deem his courser slow?
Right well my largess shall repay
His welcome speed, and weary way."

The Tartar lighted at the gate,
But scarce upheld his fainting weight:
His swarthy visage spake distress,
But this might be from weariness;
His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,
But these might be from his courser's side;
He drew the token from his vest —
Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!
His calpac (1) rent — his caftan red —
" Lady, a fearful bride thy Son hath wed:
Me, not from mercy, did they spare,
But this empurpled pledge to bear.
Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt;
Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt."

* * * * *

(1) The " Calpac" is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dres shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

A turban ([1]) carved in coarsest stone,
A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,
Whereon can now be scarcely read
The Koran verse that mourns the dead,
Point out the spot where Hassan fell
A victim in that lonely dell.
There sleeps as true an Osmanlie
As e'er at Mecca bent the knee;
As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,
Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,
In orisons resumed anew
At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!" ([2])
Yet died he by a stranger's hand,
And stranger in his native land;
Yet died he as in arms he stood,
And unavenged, at least in blood.
But him the maids of Paradise
Impatient to their halls invite,
And the dark Heaven of Houris' eyes
On him shall glance for ever bright;
They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,([3])
And welcome with a kiss the brave!

1) The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the tombs of the anlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains frequently pass similar mementos: and on enquiry you are informed they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

2) "Alla Hu!" the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect lemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.—[Valid, the of Abdalmalek, was the first who erected a minaret or turret; and this laced on the grand mosque at Damascus, for the muezzin, or crier, to ounce from it the hour of prayer. This practice has constantly been to this day. See *D'Herbelot.*—E.]

3) The following is part of a battle song of the Turks:—"I see—a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief reen; and cries aloud, 'Come, kiss me, for I love thee,'" &c.

Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour
Is worthiest an immortal bower.

* * * * *

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe
Beneath avenging Monkir's(1) scythe;
And from its torment 'scape alone
To wander round lost Eblis'(2) throne;
And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,
Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;
Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell
The tortures of that inward hell!
But first, on earth as vampire(3) sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:

(1) Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for d If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a s thumped down with a red hot mace till properly seasoned, witl of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no sinecu are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a sm tion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See *Relig.* and Sale's *Koran*.

(2) Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness. — [D'Herbelot su title to have been a corruption of the Greek Διαβολος. It was lation conferred by the Arabians upon the prince of the apost According to Arabian mythology, Eblis had suffered a degrad his primeval rank for having refused to worship Adam, in cor the supreme command; alleging, in justification of his refusal, self had been formed of ethereal fire, whilst Adam was only a clay. See *Koran*. — E.]

(3) The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levan Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes o quotes, about these "Vroucolochas," as he calls them. The Rom "Vardoulacha." I recollect a whole family being terrified by t of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visit Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that "Br is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation — at least is so applied tc who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by —The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

hastly haunt thy native place,
ck the blood of all thy race;
from thy daughter, sister, wife,
night drain the stream of life;
the the banquet which perforce
eed thy livid living corse:
ctims ere they yet expire
now the demon for their sire,
ing thee, thou cursing them,
wers are wither'd on the stem.
e that for thy crime must fall,
ungest, most beloved of all,
less thee with a *father*'s name —
ord shall wrap thy heart in flame!
st thou end thy task, and mark
eek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,
e last glassy glance must view
freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
ith unhallow'd hand shall tear
sses of her yellow hair,
ch in life a lock when shorn
on's fondest pledge was worn
w is borne away by thee,
ial of thine agony!
ith thine own best blood shall drip (1)
ashing tooth and haggard lip;
talking to thy sullen grave,
nd with Gouls and Afrits rave;

hness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* at-

Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they![1]

* * * * *

"How name ye yon lone Caloyer?
His features I have scann'd before
In mine own land: 'tis many a year,
Since, dashing by the lonely shore,
I saw him urge as fleet a steed
As ever served a horseman's need.
But once I saw that face, yet then
It was so mark'd with inward pain,
I could not pass it by again;
It breathes the same dark spirit now,
As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

"'Tis twice three years at summer tide
Since first among our freres he came;
And here it soothes him to abide
For some dark deed he will not name.
But never at our vesper prayer,
Nor e'er before confession chair
Kneels he, nor recks he when arise
Incense or anthem to the skies,

(1) [With the death of Hassan, or with his interment on the pl where he fell, or with some moral reflections on his fate, we may pres that the original narrator concluded the tale of which Lord Byron has fessed to give us a fragment. But every reader, we are sure, will agree us in thinking, that the interest excited by the catastrophe is gr heightened in the modern poem; and that the imprecations of the T against the "accursed Giaour," are introduced with great judgment, contribute much to the dramatic effect of the narrative. The remai of the poem, we think, would have been more properly printed as a se canto; because a total change of scene, and a chasm of no less tha years in the series of events, can scarcely fail to occasion some little *fusion* in the mind of the reader. — GEORGE ELLIS.]

But broods within his cell alone,
His faith and race alike unknown.
The sea from Paynim land he crost,
And here ascended from the coast;
Yet seems he not of Othman race,
But only Christian in his face:
I'd judge him some stray renegade,
Repentant of the change he made,
Save that he shuns our holy shrine,
Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.
Great largess to these walls he brought,
And thus our abbot's favour bought;
But were I Prior, not a day
Should brook such stranger's further stay,
Or pent within our penance cell
Should doom him there for aye to dwell.
Much in his visions mutters he
Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;
Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,
Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying.
On cliff he hath been known to stand,
And rave as to some bloody hand
Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,
Invisible to all but him,
Which beckons onward to his grave,
And lures to leap into the wave."

* * * * *
* * * * *

Dark and unearthly is the scowl (1)
That glares beneath his dusky cowl:

(1) [The remaining lines, about five hundred in number, were, with the exception of the last sixteen, all added to the poem, either during its first progress through the press, or in subsequent editions. — E.]

The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by;
Though varying, indistinct its hue
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,
For in it lurks that nameless spell,
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,
A spirit yet unquell'd and high,
That claims and keeps ascendency;
And like the bird whose pinions quake,
But cannot fly the gazing snake,
Will others quail beneath his look,
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce can bro
From him the half-affrighted Friar
When met alone would fain retire,
As if that eye and bitter smile
Transferr'd to others fear and guile:
Not oft to smile descendeth he,
And when he doth 'tis sad to see
That he but mocks at Misery.
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!
Then fix once more as if for ever;
As if his sorrow or disdain
Forbade him e'er to smile again.
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth
From joyaunce ne'er derived its birth.
But sadder still it were to trace
What once were feelings in that face:
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,
But brighter traits with evil mix'd;
And there are hues not always faded,
Which speak a mind not all degraded
Even by the crimes through which it wac

The common crowd but see the gloom
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;
The close observer can espy
A noble soul, and lineage high:
Alas! though both bestow'd in vain,
Which Grief could change, and Guilt could stain,
It was no vulgar tenement
To which such lofty gifts were lent,
And still with little less than dread
On such the sight is riveted.
The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,
Will scarce delay the passer by;
The tower by war or tempest bent,
While yet may frown one battlement,
Demands and daunts the stranger's eye;
Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

" His floating robe around him folding,
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;
With dread beheld, with gloom beholding
The rites that sanctify the pile.
But when the anthem shakes the choir,
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;
By yonder lone and wavering torch
His aspect glares within the porch;
There will he pause till all is done—
And hear the prayer, but utter none.
See—by the half-illumined wall
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,
As if the Gorgon there had bound

The sablest of the serpent-braid
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd:
For he declines the convent oath,
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth,
But wears our garb in all beside;
And, not from piety but pride,
Gives wealth to walls that never heard
Of his one holy vow nor word.
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony
Peals louder praises to the sky,
That livid cheek, that stony air
Of mix'd defiance and despair!
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!
Else may we dread the wrath divine
Made manifest by awful sign.
If ever evil angel bore
The form of mortal, such he wore:
By all my hope of sins forgiven,
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!"

To love the softest hearts are prone,
But such can ne'er be all his own;
Too timid in his woes to share,
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;
And sterner hearts alone may feel
The wound that time can never heal.
The rugged metal of the mine
Must burn before its surface shine,
But plunged within the furnace-flame,
It bends and melts—though still the same;(1)

(1) [Seeing himself accused of having, in this passage, too closely i
tated Crabbe, Lord Byron wrote to a friend—"I have read the Brit

Then temper'd to thy want, or will,
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;
A breast-plate for thine hour of need,
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;
But if a dagger's form it bear,
Let those who shape its edge, beware
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,
Can turn and tame the sterner heart,
From these its form and tone are ta'en,
And what they make it, must remain,
But break — before it bend again.

* * * * *
* * * * *

If solitude succeed to grief,
Release from pain is slight relief;
The vacant bosom's wilderness
Might thank the pang that made it less.
We loathe what none are left to share:
Even bliss — 't were woe alone to bear;
The heart once left thus desolate
Must fly at last for ease — to hate
It is as if the dead could feel
The icy worm around them steal,
And shudder, as the reptiles creep
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,

---

w, and really think the writer in most points very right. The only fying thing is, the accusation of imitation. Crabbe's passage I never and Scott I no further meant to follow than in his *lyric* measure, is Gray's, Milton's, and any one's who likes it. The Giaour is cer- a bad character, but not dangerous; and I think his fate and his feel- rill meet with few proselytes."—E.]

Without the power to scare away
The cold consumers of their clay!
It is as if the desert-bird, (1)
  Whose beak unlocks her bosom's stream
  To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,
Should rend her rash devoted breast,
And find them flown her empty nest.
The keenest pangs the wretched find
  Are rapture to the dreary void,
The leafless desert of the mind,
  The waste of feelings unemploy'd.
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon
A sky without a cloud or sun?
Less hideous far the tempest's roar
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore,
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—
Better to sink beneath the shock
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

* * * * *

"Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,
  'Mid counted beads, and countless prayer;
To bid the sins of others cease,
  Thyself without a crime or care,
Save transient ills that all must bear,

(1) The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputatio feeding her chickens with her blood.

as been thy lot from youth to age;
id thou wilt bless thee from the rage
passions fierce and uncontroll'd,
ich as thy penitents unfold,
hose secret sins and sorrows rest
ithin thy pure and pitying breast.
y days, though few, have pass'd below
much of joy, but more of woe;
t still in hours of love or strife,
e 'scaped the weariness of life:
ow leagued with friends, now girt by foes,
oathed the languor of repose.
ow nothing left to love or hate,
more with hope or pride elate,
l rather be the thing that crawls
ost noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,
ian pass my dull, unvarying days,
ndemn'd to meditate and gaze.
t, lurks a wish within my breast
r rest—but not to feel 't is rest.
on shall my fate that wish fulfil;
And I shall sleep without the dream
what I was, and would be still,
Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:
y memory now is but the tomb
joys long dead; my hope, their doom:
iough better to have died with those
ian bear a life of lingering woes.
y spirit shrunk not to sustain
ie searching throes of ceaseless pain;
r sought the self-accorded grave
ancient fool and modern knave·

Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;
And in the field it had been sweet,
Had danger woo'd me on to move
The slave of glory, not of love.
I've braved it—not for honour's boast;
I smile at laurels won or lost;
To such let others carve their way,
For high renown, or hireling pay:
But place again before my eyes
Aught that I deem a worthy prize,
The maid I love, the man I hate;
And I will hunt the steps of fate,
To save or slay, as these require,
Through rending steel, and rolling fire:
Nor needst thou doubt this speech from one
Who would but do—what he *hath* done.
Death is but what the haughty brave,
The weak must bear, the wretch must crave;
Then let Life go to him who gave:
I have not quail'd to danger's brow
When high and happy—need I *now*?

* * * * *

"I loved her, Friar! nay, adored—
But these are words that all can use—
I proved it more in deed than word;
There's blood upon that dinted sword,
A stain its steel can never lose:
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,
It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd:
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,
Nor midst my sins such act record;

Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,
For he was hostile to thy creed!
The very name of Nazarene
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.
Ungrateful fool! since but for brands
Well wielded in some hardy hands,
And wounds by Galileans given,
The surest pass to Turkish heaven,
For him his Houris still might wait
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.
I loved her—love will find its way
Through paths where wolves would fear to prey;
And if it dares enough, 't were hard
If passion met not some reward—
No matter how, or where, or why,
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:
Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain
I wish she had not loved again.
She died—I dare not tell thee how;
But look—'t is written on my brow!
There read of Cain the curse and crime,
In characters unworn by time:
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;
Not mine the act, though I the cause.
Yet did he but what I had done
Had she been false to more than one.
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;
But true to me, I laid him low:
Howe'er deserved her doom might be,
Her treachery was truth to me;
To me she gave her heart, that all
Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall;

And I, alas! too late to save!
Yet all I then could give, I gave,
'Twas some relief, our foe a grave.
His death sits lightly; but her fate
Has made me—what thou well may'st hate.
His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,
Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer,
Deep in whose darkly boding ear(1)
The deathshot peal'd of murder near,
As filed the troop to where they fell!

(1) This superstition of a second hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and enquired. "We are in peril," he answered. "What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves."—"True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears."—"The shot! not a tophaike has been fired this morning."—"I hear it notwithstanding—Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice."—"Psha!"—"As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be."—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer. Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a "*Palao-castro*" man? "No," said he, "but these pillars will be useful in making a stand;" and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2d. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of *his* having been in "villanous company," and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a soothsayer for *life*, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired,

He died too in the battle broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;
One cry to Mahomet for aid,
One prayer to Alla all he made:
He knew and cross'd me in the fray—
I gazed upon him where he lay,
And watch'd his spirit ebb away:
Though pierced like pard by hunters' steel,
He felt not half that now I feel.
I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find
The workings of a wounded mind;
Each feature of that sullen corse
Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.
Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace
Despair upon his dying face!
The late repentance of that hour,
When Penitence hath lost her power
To tear one terror from the grave,
And will not soothe, and cannot save.

* * * *

"The cold in clime are cold in blood,
Their love can scarce deserve the name

---

to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.— I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: "Well, Affendi," quoth he, "may you live!— you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow, in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me."— Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, "in the mean time he will join the Klephtes" (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

But mine was like the lava flood
That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love—that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die—but first I have possess'd,
And come what may, I *have been* blest.
Shall I the doom I sought upbraid?
No—reft of all, yet undismay'd
But for the thought of Leila slain,
Give me the pleasure with the pain,
So would I live and love again.
I grieve, but not, my holy guide!
For him who dies, but her who died:
She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—
Ah! had she but an earthly grave,
This breaking heart and throbbing head
Should seek and share her narrow bed. (1)
She was a form of life and light,
That, seen, became a part of sight;
And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,
The Morning-star of Memory!

(1) [These, in our opinion, are the most beautiful passages of the I and some of them of a beauty which it would not be easy to eclipse by citations in the language. — JEFFREY.]

"Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven (1);
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But Heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought.

(1) [The hundred and twenty-six lines which follow, down to "Tell me no more of fancy's gleam," first appeared in the fifth edition. In returning the proof, Lord Byron says:—"I have, but with some difficulty, not added any more to this snake of a poem, which has been lengthening its rattles every month. It is now fearfully long, being more than a canto and a half of 'Childe Harold.' The last lines Hodgson likes. It is not often he does; and when he doesn't, he tells me with great energy, and I fret, and alter. I have thrown them in to soften the ferocity of our Infidel; and, for a dying man, have given him a good deal to say for himself. Do you know any body who can stop—I mean, pause—commas, and so forth? for I am, I hear, a sad hand at your punctuation." Among the Giaour MSS. is the first draught of this passage, which we subjoin:—

"Yes / If } Love indeed { doth spring / descend / be born } from heaven;
A spark of that { immortal / eternal / celestial } fire,
To human hearts in mercy given,
To lift from earth our low desire.
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self { each / our } sordid thought;
Devotion sends the soul above,
But Heaven itself descends to love.
Yet marvel not, if they who love
This present joy, this future hope,
Which taught them with all ill to cope,
In madness, then, their fate accuse—
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem { to add but guilt to / but to augment their } woe.
Alas! the { breast / heart } that inly bleeds,
Has nought to dread from outward foe," &c.—E.]

A Ray of him who form'd the whole;
A Glory circling round the soul!
I grant *my* love imperfect, all
That mortals by the name miscall;
Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;
But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!
She was my life's unerring light:
That quench'd, what beam shall break my night
Oh! would it shone to lead me still,
Although to death or deadliest ill!
Why marvel ye, if they who lose
This present joy, this future hope,
No more with sorrow meekly cope;
In phrensy then their fate accuse:
In madness do those fearful deeds
That seem to add but guilt to woe?
Alas! the breast that inly bleeds
Hath nought to dread from outward blow:
Who falls from all he knows of bliss,
Cares little into what abyss.
Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now
To thee, old man, my deeds appear:
I read abhorrence on thy brow,
And this too was I born to bear!
'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,
With havock have I mark'd my way:
But this was taught me by the dove,
To die—and know no second love.
This lesson yet hath man to learn,
Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:
The bird that sings within the brake,

ı that swims upon the lake,
ɜ, and one alone, will take.
he fool still prone to range,
r on all who cannot change,
ıis jest with boasting boys;
ıt his varied joys,
ı such feeble, heartless man,
ı yon solitary swan;
eneath the shallow maid
elieving and betray'd.
ne at least was never mine—
ch thought was only thine!
my guilt, my weal, my woe,
on high—my all below.
ds no other like to thee,
loth, in vain for me:
s I dare not view the dame
ıg thee, yet not the same.
crimes that mar my youth,
of death—attest my truth!
o late—thou wert, thou art
ish'd madness of my heart!

ɜ was lost—and yet I breathed,
ɜ the breath of human life:
ɜ round my heart was wreathed,
ıng my every thought to strife.
ime, abhorred all place,
ıg I shrunk from Nature's face,
ery hue that charm'd before
ness of my bosom wore.

The rest thou dost already know,
And all my sins, and half my woe.
But talk no more of penitence;
Thou see'st I soon shall part from hence:
And if thy holy tale were true,
The deed that 's done canst *thou* undo?
Think me not thankless — but this grief
Looks not to priesthood for relief.(1)
My soul's estate in secret guess:
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.
When thou canst bid my Leila live,
Then will I sue thee to forgive;
Then plead my cause in that high place
Where purchased masses proffer grace.
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung
From forest-cave her shrieking young,
And calm the lonely lioness:
But soothe not — mock not *my* distress!

" In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to blend
Where bloom my native valley's bowers
I had — Ah! have I now? — a friend!
To him this pledge I charge thee send,
Memorial of a youthful vow;
I would remind him of my end:
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow

(1) The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,
Yet dear to him my blighted name.
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,
And I have smiled—I then could smile—
When Prudence would his voice assume,
And warn—I reck'd not what—the while:
But now remembrance whispers o'er
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.
Say—that his bodings came to pass,
And he will start to hear their truth,
And wish his words had not been sooth:
Tell him, unheeding as I was,
Through many a busy bitter scene
Of all our golden youth had been,
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried
To bless his memory ere I died;
But Heaven in wrath would turn away,
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.
I do not ask him not to blame,
Too gentle he to wound my name;
And what have I to do with fame?
I do not ask him not to mourn,
Such cold request might sound like scorn;
And what than friendship's manly tear
May better grace a brother's bier?
But bear this ring, his own of old,
And tell him—what thou dost behold!
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,
The wrack by passion left behind,
A shrivelled scroll, a scatter'd leaf,
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

* * * * *

Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep;
But could not, for my burning brow
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:
I wish'd but for a single tear,
As something welcome, new, and dear:
I wish'd it then, I wish it still;
Despair is stronger than my will.
Waste not thine orison, despair
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:
I would not, if I might, be blest;
I want no paradise, but rest.
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then
I saw her; yes, she lived again;
And shining in her white symar, (1)
As through yon pale gray cloud the star
Which now I gaze on, as on her,
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;
Dimly I view its trembling spark;
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;
And I, before its rays appear,
That lifeless thing the living fear.
I wander, father! for my soul
Is fleeting towards the final goal.
I saw her, friar! and I rose
Forgetful of our former woes;
And rushing from my couch, I dart,
And clasp her to my desperate heart;

(1) "Symar," a shroud.

I clasp—what is it that I clasp?
No breathing form within my grasp,
No heart that beats reply to mine,
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine!
And art thou, dearest, changed so much,
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,
I care not; so my arms enfold
The all they ever wish'd to hold.
Alas! around a shadow prest
They shrink upon my lonely breast;
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,
And beckons with beseeching hands!
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!
But he is dead! within the dell
I saw him buried where he fell;
He comes not, for he cannot break
From earth; why then art thou awake?
They told me wild waves roll'd above
The face I view, the form I love;
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:
If true, and from thine ocean-cave
Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,
Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er
This brow that then will burn no more;
Or place them on my hopeless heart:
But, shape or shade! whate'er thou art,
In mercy ne'er again depart!

Or farther with thee bear my soul
Than winds can waft or waters roll!

* * * * *

" Such is my name, and such my tale.
Confessor! to thy secret ear
I breathe the sorrows I bewail,
And thank thee for the generous tear
This glazing eye could never shed.
Then lay me with the humblest dead,
And, save the cross above my head,
Be neither name nor emblem spread,
By prying stranger to be read,
Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread." (1)

(1) The circumstance to which the above story relates was not very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a " wrench from all we know, from all we love." The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, " sublime tale," the " Caliph Vathek." I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the " Bibliothèque Orientale;" but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a trans-

ɜ pass'd—nor of his name and race
ıth left a token or a trace,
ve what the father must not say
ho shrived him on his dying day:
.is broken tale was all we knew
her he loved, or him he slew. (1)

As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his "Happy " will not bear a comparison with the "Hall of Eblis."

In this poem, which was published after the two first cantos of e Harold," Lord Byron began to show his powers. He had now d encouragement which set free his daring hands, and gave his their natural force. Here, then, we first find passages of a tone r to Lord Byron; but still this appearance was not uniform: he ɛturned to his trammels, and reminds us of the manner of some te predecessor; among these, I think we sometimes catch the notes Walter Scott. But the internal tempest—the deep passion, some- ɔuried, and sometimes blazing from some incidental touch—the ty of agonising reflection, which will always distinguish Lord Byron ıther writers—now began to display themselves.—SIR EGERTON ES.]

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS,

A TURKISH TALE.

"Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met — or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

BURNS.

" Bride of Abydos" was published in the beginning of De-
3. The mood of mind in which it was struck off is thus
ord Byron, in a letter to Mr. Gifford:—"You have been good
ook at a thing of mine in MS.—a Turkish story—and I should
l if you would do it the same favour in its probationary state of
t was written, I cannot say for amusement, nor 'obliged by
request of friends,' but in a state of mind, from circumstances
ionally occur to 'us youth,' that rendered it necessary for me
mind to something, any thing, but reality; and under this
illiant inspiration it was composed. Send it either to the

——'A hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds to fly or fall abroad.'

no better than the first, as the work of a week, and scribbled
in uno' (by the bye, the only foot I have to stand on); and I
er to trouble you again under forty cantos, and a voyage
h."—E.]

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE

IS INSCRIBED, WITH

EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD

AND RESPECT,

BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED

AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.(1)

CANTO THE FIRST.

I.

v ye the land where the cypress and myrtle (2)
e emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
·e the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,
w melt into sorrow, now madden to crime?
r ye the land of the cedar and vine, [shine;
·e the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
·e the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume,
faint o'er the gardens of Gúl (3) in her bloom;

[1] Murray tells me that Croker asked him why the thing is called *ride* of Abydos? It is an awkward question, being unanswerable: ot a bride; only about to be one. I don't wonder at his finding out *ll;* but the detection is too late to do any good. I was a great fool made it, and am ashamed of not being an Irishman." — *B. Diary,* 1813. — E.]

To the Bride of Abydos, Lord Byron made many additions during ress through the press, amounting to about two hundred lines; and, ie case of the Giaour, the passages so added will be seen to be some nost splendid in the whole poem. These opening lines, which are the new insertions, are supposed to have been suggested by a song the's —

" Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühn." — E.]

Gúl," the rose.

Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute:
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple of Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?
'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done? (1)
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

II.

Begirt with many a gallant slave,
Apparell'd as becomes the brave,
Awaiting each his lord's behest
To guide his steps, or guard his rest,
Old Giaffir sate in his Divan:
Deep thought was in his aged eye;
And though the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride,
His pensive cheek and pondering brow
Did more than he was wont avow.

(1) "Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,
With whom revenge is virtue."
YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

III.

"Let the chamber be clear'd." — The train disappear'd —
"Now call me the chief of the Haram guard."
With Giaffir is none but his only son,
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's award.
"Haroun — when all the crowd that wait
Are pass'd beyond the outer gate,
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)
Hence, lead my daughter from her tower;
Her fate is fix'd this very hour:
Yet not to her repeat my thought;
By me alone be duty taught!"
"Pacha! to hear is to obey."
No more must slave to despot say —
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,
But here young Selim silence brake,
First lowly rendering reverence meet;
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,
Still standing at the Pacha's feet:
For son of Moslem must expire,
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

"Father! for fear that thou shouldst chide
My sister, or her sable guide,
Know — for the fault, if fault there be,
Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me —
So lovelily the morning shone,
That — let the old and weary sleep —
I could not; and to view alone
The fairest scenes of land and deep,

With none to listen and reply
To thoughts with which my heart beat high
Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,
In sooth I love not solitude;
I on Zuleika's slumber broke,
And, as thou knowest that for me
Soon turns the Haram's grating key,
Before the guardian slaves awoke
We to the cypress groves had flown,
And made earth, main, and heaven our own!
There linger'd we, beguiled too long
With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song; (1)
Till I, who heard the deep tambour (2)
Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,
To thee, and to my duty true,
Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:
But there Zuleika wanders yet—
Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget
That none can pierce that secret bower
But those who watch the women's tower."

IV.

"Son of a slave"—the Pacha said—
"From unbelieving mother bred,
Vain were a father's hope to see
Aught that beseems a man in thee.
Thou, when thine arm should bend the bow,
And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,
Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,

(1) Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

(2) Tambour. Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Must pore where babbling waters flow,
And watch unfolding roses blow.
Would that yon orb, whose matin glow
Thy listless eyes so much admire,
Would lend thee something of his fire!
Thou, who would'st see this battlement
By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;
Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall
Before the dogs of Moscow fall,
Nor strike one stroke for life and death
Against the curs of Nazareth!
Go—let thy less than woman's hand
Assume the distaff—not the brand.
But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed:
And hark—of thine own head take heed—
If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—
Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!"

V.

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,
At least that met old Giaffir's ear,
But every frown and every word
Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.
"Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!
Those gibes had cost another dear.
Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?"
Thus held his thoughts their dark career;
And glances ev'n of more than ire
Flash forth, then faintly disappear.
Old Giaffir gazed upon his son
And started; for within his eye

He read how much his wrath had done;
He saw rebellion there begun:
"Come hither, boy—what, no reply?
I mark thee—and I know thee too;
But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:
But if thy beard had manlier length,
And if thy hand had skill and strength,
I'd joy to see thee break a lance,
Albeit against my own perchance."

As sneeringly these accents fell,
On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:
That eye return'd him glance for glance,
And proudly to his sire's was raised,
Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk askance—
And why—he felt, but durst not tell.
"Much I misdoubt this wayward boy
Will one day work me more annoy:
I never loved him from his birth,
And—but his arm is little worth,
And scarcely in the chase could cope
With timid fawn or antelope,
Far less would venture into strife
Where man contends for fame and life—
I would not trust that look or tone:
No—nor the blood so near my own.
That blood—he hath not heard—no more—
I'll watch him closer than before.
He is an Arab (1) to my sight,
Or Christian crouching in the fight—

(1) The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundredfold) even more than they hate the Christians.

But hark! — I hear Zuleika's voice;
Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:
She is the offspring of my choice;
Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,
With all to hope, and nought to fear —
My Peri! ever welcome here!
Sweet as the desert fountain's wave
To lips just cool'd in time to save —
Such to my longing sight art thou;
Nor can they waft to Mecca's shrine
More thanks for life, than I for thine.
Who blest thy birth, and bless thee now."

VI.

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,
When on that dread yet lovely serpent smiling,
Whose image then was stamp'd upon her mind —
But once beguiled — and ever more beguiling;
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent vision
To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber given,
When heart meets heart again in dreams Elysian,
And paints the lost on Earth revived in Heaven;
Soft, as the memory of buried love;
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood wafts above;
Was she — the daughter of that rude old Chief,
Who met the maid with tears — but not of grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words essay (1)
To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight
Faints into dimness with its own delight,

(1) [*These twelve fine lines were added in the course of printing.* — E.]

His changing cheek, his sinking heart confess
The might — the majesty of Loveliness?
Such was Zuleika — such around her shone
The nameless charms unmark'd by her alone;
The light of love, the purity of grace,
The mind, the Music (1) breathing from her face, (2)

(1) This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to "Him who hath not Music in his soul," but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any, age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between "painting and music," see vol. iii. cap. 10. DE L'ALLEMAGNE. And is not this connection still stronger with the original than the copy? With the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!—["This morning, a very pretty billet from the Staël. She has been pleased to be pleased with my slight eulogy in the note annexed to the 'Bride.' This is to be accounted for in several ways: — firstly, all women like all, or any praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; and, thirdly, as Scrub says, those who have been all their lives regularly praised, by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and, fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and, perhaps, the only one." — *B. Diary*, Dec. 7. 1813. — E.]

(2) [Among the imputed plagiarisms so industriously hunted out in his writings, this line has been, with somewhat more plausibility than is frequent in such charges, included; the lyric poet Lovelace having, it seems, written "The melody and music of her face." Sir Thomas Browne, too, in his Religio Medici, says, "There is music even in beauty." The coincidence, no doubt, is worth observing, and the task of "tracking thus a favourite writer in the snow (as Dryden expresses it) of others," is sometimes not unamusing: but to those who found upon such resemblances a general charge of plagiarism, we may apply what Sir Walter Scott says: — "It is a favourite theme of laborious dulness to trace such coincidences, because they appear to reduce genius of the higher order to the usual standard of humanity, and of course to bring the author nearer to a level with his critics." — MOORE.]

he heart whose softness harmonized the whole —
nd, oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending
Across her gently-budding breast;
At one kind word those arms extending
To clasp the neck of him who blest
His child caressing and carest
Zuleika came — and Giaffir felt
His purpose half within him melt:
Not that against her fancied weal
His heart though stern could ever feel;
Affection chain'd her to that heart;
Ambition tore the links apart.

VII.

Zuleika! child of gentleness!
How dear this very day must tell,
When I forget my own distress,
In losing what I love so well,
To bid thee with another dwell:
Another! and a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of blood;
But yet the line of Carasman (1)
Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood
First of the bold Timariot bands
That won and well can keep their lands.

(1) Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landholder in Turkey; he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou:
His years need scarce a thought employ;
I would not have thee wed a boy.
And thou shalt have a noble dower:
And his and my united power
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,
Which others tremble but to scan,
And teach the messenger (1) what fate
The bearer of such boon may wait.
And now thou know'st thy father's will;
All that thy sex hath need to know:
'Twas mine to teach obedience still —
The way to love, thy lord may show."

VIII.

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;
And if her eye was fill'd with tears
That stifled feeling dare not shed,
And changed her cheek from pale to red,
And red to pale, as through her ears
Those winged words like arrows sped,
What could such be but maiden fears?
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,
Love half regrets to kiss it dry;

(1) When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messen
is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled
and sometimes five or six, one after the other on the same errand,
mand of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or
bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung w
complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in t
of the Seraglio gate; among others, the head of the Pacha of E
brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistan

t the blush of Bashfulness,
ity scarce can wish it less!
· it was the sire forgot;
member'd, mark'd it not;
clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed, (1)
n'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque, (2)
unting featly for the mead,
Maugrabee (3) and Mamaluke,
ray amid his Delis took, (4)
ess many an active deed
bre keen, or blunt jerreed.
lar only and his Moors
well the Haram's massy doors.

IX.

d was leant upon his hand,
ye look'd o'er the dark blue water
iftly glides and gently swells
n the winding Dardanelles;
he saw nor sea nor strand,
n his Pacha's turban'd band
in the game of mimic slaughter,
ng cleave the folded felt (5)
bre stroke right sharply dealt;

of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superiture of voice, and they have no bells.

ique," the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, s the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious ossession of the wealthier orders.

rabee," Moorish mercenaries.

' bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always on.

ed fold *of felt* is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and ulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes n is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of , animated and graceful.

Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd,
Nor heard their Ollahs (1) wild and loud—
He thought but of old Giaffir's daughter.

X.

No word from Selim's bosom broke;
One sigh Zuleika's thought bespoke:
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate.
To him Zuleika's eye was turn'd,
But little from his aspect learn'd:
Equal her grief, yet not the same;
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame:
But yet that heart alarm'd or weak,
She knew not why, forbade to speak.
Yet speak she must—but when essay?
"How strange he thus should turn away!
Not thus we e'er before have met;
Not thus shall be our parting yet."
Thrice pac'd she slowly through the room,
And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:
She snatch'd the urn wherein was mix'd
The Persian Atar-gul's (2) perfume,
And sprinkled all its odours o'er
The pictured roof (3) and marble floor:

(1) "Ollahs," Alla il Allah, the "Leilies," as the Spanish them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent p somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the c mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the with their pipes and comboloios, form an amusing contrast.

(2) "Atar-gul," ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

(3) The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulm ments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal a

The drops, that through his glittering vest
The playful girl's appeal address'd,
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew,
As if that breast were marble too.
" What, sullen yet? it must not be —
Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!"
She saw in curious order set
The fairest flowers of eastern land —
" He lov'd them once; may touch them yet,
If offer'd by Zuleika's hand."
The childish thought was hardly breathed
Before the Rose was pluck'd and wreathed;
The next fond moment saw her seat
Her fairy form at Selim's feet:
" This rose to calm my brother's cares
A message from the Bulbul (1) bears;
It says to-night he will prolong
For Selim's ear his sweetest song;
And though his note is somewhat sad,
He'll try for once a strain more glad.
With some faint hope his alter'd lay
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

XI.

" What! not receive my foolish flower?
Nay then I am indeed unblest:

---

coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c. are in general fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

(1) It has been much doubted whether the notes of this " Lover of the rose" are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined *to the "errare mallem," &c. if* Mr. Fox was mistaken.

On me can thus thy forehead lower?
And know'st thou not who loves thee best?
Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest,
Since words of mine, and songs must fail,
Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.
I knew our sire at times was stern,
But this from thee had yet to learn:
Too well I know he loves thee not;
But is Zuleika's love forgot?
Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan —
This kinsman Bey of Carasman
Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.
If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,
If shrines that ne'er approach allow
To woman's step admit her vow,
Without thy free consent, command,
The Sultan should not have my hand!
Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,
Where were thy friend — and who my guide?
Years have not seen, Time shall not see
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Ev'n Azrael (1), from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever
Our hearts to undivided dust!"

(1) "Azrael," the angel of death

XII.

He lived — he breathed — he moved — he felt;
He raised the maid from where she knelt;
His trance was gone — his keen eye shone
With thoughts that long in darkness dwelt;
With thoughts that burn — in rays that melt.
As the stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the black cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.
A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,
A lion roused by heedless hound,
A tyrant waked to sudden strife
By graze of ill-directed knife,
Starts not to more convulsive life
Than he, who heard that vow, display'd,
And all, before repress'd, betray'd:
"Now thou art mine, for ever mine,
With life to keep, and scarce with life resign;
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,
Though sworn by one, hath bound us both.
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;
That vow hath saved more heads than one;
But blench not thou — thy simplest tress
Claims more from me than tenderness;
I would not wrong the slenderest hair
That clusters round thy forehead fair,

For all the treasures buried far
Within the caves of Istakar. (1)
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,
And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!
Now I have motive to be brave;
The son of his neglected slave,
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,
May show, though little apt to vaunt,
A heart his words nor deeds can daunt.
His son, indeed! — yet, thanks to thee,
Perchance I am, at least shall be;
But let our plighted secret vow
Be only known to us as now.
I know the wretch who dares demand
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul
Holds not a Musselim's (2) control:
Was he not bred in Egripo? (3)
A viler race let Israel show;
But let that pass — to none be told
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;
I 've partisans for peril's day:
Think not I am what I appear;
I 've arms, and friends, and vengeance near."

(1) The treasures of the Pre-adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot, *Istakar*.

(2) "Musselim," a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Wa is the third; and then come the Agas.

(3) "Egripo," the Negropont. According to the proverb, the T Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the w *their* respective races.

XII.

[illegible]

— and this — no more than this .

[illegible]

t close thy dying eye
could not live to try :
alone my thoughts aspire :
I do ? or thou require ?
n, thou must answer why
so much of mystery ?
I cannot dream nor tell.
since thou say'st 't is well ;
thou mean'st by 'arms' and 'friends,'
y weaker sense extends.

I meant that Giaffir should have heard
The very vow I plighted thee;
His wrath would not revoke my word:
But surely he would leave me free.
Can this fond wish seem strange in me,
To be what I have ever been?
What other hath Zuleika seen
From simple childhood's earliest hour?
What other can she seek to see
Than thee, companion of her bower,
The partner of her infancy?
These cherish'd thoughts with life begun,
Say, why must I no more avow?
What change is wrought to make me shun
The truth; my pride, and thine till now?
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes
Our law, our creed, our God denies;
Nor shall one wandering thought of mine
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:
No! happier made by that decree,
He left me all in leaving thee.
Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd
To wed with one I ne'er beheld:
This wherefore should I not reveal?
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?
I know the Pacha's haughty mood
To thee hath never boded good;
And he so often storms at nought,
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!
And why, I know not, but within
My heart concealment weighs like sin.

If then such secrecy be crime.
And such it feels while lurking here:
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time.
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.
Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,(1)
My father leaves the mimic war;
I tremble now to meet his eye—
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?"

XIV.

"Zuleika—to thy tower's retreat
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:
And now with him I fain must prate
Of firmans, impost, levies, state.
There's fearful news from Danube's banks,
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,
For which the Giaour may give him thanks!
Our Sultan hath a shorter way
Such costly triumph to repay.
But, mark me, when the twilight drum
Hath warn'd the troops to food and sleep,
Unto thy cell will Selim come:
Then softly from the Haram creep
Where we may wander by the deep:
Our garden-battlements are steep;
Nor these will rash intruder climb
To list our words, or stint our time;
And if he doth, I want not steel
Which some have felt, and more may feel,

(1) "Tchocadar"—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

Then shalt thou learn of Selim more
Than thou hast heard or thought before:
Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me!
Thou know'st I hold a Haram key."

"Fear thee, my Selim! ne'er till now
Did word like this—"
"Delay not thou;
I keep the key—and Haroun's guard
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:
I am not, love! what I appear.'

THE

BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

CANTO THE SECOND.

I.

The winds are high on Helle's wave,
As on that night of stormy water
When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave,
The lonely hope of Sestos' daughter.
Oh! when alone along the sky
Her turret-torch was blazing high,
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,
And shrieking sea-birds warn'd him home;
And clouds aloft and tides below,
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,
He could not see, he would not hear,
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;
His eye but saw that light of love,
The only star it hail'd above;
His ear but rang with Hero's song,
"Ye waves, divide not lovers long!"—
That tale is old, but love anew
May nerve young hearts to prove as true.

II.

The winds are high, and Helle's tide
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;
And Night's descending shadows hide
That field with blood bedew'd in vain,
The desert of old Priam's pride;
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,
All—save immortal dreams that could beguile
The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle!

III.

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;
These feet have press'd the sacred shore,
These limbs that buoyant wave hath borne—
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,
To trace again those fields of yore,
Believing every hillock green
Contains no fabled hero's ashes,
And that around the undoubted scene
Thine own "broad Hellespont"(1) still dashes,
Be long my lot! and cold were he
Who there could gaze denying thee!

(1) The wrangling about this epithet, "the broad Hellespont" or the "boundless Hellespont," whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of "the tale of Troy divine" still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word "ἀπείρων:" probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment, simply specifies three weeks. [See *antè*, Vol. VII. p. 315.—E.]

IV.

The night hath closed on Helle's stream,
Nor yet hath risen on Ida's hill
That moon, which shone on his high theme:
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,
But conscious shepherds bless it still.
Their flocks are grazing on the mound
Of him who felt the Dardan's arrow.
That mighty heap of gathered ground
Which Ammon's son ran proudly round (1),
By nations raised, by monarchs crowned,
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!
Within—thy dwelling-place how narrow!
Without—can only strangers breathe
The name of him that was beneath:
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

V.

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer
The swain, and chase the boatman's fear:
Till then—no beacon on the cliff
May shape the course of struggling skiff;
The scatter'd lights that skirt the bay,
All, one by one, have died away;
The only lamp of this lone hour
Is glimmering in Zuleika's tower.
Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,
And o'er her silken Ottoman

(1) Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurel, &c He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antilochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

Are thrown the fragrant beads of amber,
O'er which her fairy fingers ran; (1)
Near these, with emerald rays beset,
(How could she thus that gem forget?)
Her mother's sainted amulet, (2)
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,
Could smooth this life, and win the next;
And by her comboloio (3) lies
A Koran of illumined dyes;
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so mute,
Reclines her now neglected lute;
And round her lamp of fretted gold
Bloom flowers in urns of China's mould;
The richest work of Iran's loom,
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;

(1) When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight but *not* disagreeable. [On discovering that, in some of the early copies, the all-important monosyllable "*not*" had been omitted, Lord Byron wrote to Mr. Murray, — "There is a diabolical mistake which must be corrected; it is the omission of '*not*' before disagreeable, in the note on the amber rosary. This is really horrible, and nearly as bad as the stumble of mine at the threshold — I mean the *mismomer* of Bride. Pray do not let a copy go without the '*not:*' it is nonsense, and worse than nonsense. I wish the printer was saddled with a vampire." — E.]

(2) The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences

(3) "Comboloio" — a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own "*blues*" might not be the worse for *bleaching*

All that can eye or sense delight
Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:
But yet it hath an air of gloom.
She, of this Peri cell the sprite,
What doth she hence, and on so rude a night?

VI.

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,
Which none save noblest Moslem wear,
To guard from winds of heaven the breast
As heaven itself to Selim dear,
With cautious steps the thicket threading,
And starting oft, as through the glade
The gust its hollow moanings made,
Till on the smoother pathway treading,
More free her timid bosom beat,
The maid pursued her silent guide;
And though her terror urged retreat,
How could she quit her Selim's side?
How teach her tender lips to chide?

VII.

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn
By nature, but enlarged by art,
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,
And oft her Koran conn'd apart;
And oft in youthful reverie
She dream'd what Paradise might be:
Where woman's parted soul shall go
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;
But Selim's mansion was secure,
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure

His bower in other worlds of bliss,
Without *her*, most beloved in this!
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?
What Houri soothe him half so well?

VIII.

Since last she visited the spot
Some change seem'd wrought within the grot
It might be only that the night
Disguised things seen by better light:
That brazen lamp but dimly threw
A ray of no celestial hue;
But in a nook within the cell
Her eye on stranger objects fell.
There arms were piled, not such as wield
The turban'd Delis in the field;
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,
And one was red — perchance with guilt!
Ah! how without can blood be spilt?
A cup too on the board was set
That did not seem to hold sherbet.
What may this mean? she turn'd to see
Her Selim — "Oh! can this be he?"

IX.

His robe of pride was thrown aside,
His brow no high-crown'd turban bore,
But in its stead a shawl of red,
Wreathed lightly round, his temples wore:
That dagger, on whose hilt the gem
Were worthy of a diadem,

No longer glitter'd at his waist,
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;
And from his belt a sabre swung,
And from his shoulder loosely hung
The cloak of white, the thin capote
That decks the wandering Candiote;
Beneath — his golden plated vest
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;
The greaves below his knee that wound
With silvery scales were sheathed and bound.
But were it not that high command
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,
All that a careless eye could see
In him was some young Galiongée. (1)

X.

"I said I was not what I seem'd;
And now thou see'st my words were true:
I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,
If sooth — its truth must others rue.
My story now 't were vain to hide,
I must not see thee Osman's bride:
But had not thine own lips declared
How much of that young heart I shared,
I could not, must not, yet have shown
The darker secret of my own.

(1) "Galiongée" — or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha more than once wearing it as a kind of dog. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

In this I speak not now of love;
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:
But first—Oh! never wed another—
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!"

XI.

"Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—
God! am I left alone on earth
To mourn—I dare not curse—the day
That saw my solitary birth?
Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!
My sinking heart foreboded ill;
But know *me* all I was before,
Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.
Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;
If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!
My breast is offer'd—take thy fill!
Far better with the dead to be
Than live thus nothing now to thee:
Perhaps far worse, for now I know
Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;
And I, alas! am Giaffir's child,
For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.
If not thy sister—would'st thou save
My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!"

XII.

"My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:
But, gentle love, this transport calm,
Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;
I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,
And be that thought thy sorrow's balm.

So may the Koran(1) verse display'd
Upon its steel direct my blade,
In danger's hour to guard us both,
As I preserve that awful oath!
The name in which thy heart hath prided
Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,
That tie is widen'd, not divided,
Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.
My father was to Giaffir all
That Selim late was deem'd to thee;
That brother wrought a brother's fall,
But spared, at least, my infancy;
And lull'd me with a vain deceit
That yet a like return may meet.
He rear'd me, not with tender help,
But like the nephew of a Cain; (2)
He watch'd me like a lion's whelp,
That gnaws and yet may break his chain.

(1) The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Ko-n, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade singular construction; it is very broad, and the edge notched into ser-ntine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked e Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he id, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea at those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was piu feroce." I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its culiarity.

(2) It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in e Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of ussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better ac-ainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is rranted by our own sacred writ; and not content with Adam, they ve a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necro-ncy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph con-tutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no vio-ion of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a slem. — [Some doubt having been expressed by Mr. Murray, as to the

My father's blood in every vein
Is boiling; but for thy dear sake
No present vengeance will I take;
Though here I must no more remain.
But first, beloved Zuleika! hear
How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

XIII.

"How first their strife to rancour grew,
If love or envy made them foes,
It matters little if I knew;
In fiery spirits, slights, though few
And thoughtless, will disturb repose
In war Abdallah's arm was strong,
Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,
And Paswan's (1) rebel hordes attest
How little love they bore such guest:
His death is all I need relate,
The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;
And how my birth disclosed to me,
Whate'er beside it makes, hath made me free.

XIV.

"When Paswan, after years of strife,
At last for power, but first for life,
In Widin's walls too proudly sate,
Our Pachas rallied round the state;

propriety of putting the name of Cain into the mouth of a Mussulman, Lord Byron sent him the preceding note — "for the benefit of the ignorant." "I don't care one lump of sugar," he says, "for my poetry; but for my costume, and my correctness on those points, I will combat lustily."— E.]

(1) Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widin, who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Nor last nor least in high command,
Each brother led a separate band;
They gave their horsetails(1) to the wind,
And mustering in Sophia's plain
Their tents were pitch'd, their post assign'd;
To one, alas! assign'd in vain!
What need of words? the deadly bowl,
By Giaffir's order drugg'd and given,
With venom subtle as his soul,
Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.
Reclined and feverish in the bath,
He, when the hunter's sport was up,
But little deem'd a brother's wrath
To quench his thirst had such a cup:
The bowl a bribed attendant bore;
He drank one draught (2) nor needed more!
If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,
Call Haroun — he can tell it out.

XV.

"The deed once done, and Paswan's feud
In part suppress'd, though ne'er subdued,
Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd: —
Thou know'st not what in our Divan
Can wealth procure for worse than man —
Abdallah's honours were obtain'd
By him a brother's murder stain'd;
'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd

(1) "Horse-tail," the standard of a Pacha.

(2) Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath-keeper, after dressing.

His ill got treasure, soon replaced.
Would'st question whence? Survey the waste,
And ask the squalid peasant how
His gains repay his broiling brow!—
Why me the stern usurper spared,
Why thus with me his palace shared,
I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,
And little fear from infant's force;
Besides, adoption as a son
By him whom Heaven accorded none,
Or some unknown cabal, caprice,
Preserved me thus;—but not in peace:
He cannot curb his haughty mood,
Nor I forgive a father's blood.

XVI.

"Within thy father's house are foes;
Not all who break his bread are true:
To these should I my birth disclose,
His days, his very hours were few:
They only want a heart to lead,
A hand to point them to the deed.
But Haroun only knows or knew
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:
He in Abdallah's palace grew,
And held that post in his Serai
Which holds he here—he saw him die:
But what could single slavery do?
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;
Or save his son from such a fate?
He chose the last, and when elate

With foes subdued, or friends betray'd,
Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,
He led me helpless to his gate,
And not in vain it seems essay'd
To save the life for which he pray'd.
The knowledge of my birth secured
From all and each, but most from me;
Thus Giaffir's safety was ensured.
Removed he too from Roumelie
To this our Asiatic side,
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,
With none but Haroun, who retains
Such knowledge — and that Nubian feels
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,
From which the captive gladly steals,
And this and more to me reveals:
Such still to guilt just Alla sends —
Slaves, tools, accomplices — no friends!

XVII.

" All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;
But harsher still my tale must be:
Howe'er my tongue thy softness wounds,
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.
I saw thee start this garb to see,
Yet is it one I oft have worn,
And long must wear: this Galiongée,
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,
Is leader of those pirate hordes,
Whose laws and lives are on their swords;
To hear whose desolating tale
Would make thy waning cheek more pale

Those arms thou see'st my band have brought,
The hands that wield are not remote;
This cup too for the rugged knaves
Is fill'd — once quaff'd, they ne'er repine:
Our prophet might forgive the slaves;
They 're only infidels in wine.

XVIII.

"What could I be? Proscribed at home,
And taunted to a wish to roam;
And listless left — for Giaffir's fear
Denied the courser and the spear —
Though oft — Oh, Mahomet! how oft! —
In full Divan the despot scoff'd,
As if *my* weak unwilling hand
Refused the bridle or the brand:
He ever went to war alone,
And pent me here untried — unknown;
To Haroun's care with women left,
By hope unblest, of fame bereft,
While thou — whose softness long endear'd,
Though it unmann'd me, still had cheer'd —
To Brusa's walls for safety sent,
Awaited'st there the field's event.
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,
His captive, though with dread resigning,
My thraldom for a season broke,
On promise to return before
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.
'Tis vain — my tongue can not impart
My almost drunkenness of heart,

st this liberated eye
Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,
spirit pierced them through,
heir inmost wonders knew!
d alone can paint to thee
re than feeling — I was Free!
thy presence ceased to pine;
ld — nay, Heaven itself was mine!

XIX.

op of a trusty Moor
l me from this idle shore;
to see the isles that gem
an's purple diadem:
by turns, and saw them all; (1)
hen and where I join'd the crew,
om I 'm pledged to rise or fall,
all that we design to do
't will then be time more meet
hee, when the tale 's complete.

XX.

they are a lawless brood,
h in form, nor mild in mood;
ry creed, and every race,
m hath found — may find a place:
speech, and ready hand,
e to their chief's command
r every enterprise,
er sees with Terror's eyes;

ish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archi-
lluded to.

Friendship for each, and faith to all,
And vengeance vow'd for those who fall,
Have made them fitting instruments
For more than ev'n my own intents.
And some — and I have studied all
Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,
But chiefly to my council call
The wisdom of the cautious Frank —
And some to higher thoughts aspire,
The last of Lambro's(1) patriots there
Anticipated freedom share;
And oft around the cavern fire
On visionary schemes debate,
To snatch the Rayahs (2) from their fate.
So let them ease their hearts with prate
Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;
I have a love for freedom too.
Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch (3) roam,
Or only know on land the Tartar's home! (4)
My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,
Are more than cities and Serais to me:

(1) Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789-90, fo independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he bec pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is s be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrat the Greek revolutionists.

(2) "Rayahs,"—all who pay the capitation tax, called the "Harat

(3) The first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussul profess much acquaintance.

(4) The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, w found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it posse charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegado fessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, gallopi the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was scribable.

ie by my steed, or wafted by my sail,
ss the desert, or before the gale,
d where thou wilt my bark, or guide my prow
be the star that guides the wanderer. Thou
, my Zuleika, share and bless my bark.
Dove of peace and promise to mine ark!
since that hope denied in worlds of strife
hou the rainbow to the storms of life
evening beam that smiles the clouds away,
tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!
:—as the Muezzin's strain from Mecca's wall
ilgrims pure and prostrate at his call.
—as the melody of youthful days
steals the trembling tear of speechless praise.
—as his native song to Exile's ears,
sound each tone thy long-loved voice endears.

The longest, as well as most splendid, of those passages, with which usal of his own strains, during revision, inspired him, was that rich eloquent feeling which follows the couplet, — "Thou, my Zuleika, ad bless my bark," &c. — a strain of poetry, which, for energy and ness of thought, for music of versification, and selectness of diction, roughout the greater portion of it, but few rivals in either ancient ern song. — Moore.]

Originally written thus —

"And tints to-morrow with {an airy / a fancied} ray."

lowing note being annexed: — "Mr. Murray, choose which of the thets, 'fancied' or 'airy,' may be best; or if neither will do, tell I will dream another." In a subsequent letter, he says: — "In. f—

"And tints to-morrow with a *fancied* ray,

"And tints to-morrow with *prophetic* ray;

"And {gilds / tints} the hope of morning with its ray;

"And gilds to-morrow's hope with heavenly ray.

you would ask Mr. Gifford which of them is best; or, rather, not '— E.]

For thee in those bright isles is built a bower
Blooming as Aden(1) in its earliest hour.
A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and hand,
Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy command!
Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,
The spoil of nations shall bedeck my bride.
The Haram's languid years of listless ease
Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like these:
Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,
Unnumbered perils,—but one only love!
Yet well my toils shall that fond breast repay,
Though fortune frown, or falser friends betray.
How dear the dream in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be changed, to find thee faithful still!
Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;
To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;
To soothe each sorrow, share in each delight,
Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!
Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to guide;
Friends to each other, foes to aught beside:(2)
Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd
By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:

(1) "Jannat al Aden," the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

(2) ["You wanted some reflections; and I send you, *per Selim*, eighteen lines in decent couplets, of a pensive, if not an *ethical*, tendency. One more revise — positively the last, if decently done — at any rate, the penultimate. Mr. Canning's approbation, I need not say, makes me proud.* To make you some amends for eternally pestering you with alterations, I send you Cobbett, — to confirm your orthodoxy." — *Lord B. to Mr. M.* — E.]

* [Mr. Canning's note was as follows: — "I received the books, and among them, the 'Bride of Abydos.' It is very, very beautiful. Lord Byron (when I met him, one day, at a dinner at Mr. Ward's) was so kind as to promise to give me a copy of it. I mention this, not to save my purchase, but because I should be really flattered by the present." — E.]

Mark! where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace!
I like the rest must use my skill or strength,
But ask no land beyond my sabre's length:
Power sways but by division — her resource
The blest alternative of fraud or force!
Ours be the last; in time deceit may come
When cities cage us in a social home:
There ev'n thy soul might err — how oft the heart
Corruption shakes which peril could not part!
And woman, more than man, when death or woe,
Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,
Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame —
Away suspicion! — *not* Zuleika's name!
But life is hazard at the best; and here
No more remains to win, and much to fear:
Yes, fear! — the doubt, the dread of losing thee,
By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern decree.
That dread shall vanish with the favouring gale,
Which love to-night hath promised to my sail:
No danger daunts the pair his smile hath blest,
Their steps still roving, but their hearts at rest.
With thee all toils are sweet, each clime hath charms·
Earth — sea alike — our world within our arms!
Ay — let the loud winds whistle o'er the deck,
So that those arms cling closer round my neck:
The deepest murmur of this lip shall be
No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!
The war of elements no fears impart
To Love, whose deadliest bane is human Art:
There lie the only rocks our course can check;
Here moments menace — *there* are years of wreck!

But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's shape!
This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.
Few words remain of mine my tale to close:
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;
Yea — foes — to me will Giaffir's hate decline?
And is not Osman, who would part us, thine?

XXI.

" His head and faith from doubt and death
Return'd in time my guard to save;
Few heard, none told, that o'er the wave
From isle to isle I roved the while:
And since, though parted from my band,
Too seldom now I leave the land,
No deed they've done, nor deed shall do,
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:
I form the plan, decree the spoil,
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.
But now too long I've held thine ear;
Time presses, floats my bark, and here
We leave behind but hate and fear.
To-morrow Osman with his train
Arrives — to-night must break thy chain:
And would'st thou save that haughty Bey,
Perchance, *his* life who gave thee thine,
With me, this hour away — away!
But yet, though thou art plighted mine,
Would'st thou recall thy willing vow,
Appall'd by truths imparted now,
Here rest I — not to see thee wed:
But be that peril on *my* head!"

XXII.

, mute and motionless
ke that statue of distress
her last hope for ever gone
ther harden'd into stone:
he maid that eye must see
t a younger Niobé
her lip, or even her eye
to speak, or hear reply.
1 the garden's wicket portal
h'd on high a blazing torch!
r — and another — and another —
fly — no more — yet now my more than
brother!"
le, through every thicket spread
rful lights are gleaming red:
se alone — for each right hand
y with a sheathless brand.
art, pursue, return, and wheel
earching flambeau, shining steel;
t of all, his sabre waving,
Giaffir in his fury raving:
w almost they touch the cave —
ust that grot be Selim's grave?

XXIII.

ss he stood — "'T is come — soon past —
s, Zuleika — 'tis my last:
/et my band not far from shore
ar this signal, see the flash;
v too few — the attempt were rash:
natter — yet one effort more."

Forth to the cavern mouth he stept;
His pistol's echo rang on high,
Zuleika started not, nor wept,
Despair benumb'd her breast and eye!—
"They hear me not, or if they ply
Their oars, 't is but to see me die;
That sound hath drawn my foes more nigh.
Then forth my father's scimitar,
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!
Farewell, Zuleika!—Sweet! retire:
Yet stay within—here linger safe,
At thee his rage will only chafe.
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance
Some erring blade or ball should glance.
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire
If in this strife I seek thy sire!
No—though by him that poison pour'd:
No—though again he call me coward!
But tamely shall I meet their steel?
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!"

XXIV.

One bound he made, and gain'd the sand:
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band,
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave:
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—

)h! are they yet in time to save?
lis feet the foremost breakers lave;
band are plunging in the bay,
ir sabres glitter through the spray;
t — wild — unwearied to the strand
y struggle — now they touch the land!
y come —'t is but to add to slaughter —
heart's best blood is on the water.

XXV.

aped from shot, unharm'd by steel,
scarcely grazed its force to feel,
l Selim won, betray'd, beset,
where the strand and billows met;
re as his last step left the land,
l the last death-blow dealt his hand —
! wherefore did he turn to look
or her his eye but sought in vain?
t pause, that fatal gaze he took,
lath doom'd his death, or fix'd his chain.
proof, in peril and in pain,
v late will Lover's hope remain!
back was to the dashing spray;
ind, but close, his comrades lay,
en, at the instant, hiss'd the ball —
) may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
ose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
ose bullet through the night-air sang,
nearly, deadly aim'd to err?
thine — Abdallah's Murderer!
father slowly rued thy hate,
son hath found a quicker fate:

Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling—
If aught his lips essay'd to groan,
The rushing billows choked the tone!

XXVI.

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;
Few trophies of the fight are there:
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay
Are silent; but some signs of fray
That strand of strife may bear,
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand
The print of many a struggling hand
May there be mark'd; nor far remote
A broken torch, an oarless boat;
And tangled on the weeds that heap
The beach where shelving to the deep
There lies a white capote!
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain
The wave yet ripples o'er in vain:
But where is he who wore?
Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,
Go, seek them where the surges sweep
Their burthen round Sigæum's steep
And cast on Lemnos' shore:
The sea-birds shriek above the prey,
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,
As shaken on his restless pillow,
His head heaves with the heaving billow;
That hand, whose motion is not life,
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,

ıg by the tossing tide on high,
hen levell'd with the wave —
ıt recks it, though that corse shall lie
/ithin a living grave?
bird that tears that prostrate form
h only robb'd the meaner worm;
only heart, the only eye
bled or wept to see him die,
seen those scatter'd limbs composed,
nd mourn'd above his turban-stone, (1)
t heart hath burst — that eye was closed —
ea — closed before his own!

XXVII.

lle's stream there is a voice of wail!
oman's eye is wet—man's cheek is pale:
ı! last of Giaffir's race,
destined lord is come too late:
ːs not — ne'er shall see thy face!
Can he not hear
ud Wul-wulleh (2) warn his distant ear?
handmaids weeping at the gate,
Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,
silent slaves with folded arms that wait,
n the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,
Tell him thy tale!
lidst not view thy Selim fall!
t fearful moment when he left the cave
Thy heart grew chill:
ıs thy hope—thy joy—thy love—thine all—

urban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only.
e death-song of the Turkish women. The "silent slaves" are the
ose notions of decorum forbid complaint in *public*.

And that last thought on him thou could'st not save
Sufficed to kill;
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was still.
Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin grave!
Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst! [first!
That grief—though deep—though fatal—was thy
Thrice happy! ne'er to feel nor fear the force
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge, remorse!
And, oh! that pang where more than Madness lies!
The worm that will not sleep—and never dies;
Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly night,
That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes the light
That winds around and tears the quivering heart!
Ah! wherefore not consume it—and depart!
Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy head,
Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost spread:
By that same hand Abdallah—Selim bled.
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's bed,
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to wed,
Thy Daughter's dead!
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely beam,
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's stream.
What quench'd its ray?—the blood that thou ha shed!
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:
"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers
"Where?" (1)

(1) "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends o youth, where are they?' and an Echo answered, 'Where are they?' *From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea ir text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader: it is given i first annotation, p. 67., of "The Pleasures of Memory;" a poem so

XXVIII.

Within the place of thousand tombs
That shine beneath, while dark above
The sad but living cypress glooms,
And withers not, though branch and leaf
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,
Like early unrequited Love,
One spot exists, which ever blooms,
Ev'n in that deadly grove —
A single rose is shedding there
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:
It looks as planted by Despair —
So white — so faint — the slightest gale
Might whirl the leaves on high;
And yet, though storms and blight assail,
And hands more rude than wintry sky
May wring it from the stem — in vain —
To-morrow sees it bloom again!
The stalk some spirit gently rears,
And waters with celestial tears;
For well may maids of Helle deem
That this can be no earthly flower.
Which mocks the tempest's withering hour,
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;
Nor droops, though spring refuse her shower,
Nor woos the summer beam:
To it the livelong night there sings
A bird unseen — but not remote:
Invisible his airy wings,
But soft as harp that Houri strings

known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be *delighted to recur.*

His long entrancing note!
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,
Though mournful, pours not such a strain;
For they who listen cannot leave
The spot, but linger there and grieve,
As if they loved in vain!
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,
They scarce can bear the morn to break
That melancholy spell,
And longer yet would weep and wake,
He sings so wild and well!
But when the day-blush bursts from high
Expires that magic melody.
And some have been who could believe,
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,
Yet harsh be they that blame,)
That note so piercing and profound
Will shape and syllable (1) its sound
Into Zuleika's name. (2)

(1) "And airy tongues that *syllable* men's names." — MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttleton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see Orford's Reminiscences), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see Orford's Letters.

(2) [The heroine of this poem, the blooming Zuleika, is all purity and loveliness. Never was a faultless character more delicately or more justly delineated. Her piety, her intelligence, her strict sense of duty, and her undeviating love of truth, appear to have been originally blended in her mind, rather than inculcated by education. She is always natural, always

her cypress summit heard,
ts in air the liquid word:
her lowly virgin earth
te rose takes its tender birth.
e was laid a marble stone;
it placed—the Morrow gone!
mortal arm that bore
ɔ fixed pillar to the shore;
, as Helle's legends tell,
n 'twas found where Selim fell;
· the tumbling tide, whose wave
is bones a holier grave:
e by night, reclined, 'tis said,
ghastly turban'd head:
ɔnce extended by the billow,
med the "Pirate-phantom's pillow!"
first it lay that mourning flower
ourished; flourisheth this hour,
l dewy, coldly pure and pale;
ng Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's tale! (1)

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affectionate; and it must be admitted that her affections ly bestowed. Selim, while an orphan and dependant, is y calamity; when better hopes are presented to him, his es with his expectations: he is enterprising, with no more comes his youth; and when disappointed in the success d project, he meets, with intrepidity, the fate to which ough his own generous forbearance. To us, "The Bride ars to be, in every respect, superior to "The Giaour," of diction, it has been, perhaps, less warmly admired. ue this point, but will simply observe, that what is read ally read with rapidity; and that many beauties of style ervation in a simple and connected narrative, would be ler's attention by abrupt and perplexing transitions. It aveller is obliged to stop on his journey, that he is dis- and admire the prospect. — GEORGE ELLIS.]

ide,' such as it is, is my first *entire* composition of any

length (except the Satire, and be d—d to it), for the 'Giaour' is but a string of passages, and 'Childe Harold' is, and I rather think always will be, unconcluded." It was published on Thursday, the 2d of December; but how it is liked, I know not. Whether it succeeds or not, is no fault of the public, against whom I can have no complaint. But I am much more indebted to the tale than I can ever be to the most important reader; as it wrung my thoughts from reality to imagination; from selfish regrets to vivid recollections; and recalled me to a country replete with the brightest and darkest, but always most lively colours of my memory."— *B. Diary*, Dec. 5. 1813. — E.]

THE CORSAIR,

A TALE. (1)

"——— I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno."
TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x.

[1] "The Corsair" was begun on the 18th, and finished on the 31st, of ber, 1813; a rapidity of composition which, taking into consider- he extraordinary beauty of the poem, is, perhaps, unparalleled in rary history of the country. Lord Byron states it to have been "*con amore*, and very much from *existence*." In the original e chief female character was called *Francesca*, in whose person the meant to delineate one of his acquaintance; but, while the work press, he changed the name to *Medora*. —E.]

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with
:h I shall trespass on public patience, and your
lgence, for some years; and I own that I feel
ous to avail myself of this latest and only oppor-
:y of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated
ıshaken public principle, and the most undoubted
various talents. While Ireland ranks you among
firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone
irst of her bards in her estimation, and Britain
ats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose
regret, since our first acquaintance, has been
years he had lost before it commenced, to add
humble but sincere suffrage of friendship, to the
e of more than one nation. It will at least
'e to you, that I have neither forgotten the
ification derived from your society, nor aban-
:d the prospect of its renewal, whenever your
ıre or inclination allows you to atone to your
ıds for too long an absence. It is said among
e friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in
composition of a poem whose scene will be laid
ıe East; none can do those scenes so much jus-

tice. The wrongs of your own country (1), the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his Oriental his Irish Eclogues, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable, — Self? I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of "Gods, men, nor columns." In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps, the best adapted measure to our language, the good

(1) [This political allusion having been objected to by a friend, Lord Byron sent a second dedication to Mr. Moore, with a request that he would "take his choice." It ran as follows: —

"MY DEAR MOORE, January 7th, 1814.

"I had written to you a long letter of dedication, which I suppress, because, though it contained something relating to you, which every one had been glad to hear, yet there was too much about politics, and poesy, and all things whatsoever, ending with that topic on which most men are fluent, and none very amusing, — *one's self*. It might have been re-written; but to what purpose? My praise could add nothing to your well-earned and firmly established fame; and with my most hearty admiration of your talents, and delight in your conversation, you are already acquainted. In availing myself of your friendly permission to inscribe this poem to you, I can only wish the offering were as worthy your acceptance, as your regard is dear to

"Yours, most affectionately and faithfully,

"BYRON." — E]

ınd now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza
Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for
ative; though, I confess, it is the measure most
my own heart: Scott alone (1), of the present
ration, has hitherto completely triumphed over
tal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this
ot the least victory of his fertile and mighty
us: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our
ıatists, are the beacons that shine along the
, but warn us from the rough and barren rock
hich they are kindled. The heroic couplet is
the most popular measure certainly; but as I
ıot deviate into the other from a wish to flatter
is called public opinion, I shall quit it without
ıer apology, and take my chance once more
that versification, in which I have hitherto
ished nothing but compositions whose former
ılation is part of my present, and will be of my
e regret.

ith regard to my story, and stories in general,
ıuld have been glad to have rendered my per-
ges more perfect and amiable, if possible, inas-
ı as I have been sometimes criticised, and
idered no less responsible for their deeds and
ties than if all had been personal. Be it so —
ıave deviated into the gloomy vanity of "draw-
rom self," the pictures are probably like, since
are unfavourable; and if not, those who know
ıre undeceived, and those who do not, I have
interest in undeceiving. I have no particular

After the words "Scott alone," Lord Byron had inserted, in a hesis — "He will excuse the '*Mr.*' — we do not say *Mr.* Cæsar." — E.]

desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than "The Giaour," and perhaps — but no — I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever "alias" they please. (1)

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,

His obedient servant,

January 2. 1814. BYRON.

(1) [It is difficult to say whether we are to receive this passage as an admission or a denial of the opinion to which it refers; but Lord Byron certainly did the public injustice, if he supposed it imputed to him the criminal actions with which many of his heroes were stained. Men no more expected to meet in Lord Byron the Corsair, who "knew himself a villain," than they looked for the hypocrisy of Kehama on the shores of the Derwent Water, or the profligacy of Marmion on the banks of the Tweed. — Sir Walter Scott.]

THE CORSAIR.(1).

CANTO THE FIRST.

" ——— nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria, ———"

DANTE.

I.

" O'ER the glad waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—

(1) The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?
That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint — can only feel —
Feel — to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death — if with us die our foes —
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost — what recks it — by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours — the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang — one bound — escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory;
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*"

II.

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's isle
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the while:
Such were the sounds that thrill'd the rocks along,
And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!
In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,
They game—carouse—converse—or whet the brand;
Select the arms — to each his blade assign,
And careless eye the blood that dims its shine;
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,
While others straggling muse along the shore;
For the wild bird the busy springes set,
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping net;
Gaze where some distant sail a speck supplies,
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise;
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,
And marvel where they next shall seize a spoil:
No matter where—their chief's allotment this;
Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.
But who that CHIEF? his name on every shore
Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know no more
With these he mingles not but to command;
Few are his words, but keen his eye and hand.
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial mess,
But they forgive his silence for success.
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they fill,
That goblet passes him untasted still—
And for his fare — the rudest of his crew
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted too;
Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,
And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,

His short repast in humbleness supply
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.
But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,
His mind seems nourished by that abstinence.
"Steer to that shore!"—they sail. "Do th
'tis done:
"Now form and follow me!"—the spoil is won
Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,
And all obey and few enquire his will;
To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye
Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

III.

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hop
Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?
No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:
The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.
Yes—she is ours—a home returning bark—
Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the d
Already doubled is the cape—our bay
Receives that prow which proudly spurns the sp
How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying—never from her foes—
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
Who would not brave the battle-fire—the wrec
To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

IV.

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;
The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swi

[illegible]
[illegible] from the [illegible]
—the [illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible] land [illegible]
[illegible] question, and the quick [illegible]
[illegible] promise of [illegible]

V.

great and gathering grows the crowd,
voices and the mingled sound.
greater anxious tone is heard—
[illegible]—[illegible] names in each dear
[illegible]:
ey said? we ask not of success—
see them? will their accents bless?
The battle rages—the billows chafe—
[illegible] did—but who are safe?
[illegible] haste in gladness and surprise,
[illegible] from these delighted eyes!"

VI.

r chief? for him we bear report—
joy—which hails our coming—short;
ere—'tis cheering, though so brief;
nstant guide us to our chief:
paid, we'll feast on our return,
hear what each may wish to learn."
owly by the rock-hewn way,
watch-tower beetles o'er the bay

By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming,
And freshness breathing from each silver spring,
Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,
Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;
From crag to cliff they mount — Near yonder cave,
What lonely straggler looks along the wave?
In pensive posture leaning on the brand,
Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?
"'Tis he — 'tis Conrad — here — as wont — alone;
On — Juan! — on — and make our purpose known
The bark he views — and tell him we would greet
His ear with tidings he must quickly meet:
We dare not yet approach — thou know'st his mood,
When strange or uninvited steps intrude."

VII.

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent; —
He spake not — but a sign expressed assent.
These Juan calls — they come — to their salute
He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.
"These letters, Chief, are from the Greek — the spy,
Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:
Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,
Much that" — "Peace, peace!" — he cuts their prating short.
Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to each
Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:
They watch his glance with many a stealing look,
To gather how that eye the tidings took;
But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,
Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride.

He read the scroll—"My tablets, Juan, hark—
Where is Gonsalvo?"
"In the anchor'd bark."
"There let him stay—to him this order bear—
Back to your duty—for my course prepare:
Myself this enterprise to-night will share."
"To-night, Lord Conrad?"
"Ay! at set of sun:
The breeze will freshen when the day is done.
My corslet—cloak—one hour—and we are gone.
Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust
My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;
Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,
And give its guard more room to fit my hand.
This let the Armourer with speed dispose;
Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes:
Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,
To tell us when the hour of stay's expired."

VIII.

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,
Too soon to seek again the watery waste:
Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;
And who dare question aught that he decides?
That man of loneliness and mystery,
Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;
Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,
And tints each swarthy cheek with sallower hue;
Still sways their souls with that commanding art
That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.
What is that spell, that thus his lawless train
Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?

What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?
The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!
Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,
That moulds another's weakness to its will;
Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,
Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.
Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun
The many still must labour for the one!
'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils,
Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils.
Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,
How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,
Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,
In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:
Robust but not Herculean—to the sight
No giant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;(1)

(1) [In the features of Conrad, those who have looked upon Lord Byron will recognise some likeness; and the ascetic regimen which the noble poet himself observed, was no less marked in the preceding description of Conrad's fare. To what are we to ascribe the singular peculiarity which induced an author of such talent, and so well skilled in tracing the darker impressions which guilt and remorse leave on the human character, so frequently to affix features peculiar to himself to the robbers and corsairs which he sketched with a pencil as forcible as that of Salvator? More than one answer may be returned to this question; nor do we pretend to say which is best warranted by the facts. The practice may arise from a temperament which radical and constitutional melancholy had, as in the case of Hamlet, predisposed to identify its owner with scenes of that deep and amazing interest which arises from the stings of conscience contending with the stubborn energy of pride, and delighting to be placed in supposed

ize and marvel how—and still confess
us it is, but why they cannot guess.
nt his cheek, his forehead high and pale
le curls in wild profusion veil;
perforce his rising lip reveals
ghtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.
smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,
ms there something he would not have seen:
ures' deepening lines and varying hue
s attracted, yet perplex'd the view,
ithin that murkiness of mind
feelings fearful, and yet undefined;
ght it be—that none could truly tell—
ie enquiry his stern glance would quell.
reathe but few whose aspect might defy
encounter of his searching eye:
the skill, when Cunning's gaze would seek
e his heart and watch his changing cheek,
the observer's purpose to espy,
himself roll back his scrutiny,

---

f guilt and danger, as some men love instinctively to tread the
of a precipice, or, holding by some frail twig, to stoop forward
ss into which the dark torrent discharges itself. Or, it may be
isguises were assumed capriciously, as a man might chuse the
ard, and dark lantern of a bravo, for his disguise at a masque-
eeling his own powers in painting the sombre and the horrible,
assumed in his fervour the very semblance of the characters
; like an actor who presents on the stage at once his own per-
tragic character with which for the time he is invested. Nor,
ier incompatible with his character to believe that, in contempt
isms which, on this account, had attended "Childe Harold,"
rmined to show to the public how little he was affected by
ow effectually it was in his power to compel attention and
n when imparting a portion of his own likeness and his own
, to pirates and outlaws. — SIR WALTER SCOTT.]

Lest he to Conrad rather should betray
Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.
There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,
That raised emotions both of rage and fear;
And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,
Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell! (1)

X.

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought,
Within—within—'twas there the spirit wrought!
Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition, Guile,
Betray no further than the bitter smile;
The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone
Of deeper passions; and to judge their mien,
He, who would see, must be himself unseen.

(1) That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature, I shall attemp to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with sinc writing "The Corsair."

"Eccelin prisonnier," dit Rolandini, "s'enfermoit dans un silenc menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit poin d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldat et les peuples accouroient; ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puis sant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. * * *
"Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tou ses mouvemens, indiquoient un soldat.—Son langage étoit amer, son dé portement superbe—et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plu hardis."—*Sismondi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, "Gizericus (Genseric, king of the Vandals, the conqueror o both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxuriæ contemptor, irâ turbidus, ha bendi cupidus, ad solicitandas gentes providentissimus," &c. &c. *Jornande de Rebus Gcticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance m Giaour and Corsair.

ith the hurried tread, the upward eye,
hed hand, the pause of agony,
ns, starting, lest the step too near
intrusive on that mood of fear:
ith each feature working from the heart,
ngs loosed to strengthen—not depart:
—convulse—contend—that freeze or glow,
he cheek, or damp upon the brow;
tranger! if thou canst, and tremblest not,
s soul—the rest that soothes his lot!
ow that lone and blighted bosom sears
ing thought of execrated years!
but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,
mself—the secret spirit free?

XI.

ot Conrad thus by Nature sent
ıe guilty—guilt's worst instrument—
vas changed, before his deeds had driven
to war with man and forfeit heaven.
r the world in Disappointment's school,
too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;
to yield, and far too proud to stoop,
y his very virtues for a dupe,
l those virtues as the cause of ill,
he traitors who betray'd him still;
'd that gifts betow'd on better men
ıim joy, and means to give again. [force,
shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her
man too much to feel remorse,
ght the voice of wrath a sacred call,
ıe injuries of some on all.

He knew himself a villain — but he deem'd
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.
He knew himself detested, but he knew [too.
The hearts that loath'd him, crouch'd and dreaded
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt
From all affection and from all contempt:
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;
But they that fear'd him dared not to despise:
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake
The slumbering venom of the folded snake;
The first may turn — but not avenge the blow;
The last expires — but leaves no living foe;
Fast to the doom'd offender's form it clings,
And he may crush — not conquer — still it stings!

XII.

None are all evil — quickening round his heart
One softer feeling would not yet depart;
Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled
By passions worthy of a fool or child;
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,
And even in him it asks the name of Love!
Yes, it was love — unchangeable — unchanged,
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,
None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour.
Yes — it was Love — if thoughts of tenderness,
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,

Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,
And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by time;
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,
Could render sullen were she near to smile,
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent
On her one murmur of his discontent;
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—
If there be love in mortals—this was love!
He was a villain—ay—reproaches shower
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

XIII.

He paused a moment—till his hastening men
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.
"Strange tidings!—many a peril have I past,
Nor know I why this next appears the last!
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.
'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.
Ay—let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.

Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!
Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave!
Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.
This common courage which with brutes we share,
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,
Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;
Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed;
No medium now—we perish or succeed!
So let it be—it irks not me to die;
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.
My lot hath long had little of my care,
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:
"Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last
Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?
Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate—
She may redeem thee still—nor yet too late."

XIV.

Thus with himself communion held he, till
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill:
There at the portal paused—for wild and soft
He heard those accents never heard too oft;
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,
And these the notes the bird of beauty sung:

1.

"Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,
Then trembles into silence as before.

2.

"There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp
Burns the slow flame, eternal—but unseen;
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

3.

Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave
Without one thought whose relics there recline:
The only pang my bosom dare not brave
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

4.

My fondest—faintest—latest accents hear—
Grief for the dead not Virtue can reprove;
Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,
The first—last—sole reward of so much love!"

He pass'd the portal—cross'd the corridore,
And reach'd the chamber as the strain gave o'er:
"My own Medora! sure thy song is sad—"

"In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?
Without thine ear to listen to my lay,
Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:
Still must each accent to my bosom suit,
My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute!
Oh! many a night on this lone couch reclined,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,
And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;

Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge:
Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar.
Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mas
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it past!
Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!
Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?
Sure thou hast more than wealth, and many a hom
As bright as this invites us not to roam:
Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,
I only tremble when thou art not here;
Then not for mine, but that far dearer life,
Which flies from love and languishes for strife—
How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature and its better will!" (1)

(1) [Lord Byron has made a fine use of the gentleness and submissi of the females of these regions, as contrasted with the lordly pride a martial ferocity of the men: and though we suspect he has lent the more *soul* than of right belongs to them, as well as more delicacy and r flection; yet, there is something so true to female nature in general, in h representations of this sort, and so much of the oriental softness and a quiescence in his particular delineations, that it is scarcely possible refuse the picture the praise of being characteristic and harmonious, well as eminently sweet and beautiful in itself. —JEFFREY.]

ea, strange indeed—that heart hath long been
changed;
rm-like 'twas trampled—adder-like avenged,
hout one hope on earth beyond thy love,
l scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.
the same feeling which thou dost condemn,
very love to thee is hate to them,
:losely mingling here, that disentwined,
ase to love thee when I love mankind:
dread not this—the proof of all the past
ures the future that my love will last;
—Oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart,
; hour again—but not for long—we part."

his hour we part!—my heart foreboded this:
s ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.
; hour—it cannot be—this hour away!
bark hath hardly anchor'd in the bay;
consort still is absent, and her crew
e need of rest before they toil anew:
love! thou mock'st my weakness; and wouldst
steel
breast before the time when it must feel;
trifle now no more with my distress,
h mirth hath less of play than bitterness.
ilent, Conrad!—dearest! come and share
feast these hands delighted to prepare;
it toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!
I have pluck'd the fruit that promised best,
where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased, I guess'd
uch as seem'd the fairest; thrice the hill
steps have wound to try the coolest rill;

Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,
See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!
The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never cheers;
Thou more than Moslem when the cup appears:
Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice
What others deem a penance is thy choice.
But come, the board is spread; our silver lamp
Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's damp:
Then shall my handmaids while the time along,
And join with me the dance, or wake the song;
Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear,
Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear,
We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,
Of fair Olympia loved and left of old. (1)
Why—thou wert worse than he who broke his vow
To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave me now;
Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee smile,
When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's Isle,
Which I have pointed from these cliffs the while:
And thus half sportive, half in fear, I said,
Lest Time, should raise that doubt to more than dread,
Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the main:
And he deceived me—for—he came again!"

"Again—again—and oft again—my love!
If there be life below, and hope above,
He will return—but now, the moments bring
The time of parting with redoubled wing:
The why—the where—what boots it now to tell
Since all must end in that wild word—farewell!

(1) Orlando Furioso, Canto x.

)uld I fain—did time allow—disclose—
ot—these are no formidable foes;
ere shall watch a more than wonted guard,
dden siege and long defence prepared:
: thou lonely—though thy lord 's away,
atrons and thy handmaids with thee stay;
iis thy comfort—that, when next we meet,
;y shall make repose more sweet.
-'tis the bugle—Juan shrilly blew—
ss—one more—another—Oh! Adieu!"

se—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
heart heaved beneath her hidden face.
ed not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
ıg fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
he wildness of dishevell'd charms;
beat that bosom where his image dwelt
—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
-peals the thunder of the signal-gun!
'twas sunset—and he cursed that sun.
—again—that form he madly press'd,
mutely clasp'd, imploringly caress'd!
ttering to the couch his bride he bore,
ɔment gazed—as if to gaze no more;
that for him earth held but her alone,
her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?

XV.

is he gone?"—on sudden solitude
't that fearful question will intrude!
; but an instant past—and here he stood!

And now"—without the portal's porch she rush'd,
And then at length her tears in freedom gush'd;
Big—bright—and fast, unknown to her they fell;
But still her lips refused to send—"Farewell!"
For in that word—that fatal word—howe'er
We promise—hope—believe—there breathes despai
O'er every feature of that still, pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,
Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse of him,
And then it flow'd—and phrensied seem'd to swin
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes dew'
With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.
"He 's gone!"—against her heart that hand is drive
Convulsed and quick—then gently raised to heave
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again;
But turn'd with sickening soul within the gate—
"It is no dream—and I am desolate!" (1)

XVI.

From crag to crag descending — swiftly sped
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd his head;
But shrunk whene'er the windings of his way
Forced on his eye what he would not survey,
His lone, but lovely dwelling on the steep,
That hail'd him first when homeward from the dee
And she — the dim and melancholy star,
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from afar,

(1) [We do not know any thing in poetry more beautiful or touch than this picture of their parting. — JEFFREY.]

must not gaze, he must not think,
might rest — but on Destruction's brink :
ılmost he stopp'd — and nearly gave
› chance, his projects to the wave :
it must not be — a worthy chief
but not betray to woman's grief.
is bark, he notes how fair the wind,
ly gathers all his might of mind :
hurries on — and as he hears
of tumult vibrate on his ears,
sounds, the bustle of the shore,
, the signal, and the dashing oar ;
his eye the seaboy on the mast,
›rs rise, the sails unfurling fast,
ıg kerchiefs of the crowd that urge
: adieu to those who stem the surge ;
than all, his blood-red flag aloft,
ll'd how his heart could seem so soft.
glance, and wildness in his breast,
f all his former self possest ;
s — he flies — until his footsteps reach
where ends the cliff, begins the beach,
cks his speed ; but pauses less to breathe
y freshness of the deep beneath,
e his wonted statelier step renew ;
disturb'd by haste, to vulgar view :
ad Conrad learn'd to curb the crowd,
at veil, and oft preserve the proud ;
ıe lofty port, the distant mien,
ıs to shun the sight — and awes if seen :
ın aspect, and the high-born eye,
ks low mirth, but lacks not courtesy ;

All these he wielded to command assent:
But where he wished to win, so well unbent,
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who heard,
And others' gifts show'd mean beside his word,
When echo'd to the heart as from his own
His deep yet tender melody of tone:
But such was foreign to his wonted mood,
He cared not what he soften'd, but subdued;
The evil passions of his youth had made
Him value less who loved — than what obey'd.

XVII.

Around him mustering ranged his ready guard.
Before him Juan stands — "Are all prepared?"
"They are—nay more—embark'd: the latest boat
Waits but my chief——"
"My sword, and my capote."
Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders flung:
"Call Pedro here!" He comes — and Conrad bends,
With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends;
"Receive these tablets, and peruse with care,
Words of high trust and truth are graven there;
Double the guard, and when Anselmo's bark
Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun shall shine
On our return — till then all peace be thine!"
This said, his brother Pirate's hand he wrung,
Then to his boat with haughty gesture sprung.

Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with the stroke.
Around the waves' phosphoric (1) brightness broke;
They gain the vessel — on the deck he stands, —
Shrieks the shrill whistle — ply the busy hands —
He marks how well the ship her helm obeys,
How gallant all her crew — and deigns to praise.
His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo turn —
Why doth he start, and inly seem to mourn?
Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower.
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;
She — his Medora — did she mark the prow?
Ah! never loved he half so much as now!
But much must yet be done ere dawn of day —
Again he mans himself and turns away;
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,
And there unfolds his plan—his means—and ends;
Before them burns the lamp, and spreads the chart,
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;
They to the midnight watch protract debate;
To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely blew,
And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;
Pass'd the high headlands of each clustering isle
To gain their port—long—long ere morning smile:
And soon the night-glass through the narrow bay
Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.
Count they each sail — and mark how there supine
The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem shine.

(1) By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,
And anchor'd where his ambush meant to lie;
Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape.
Then rose his band to duty — not from sleep —
Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting flood,
And calmly talk'd — and yet he talk'd of blood!

THE CORSAIR.

CANTO THE SECOND.

" Conoscete i dubbiosi desiri?"

DANTE.

I.

On Coron's bay floats many a galley light,
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are bright,
For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast to-night:
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers home;
This hath he sworn by Alla and his sword,
And faithful to his firman and his word,
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,
And great the gathering crews, and loud the boast
Already shared the captives and the prize,
Though far the distant foe they thus despise;
'Tis but to sail — no doubt to-morrow's Sun
Will see the Pirates bound — their haven won!
Meantime the watch may slumber, if they will,
Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.
Though all, who can, disperse on shore and seek
To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;
How well such deed becomes the turban'd brave —
To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!

Infest his dwelling — but forbear to slay,
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,
And do not deign to smite because they may!
Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,
To keep in practice for the coming foe.
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,
And they who wish to wear a head must smile;
For Moslem mouths produce their choicest cheer,
And hoard their curses, till the coast is clear.

II.

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;
Around — the bearded chiefs he came to lead.
Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff —
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to quaff,
Though to the rest the sober berry's juice (1)
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems' use;
The long chibouque's (2) dissolving cloud supply,
While dance the Almas (3) to wild minstrelsy.
The rising morn will view the chiefs embark;
But waves are somewhat treacherous in the dark:
And revellers may more securely sleep
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep;
Feast there who can — nor combat till they must,
And less to conquest than to Korans trust;
And yet the numbers crowded in his host
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's boast.

III.

With cautious reverence from the outer gate
Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to wait,

(1) Coffee. (2) "Chibouque," pipe. (3) Dancing girls.

s his bent head — his hand salutes the floor,
yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:
captive Dervise, from the pirate's nest
ped, is here — himself would tell the rest."(1)
ook the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,
led the holy man in silence nigh.
ırms were folded on his dark-green vest,
ıtep was feeble, and his look deprest;
worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,
pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.
d to his God — his sable locks he wore,
these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:
ınd his form his loose long robe was thrown,
wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;
ıissive, yet with self-possession mann'd,
almly met the curious eyes that scann'd;
question of his coming fain would seek,
·e the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

IV.

ıence com'st thou, Dervise?"
"From the outlaw's den,
gitive —"
"Thy capture where and when?"
ım Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,
Saick was bound; but Alla did not smile

: has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out ıre. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history. — ous to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Ma- entured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage character of his own ambassador; and Genseric was afterwards d by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Em- ' the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in of a hero."— See GIBBON's *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.

Upon our course — the Moslem merchant's gains
The Rovers won: our limbs have worn their chains.
I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,
Beyond the wandering freedom which I lost;
At length a fisher's humble boat by night
Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of flight;
I seized the hour, and find my safety here —
With thee — most mighty Pacha! who can fear?"

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock, to guard?
Dream they of this our preparation, doom'd
To view with fire their scorpion nest consumed?"

"Pacha! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,
That weeps for flight, but ill can play the spy;
I only heard the reckless waters roar,
Those waves that would not bear me from the shore;
I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,
Too bright — too blue — for my captivity;
And felt — that all which Freedom's bosom cheers,
Must break my chain before it dried my tears.
This may'st thou judge, at least, from my escape,
They little deem of aught in peril's shape;
Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the chance
That leads me here — if eyed with vigilance:
The careless guard that did not see me fly,
May watch as idly when thy power is nigh:
Pacha! — my limbs are faint — and nature craves
Food for my hunger, rest from tossing waves:
Permit my absence — peace be with thee! Peace
With all around! — now grant repose — release."

Dervise! I have more to question — stay,
mmand thee — sit — dost hear? — obey!
must ask, and food the slaves shall bring;
ıalt not pine where all are banqueting:
pper done — prepare thee to reply,
and full — I love not mystery."
vain to guess what shook the pious man,
ok'd not lovingly on that Divan;
ıw'd high relish for the banquet prest,
ıs respect for every fellow guest.
ıut a moment's peevish hectic past
ıis cheek, and tranquillised as fast:
: him down in silence, and his look
:d the calmness which before forsook:
ıst was usher'd in — but sumptuous fare
nn'd as if some poison mingled there.
: so long condemn'd to toil and fast,
ks he strangely spares the rich repast.
ails thee, Dervise? eat — dost thou suppose
ıst a Christian's? or my friends thy foes?
ıst thou shun the salt? that sacred pledge,
once partaken, blunts the sabre's edge,
even contending tribes in peace unite,
ted hosts seem brethren to the sight!"

easons dainties — and my food is still
mblest root, my drink the simplest rill;
ſ stern vow and order's (1) laws oppose
ık or mingle bread with friends or foes;

Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

It may seem strange—if there be aught to dread,
That peril rests upon my single head;
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's throne,
I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's rage
To Mecca's dome might bar my pilgrimage."
"Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—
One question answer; then in peace depart.
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!
Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!"

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!
His close but glittering casque, and sable plume,
More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit sprite,
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for fight.
The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow
Of flames on high, and torches from below;
The shriek of terror, and the mingling yell—
For swords began to clash, and shouts to swell—
Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!

Where wild Amazement shrieking — kneeling — throws
The sword aside — in vain — the blood o'erflows!
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,
A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!
But short their greeting — shorter his reply —
"'Tis well — but Seyd escapes — and he must die —
Much hath been done — but more remains to do —
Their galleys blaze — why not their city too?"

V.

Quick at the word — they seized him each a torch,
And fire the dome from minaret to porch.
A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,
But sudden sunk — for on his ear the cry
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell
Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's yell.
"Oh! burst the Haram — wrong not on your lives
One female form — remember — *we* have wives.
On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;
Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay:
But still we spared — must spare the weaker prey.
Oh! I forgot — but Heaven will not forgive
If at my word the helpless cease to live:
Follow who will — I go — we yet have time
Our souls to lighten of at least a crime."
He climbs the crackling stair — he bursts the door,
Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the floor;

His breath choked gasping with the volumed smoke,
But still from room to room his way he broke.
They search—they find—they save: with lusty arms
Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;
Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking frames
With all the care defenceless beauty claims:
So well could Conrad tame their fiercest mood,
And check the very hands with gore imbrued.
But who is she? whom Conrad's arms convey
From reeking pile and combat's wreck—away—
Who but the love of him he dooms to bleed?
The Haram queen—but still the slave of Seyd!

VI.

Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare, (1)
Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;
For in that pause compassion snatch'd from war,
The foe before retiring, fast and far,
With wonder saw their footsteps unpursued,
First slowlier fled—then rallied—then withstood.
This Seyd perceives, then first perceives how few,
Compared with his, the Corsair's roving crew,
And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes
The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.
Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—
Shame mounts to rage that must atone or die!
And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,
And those who fought for conquest strike for life.

(1) Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld
His followers faint by freshening foes repell'd:
"One effort—one—to break the circling host!"
They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!
Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,
Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—
Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,
Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er;
But each strikes singly, silently, and home,
And sinks outwearied rather than o'ercome,
His last faint quittance rendering with his breath
Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

VII.

But first, ere came the rallying host to blows,
And rank to rank, and hand to hand oppose,
Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids freed,
Safe in the dome of one who held their creed,
By Conrad's mandate safely were bestow'd,
And dried those tears for life and fame that flow'd.
And when that dark-eyed lady, young Gulnare,
Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in despair,
Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy
That smooth'd his accents; soften'd in his eye:
'Twas strange—*that* robber thus with gore bedew'd,
Seem'd gentler then than Seyd in fondest mood.
The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave
Must seem delighted with the heart he gave;
The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed affright,
As if his homage were a woman's right.

s wrong—nay, worse for female—vain:
long to view that chief again;
nk for, what my fear forgot,
y loving lord remember'd not!"

VIII.

saw, where thickest carnage spread,
breathing from the happier dead;
band, and battling with a host
ight dearly won the field he lost,
ding—baffled of the death he sought,
l to expiate all the ills he wrought;
linger and to live in vain,
ance ponder'd o'er new plans of pain,
l the blood she saves to shed again—
drop, for Seyd's unglutted eye
him ever dying—ne'er to die!
ne? triumphant late she saw,
d hand's wild gesture waved, a law!
d—disarm'd but undeprest,
et the life he still possest;
too slight, though taken with that will,
have kiss'd the hand that then could kill.
re none, of all the many given,
soul—he scarcely ask'd to heaven?
ne of all retain his breath,
an all had striven and struck for death?
lt—what mortal hearts must feel,
eversed on faithless fortune's wheel,
ommitted, and the victor's threat
tortures to repay the debt—

He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride
That led to perpetrate — now serves to hide.
Still in his stern and self-collected mien
A conqueror's more than captive's air is seen,
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffening wound,
But few that saw — so calmly gazed around:
Though the far shouting of the distant crowd,
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,
The better warriors who beheld him near,
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;
And the grim guards that to his durance led,
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

IX.

The Leech was sent — but not in mercy — there,
To note how much the life yet left could bear;
He found enough to load with heaviest chain,
And promise feeling for the wrench of pain:
To-morrow — yea — to-morrow's evening sun
Will sinking see impalement's pangs begun,
And rising with the wonted blush of morn
Behold how well or ill those pangs are borne.
Of torments this the longest and the worst,
Which adds all other agony to thirst,
That day by day death still forbears to slake,
While famish'd vultures flit around the stake.
"Oh! water — water!" — smiling Hate denies
The victim's prayer — for if he drinks — he dies.
This was his doom; — the Leech, the guard, were gone,
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

X.

paint to what his feelings grew—
oubtful if their victim knew.
a chaos of the mind,
ements convulsed—combined—
irring with perturbed force,
with impenitent Remorse;
iend—who never spake before—
arn'd thee!" when the deed is o'er.
e spirit burning but unbent,
ebel—the weak alone repent!
nely hour when most it feels,
ll—all that self reveals,
on, and no ruling thought
rest as once unseen, unsought;
ospect when the soul reviews—
ough their thousand avenues.
ams expiring, love's regret,
ry, life itself beset;
d, the contempt or hate
ho fain would triumph in our fate;
ast, the hasting future driven
to guess if hell or heaven;
s, and words, perhaps remember'd not
hat hour, but ne'er forgot;
lovely in their acted time,
rn reflection each a crime;
sense of evil unreveal'd,
less because the more conceal'd—
from which all eyes must start,
epulchre—the naked heart

Bares with its buried woes, till Pride awake,
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and break.
Ay—Pride can veil, and Courage brave it all,
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest fall.
Each has some fear, and he who least betrays,
The only hypocrite deserving praise:
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts and flies;
But he who looks on death—and silent dies.
So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,
He half-way meets him should he menace near!

XI.

In the high chamber of his highest tower
Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.
His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort
Contain'd at once his captive and his court.
Not much could Conrad of his sentence blame,
His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the same:—
Alone he sate—in solitude had scann'd
His guilty bosom, but that breast he mann'd:
One thought alone he could not—dared not meet—
"Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?"
Then—only then—his clanking hands he raised,
And strain'd with rage the chain on which he gazed:
But soon he found—or feign'd—or dream'd relief,
And smiled in self-derision of his grief,
"And now come torture when it will—or may
More need of rest to nerve me for the day!"
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,
And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.
'Twas hardly midnight when that fray begun,
For Conrad's plans matured, at once were done:

And Havoc loathes so much the waste of time,
She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.
One hour beheld him since the tide he stemm'd—
Disguised—discover'd—conquering—ta'en—condemn'd—
A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep—
Destroying—saving—prison'd—and asleep!

XII.

He slept in calmest seeming—for his breath
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in death!
He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber bends?
His foes are gone—and here he hath no friends;
Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly face!
Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid
Of that closed eye, which opens but to pain,
And once unclosed—but once may close again.
That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so fair,
And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided hair;
With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute—
Through guards and dunnest night how came it there?
Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?
Whom youth and pity lead like thee, Gulnare!
She could not sleep—and while the Pacha's rest
In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-guest,
She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand before—
And with it, scarcely question'd, won her way
Through drowsy guards that must that sign obey.

Worn out with toil, and tired with changing blows,
Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;
And chill and nodding at the turret door,
They stretch their listless limbs, and watch no more:
Just raised their heads to hail the signet-ring,
Nor ask or what or who the sign may bring.

XIII.

She gazed in wonder, "Can he calmly sleep,
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?
And mine in restlessness are wandering here—
What sudden spell hath made this man so dear?
True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,
And me and mine he spared from worse than woe:
'Tis late to think—but soft—his slumber breaks—
How heavily he sighs!—he starts—awakes!"

He raised his head—and dazzled with the light,
His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:
He moved his hand—the grating of his chain
Too harshly told him that he lived again.
"What is that form? if not a shape of air,
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wond'rous fair!"

"Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am one,
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely done;
Look on me—and remember her, thy hand
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more fearful band.
I come through darkness—and I scarce know why—
Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die."

so, kind lady! thine the only eye
; would not here in that gay hope delight:
rs is the chance—and let them use their right.
still I thank their courtesy or thine,
; would confess me at so fair a shrine!"
ıge though it seem—yet with extremest grief
ık'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
: playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,
smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles;
sometimes with the wisest and the best,
even the scaffold (1) echoes with their jest!
not the joy to which it seems akin—
ay deceive all hearts, save that within.
ıte'er it was that flash'd on Conrad, now
ughing wildness half unbent his brow:
these his accents had a sound of mirth,
f the last he could enjoy on earth;
'gainst his nature—for through that short life,
thoughts had he to spare from gloom and strife

XIV.

ırsair! thy doom is named—but I have power
oothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.
ɜ would I spare—nay more—would save thee now,
this—time—hope—nor even thy strength allow;
all I can, I will: at least delay
sentence that remits thee scarce a day.

ın Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, Tower, when grasping her neck, she remarked, that it "was too r to trouble the headsman much." During one part of the French ıtion, it became a fashion to leave some "mot" as a legacy; and the ty of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a :holy jest-book of a considerable size.

More now were ruin—even thyself were loth
The vain attempt should bring but doom to both."

"Yes!—loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to all,
Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:
Tempt not thyself with peril; me with hope
Of flight from foes with whom I could not cope:
Unfit to vanquish—shall I meanly fly,
The one of all my band that would not die?
Yet there is one—to whom my memory clings,
Till to these eyes her own wild softness springs.
My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—my God!
The last I left in youth—he leaves me now—
And Man but works his will to lay me low.
I have no thought to mock his throne with prayer
Wrung from the coward crouching of despair;
It is enough—I breathe—and I can bear.
My sword is shaken from the worthless hand
That might have better kept so true a brand;
My bark is sunk or captive—but my love—
For her in sooth my voice would mount above:
Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—
And this will break a heart so more than kind,
And blight a form—till thine appear'd, Gulnare!
Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as fair."

"Thou lov'st another then?—but what to me
Is this—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can be:
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy those
Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can repose,

feel the void—the wandering thought
'er visions—such as mine hath wrought."

ethought thy love was his, for whom
deem'd thee from a fiery tomb."
tern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—not my
ve—
iis heart, that strives no more, once strove
passion—but it would not be.
el—love dwells with—with the free.
, a favour'd slave at best,
s splendour, and seem very blest!
y soul the question undergo,
thou love?' and burn to answer, 'No!'
is that fondness to sustain,
e not to feel averse in vain;
still the heart's recoil to bear,
om one—perhaps another there.
e hand I give not—nor withhold—
check'd—nor quicken'd—calmly cold:
esign'd, it drops a lifeless weight
never loved enough to hate.
these lips return by his imprest,
remembrance shudders o'er the rest.
I ever proved that passion's zeal,
to hatred were at least to feel:
e goes unmourn'd—returns unsought—
n present—absent from my thought.
lection comes—and come it must—
enceforth 'twill but bring disgust;
ve—but, in despite of pride,
e than bondage to become his bride.

Oh! that this dotage of his breast would cease!
Or seek another and give mine release,
But yesterday — I could have said, to peace!
Yes — if unwonted fondness now I feign,
Remember — captive! 'tis to break thy chain;
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe;
To give thee back to all endear'd below,
Who share such love as I can never know.
Farewell — morn breaks — and I must now away:
'Twill cost me dear — but dread no death to-day!"

XV.

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,
And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to depart,
And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.
And was she here? and is he now alone?
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er his chain?
The tear most sacred, shed for others' pain,
That starts at once — bright — pure — from Pity's mine,
Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing — dangerously dear —
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!
That weapon of her weakness she can wield,
To save, subdue — at once her spear and shield:
Avoid it — Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye.
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven,
By this — how many lose not earth — but heaven!

gn their souls to man's eternal foe,
eal their own to spare some wanton's woe.

XVI.

orn — and o'er his alter'd features play
eams — without the hope of yesterday.
shall he be ere night? perchance a thing
vhich the raven flaps her funeral wing:
s closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
sets that sun, and dews of evening melt,
— wet — and misty round each stiffen'd limb,
shing earth — reviving all but him! —

THE CORSAIR.

CANTO THE THIRD.

"Come vedi — ancor non m'abbandona."
DANTE.

I.

nore lovely ere his race be run, (1)
's hills the setting sun;
rthern climes, obscurely bright,
ıuded blaze of living light!
'd deep the yellow beam he throws,
ın wave, that trembles as it glows.
ı's rock, and Idra's isle,
ladness sheds his parting smile;
regions lingering, loves to shine,
his altars are no more divine.
ıst the mountain shadows kiss
gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!
rches through the long expanse
ɔurpled meet his mellowing glance,
t tints, along their summits driven,
course, and own the hues of heaven;
aded from the land and deep,
ɛlphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

ines, as far as section ii., have, perhaps, little business
exed to an unpublished (though printed) poem; but
n the spot, in the Spring of 1811, and — I scarce know
ıust excuse their appearance here — if he can. [See

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,
When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd his last.
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell ray,
That closed their murder'd sage's (1) latest day!
Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—
The precious hour of parting lingers still;
But sad his light to agonising eyes,
And dark the mountain's once delightful dyes:
Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to pour,
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd before;
But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit fled;
The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,
The queen of night asserts her silent reign. (2)
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing form;
With cornice glimmering as the moon-beams play,
There the white column greets her grateful ray,
And, bright around with quivering beams beset,
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and wide
Where meek Cephisus pours his scanty tide,
The cypress saddening by the sacred mosque,
The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk, (3)

(1) Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

(2) The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country: the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

(3) The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which

and sombre 'mid the holy calm,
seus' fane yon solitary palm,
l with varied hues arrest the eye—
were his that pass'd them heedless by.
: Ægean, heard no more afar,
chafed breast from elemental war;
waves in milder tints unfold
ɜ array of sapphire and of gold,
h the shades of many a distant isle,
n—where gentler ocean seems to smile.(1)

II.

ny theme—why turn my thoughts to thee?
can look along thy native sea,
upon thy name, whate'er the tale,
its magic must o'er all prevail?
beheld that Sun upon thee set,
ns! could thine evening face forget?
whose heart nor time nor distance frees,
ıd within the clustering Cyclades!
ɜ this homage foreign to his strain,
ir's isle was once thine own domain—
ıt with freedom it were thine again!

---

he wall intervenes. — Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and stream at all.

brilliant skies and variegated landscapes of Greece every one himself a general notion, from having contemplated them azy atmosphere of some prose narration; but, in Lord Byron's image is distinct and glowing, as if it were illuminated by its ıe; and in the figures which people the landscape we behold, general form and costume, but the countenance, and the the play of features and of gesture accompanying, and in- udden impulses of momentary feelings. The magic of colour- his is effected is, perhaps, the most striking evidence of Lord :.—GEORGE ELLIS.]

III.

The Sun hath sunk — and, darker than the night,
Sinks with its beam upon the beacon height
Medora's heart — the third day's come and gone —
With it he comes not — sends not — faithless one!
The wind was fair though light; and storms were
Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and yet [none.
His only tidings that they had not met!
Though wild, as now, far different were the tale
Had Conrad waited for that single sail.
The night-breeze freshens—she that day had pass'd
In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a mast;
Sadly she sate — on high — Impatience bore
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,
And there she wander'd, heedless of the spray
That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd away:
She saw not — felt not this — nor dared depart,
Nor deem'd it cold — her chill was at her heart;
Till grew such certainty from that suspense —
His very Sight had shock'd from life or sense!

It came at last — a sad and shatter'd boat,
Whose inmates first beheld whom first they sought;
Some bleeding—all most wretched—these the few—
Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all they knew.
In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's fate:
Something they would have said; but seem'd to fear
To trust their accents to Medora's ear.
She saw at once, yet sunk not — trembled not —
Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot,
Within that meek fair form, were feelings high,
That deem'd not till they found their energy.

yet was Hope — they soften'd — flutter'd —
wept —
t — that softness died not — but it slept;
er its slumber rose that Strength which said,
nothing left to love — there 's nought to
dread."
ore than nature's; like the burning might
m gathers from the fever's height.

t you stand — nor would I hear you tell
-speak not—breathe not—for I know it well—
uld I ask — almost my lip denies
quick your answer — tell me where he lies."

! we know not — scarce with life we fled;
re is one denies that he is dead:
r him bound; and bleeding—but alive."

ard no further — 'twas in vain to strive —
obb'd each vein — each thought — till then
withstood;
rn dark soul — these words at once subdued:
tters — falls — and senseless had the wave
nce but snatch'd her from another grave;
at with hands though rude, yet weeping eyes,
ield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:
'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,
—fan—sustain—till life returns anew;
her handmaids, with the matrons leave
inting form o'er which they gaze and grieve;
eek Anselmo's cavern, to report
le too tedious—when the triumph short.

IV.

In that wild council words wax'd warm and strange
With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and revenge;
All, save repose or flight: still lingering there
Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade despair;
Whate'er his fate — the breasts he form'd and led
Will save him living, or appease him dead.
Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,
Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts are true.

V.

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate (1)
Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Captive's fate
His thoughts on love and hate alternate dwell,
Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's cell;
Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined
Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom of mind:
While many an anxious glance her large dark eye
Sends in its idle search for sympathy,
His only bends in seeming o'er his beads, (2)
But inly views his victim as he bleeds.

"Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest
Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the rest!
His doom is fix'd—he dies: and well his fate
Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for thy hate:
Methinks, a short release, for ransom told
With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;

(1) [The whole of this section was added in the course of printing. — E.]

(2) The combololo, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

ort speaks largely of his pirate-hoard—
ld that of this my Pacha were the lord!
le baffled, weaken'd by this fatal fray—
ch'd—follow'd—he were then an easier prey;
once cut off—the remnant of his band
ark their wealth, and seek a safer strand."

lnare!—if for each drop of blood a gem
e offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;
r each hair of his a massy mine
irgin ore should supplicating shine;
l our Arab tales divulge or dream
ealth were here—that gold should not redeem!
d not now redeem'd a single hour;
that I know him fetter'd, in my power;
, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
angs that longest rack, and latest kill."

y, Seyd! — I seek not to restrain thy rage,
justly moved for mercy to assuage;
thoughts were only to secure for thee
riches — thus released, he were not free:
bled, shorn of half his might and band,
capture could but wait thy first command."

s capture *could!* — and shall I then resign
day to him — the wretch already mine?
ase my foe!—at whose remonstrance?—thine!
suitor! — to thy virtuous gratitude,
: thus repays this Giaour's relenting mood,
ch thee and thine alone of all could spare,
loubt — regardless if the prize were fair,

My thanks and praise alike are due — now hear!
I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion heard.
Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai —
Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
Thou need'st not answer — thy confession speaks,
Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware:
'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!
Another word and — nay — I need no more.
Accursed was the moment when he bore
Thee from the flames, which better far — but — no —
I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's woe —
Now 'tis thy lord that warns — deceitful thing!
Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
Look to thyself — nor deem thy falsehood safe!"

He rose — and slowly, sternly thence withdrew,
Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:
Ah! little reck'd that chief of womanhood —
Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces subdued;
And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gulnare!
When soft could feel, and when incensed could dare.
His doubts appear'd to wrong — nor yet she knew
How deep the root from whence compassion grew —
She was a slave — from such may captives claim
A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;
Still half unconscious — heedless of his wrath,
Again she ventured on the dangerous path,

and impious prayer attract alike—
roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike:
'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
e faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

VIII.

ht pass'd—and to the massy door
came—it paused—it moved once more,
the grating bolt and sullen key:
heart foreboded—that fair she!
er sins, to him a guardian saint,
ous still as hermit's hope can paint;
d since last within that cell she came,
er cheek, more tremulous her frame:
cast her dark and hurried eye,
e before her accents—"Thou must die!
ust die—there is but one resource,
the worst—if torture were not worse."

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t on a similar occasion, 'By G—d, *that* is *my* thunder!'
This is *my* lightning! I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in
trowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost
ilar to Conrad's in the third canto of the 'Corsair.' I,
y this to accuse you, but to except myself from suspi
priority of six months' publication, on my part, between
f that composition and of your tragedies." *Lord B. to*
25. 1815. — The following are the lines in Mr Sotheby's

——"And I have leapt
nsport rom my flinty couch, to welcome
thunder as it burst upon my roof;
eckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
parkled on these fetters."

Lord Byron's precaution, the
, some years after, in a perit-

The life thou leav'st below, denied above
By kind monopolists of heavenly love;
And more than doubtful paradise—thy heaven
Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee rivet
Such were the thoughts that outlaw must sustai
And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:
And those sustain'd he—boots it well or ill?
Since not to sink beneath, is something still!

VII.

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—Gulnare
The second—third—and still she came not the
But what her words avouch'd, her charms had d
Or else he had not seen another sun.
The fourth day roll'd along, and with the night
Came storm and darkness in their mingling migl
Oh! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep:
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of his own element!
Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,
And loved its roughness for the speed it gave;
And now its dashing echo'd on his ear,
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly loud,
Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-cloud;
And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,
To him more genial than the midnight star:
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his ch
And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.
He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and pray'd
One pitying flash to mar the form it made: (1)

(1) ["By the way—I have a charge against you. As the grea

As steel and impious prayer attract alike—
The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to strike;
The peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt alone,
As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

VIII.

The midnight pass'd—and to the massy door
A light step came—it paused—it moved once more,
Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:
'Tis as his heart foreboded—that fair she!
Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can paint;
Yet changed since last within that cell she came,
More pale her cheek, more tremulous her frame:
On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,
Which spoke before her accents—"Thou must die!
Yes, thou must die—there is but one resource,
The last—the worst—if torture were not worse."

Dennis roared out on a similar occasion, 'By G—d, *that* is *my* thunder!'—so do I exclaim, '*This* is *my* lightning! I allude to a speech of Ivan's, in the scene with Petrowna and the Empress, where the thought and almost expression are similar to Conrad's in the third canto of the 'Corsair.' I, however, do not say this to accuse you, but to except myself from suspicion; as there is a priority of six months' publication, on my part, between the appearance of that composition and of your tragedies."—*Lord B. to Mr. Sotheby*, Sept. 25. 1815.—The following are the lines in Mr. Sotheby's tragedy:—

——"And I have leapt
In transport from my flinty couch, to welcome
The thunder as it burst upon my roof,
And beckon'd to the lightning, as it flash'd
And sparkled on these fetters."

Notwithstanding Lord Byron's precaution, the coincidence in question was cited against him, some years after, in a periodical journal.—E.

" Lady! I look to none—my lips proclaim
What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still the same
Why should'st thou seek an outlaw's life to spare,
And change the sentence I deserve to bear?
Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the meed
Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless deed."

" Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst thou no
Redeem my life from worse than slavery's lot?
Why should I seek?—hath misery made thee blin
To the fond workings of a woman's mind!
And must I say? albeit my heart rebel
With all that woman feels, but should not tell—
Because—despite thy crimes—that heart is moved
It fear'd thee—thank'd thee—pitied—madden'
—loved.
Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,
Thou lov'st another—and I love in vain;
Though fond as mine her bosom, form more fair,
I rush through peril which she would not dare.
If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,
Were I thine own—thou wert not lonely here·
An outlaw's spouse—and leave her lord to roam!
What hath such gentle dame to do with home?
But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er my head
Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;
If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be free,
Receive this poniard—rise—and follow me!"

" Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently tread,
With these adornments, o'er each slumbering head!

Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for flight?
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?"

Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the guard,
Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.
A single word of mine removes that chain:
Without some aid how here could I remain?
Well, since we met, hath sped my busy time,
If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:
The crime—'tis none to punish those of Seyd.
That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must bleed!
I see thee shudder—but my soul is changed—
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled—and it shall be avenged—
Accused of what till now my heart disdain'd—
Too faithful, though to bitter bondage chain'd.
Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to sneer,
I was not treacherous then—nor thou too dear;
But he has said it—and the jealous well,
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel,
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat high—
Since with me came a heart he could not buy.
I was a slave unmurmuring: he hath said,
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.
'Twas false thou know'st—but let such augurs rue,
Their words are omens Insult renders true.
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;
This fleeting grace was only to prepare
New torments for thy life, and my despair.
Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:

When wearier of these fleeting charms and me,
There yawns the sack—and yonder rolls the sea!
What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,
To wear but till the gilding frets away?
I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—would sav
If but to show how grateful is a slave.
But had he not thus menaced fame and life,
(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced in strife
I still had saved thee—but the Pacha spared.
Now I am all thine own—for all prepared:
Thou lov'st me not—nor know'st—or but the wor
Alas! this love—that hatred are the first—
Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou would'st n
start,
Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now
It points within the port a Mainote prow:
But in one chamber, where our path must lead,
There sleeps—he must not wake—the oppresso
Seyd!"

Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life.
Thine saved I gladly, Lady, not for this—
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.

Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast!
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews shake,
And thy limbs writhe around the ready stake.
I heard the order—saw—I will not see—
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.
My life—my love—my hatred—all below
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!
Without it flight were idle—how evade
His sure pursuit? my wrongs too unrepaid,
My youth disgraced—the long, long wasted years,
One blow shall cancel with our future fears;
But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,
I'll try the firmness of a female hand.
The guards are gain'd—one moment all were o'er—
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

IX.

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,
But his glance followed far with eager eye;
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,
Since bar and bolt no more his steps preclude,
He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where
That passage led; nor lamp nor guard were there:
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?

Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bea
Full on his brow, as if from morning air—
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye
Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing sky:
Yet scarcely heeded these—another light
From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.
Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing door
Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.
With hasty step a figure outward past, [last
Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis She!
No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—
"Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!
Again he look'd, the wildness of her eye
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.
She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-floating hair
That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:
As if she late had bent her leaning head
Above some object of her doubt or dread.
They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—
Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—
Its hue was all he saw, and scarce withstood—
Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood

X.

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone
O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown;
He had been tempted—chasten'd—and the chain
Yet on his arms might ever there remain:
But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—
From all his feelings in their inmost force—
So thrill'd—so shudder'd every creeping vein,
As now they froze before that purple stain.

That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,
Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!
Blood he had view'd—could view unmoved—but then
It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

XI.

"'Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is done.
Corsair! he perish'd—thou art dearly won.
All words would now be vain — away — away!
Our bark is tossing — 'tis already day.
The few gain'd over, now are wholly mine,
And these thy yet surviving band shall join:
Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,
When once our sail forsakes this hated strand."

XII.

She clapp'd her hands — and through the gallery pour,
Equipp'd for flight, her vassals — Greek and Moor;
Silent but quick they stoop, his chains unbind;
Once more his limbs are free as mountain wind!
But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,
As if they there transferr'd that iron weight.
No words are utter'd — at her sign, a door
Reveals the secret passage to the shore;
The city lies behind — they speed, they reach
The glad waves dancing on the yellow beach;
And Conrad following, at her beck, obey'd,
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray'd;
Resistance were as useless as if Seyd
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

XIII.

Embark'd, the sail unfurl'd, the light breeze blew—
How much had Conrad's memory to review!
Sunk he in Contemplation, till the cape
Where last he anchor'd rear'd its giant shape.
Ah! — since that fatal night, though brief the time,
Had swept an age of terror, grief, and crime.
As its far shadow frown'd above the mast,
He veil'd his face, and sorrow'd as he pass'd;
He thought of all — Gonsalvo and his band,
His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:
He turn'd and saw — Gulnare, the homicide!

XIV.

She watch'd his features till she could not bear
Their freezing aspect and averted air,
And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,
Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.
She knelt beside him and his hand she press'd,
"Thou may'st forgive though Allah's self detest;
But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?
Reproach me — but not yet — Oh! spare me *now!*
I am not what I seem — this fearful night
My brain bewilder'd — do not madden quite!
If I had never loved — though less my guilt,
Thou hadst not lived to — hate me — if thou wilt."

XV.

She wrongs his thoughts, they more himself upbraid
Than her, though undesign'd, the wretch he made;
But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexprest,
They bleed within that silent cell — his breast.

, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,
ves sport around the stern they urge;
orizon's verge appears a speck,
nast—a sail—an armed deck!
ark her men of watch descry,
canvass woos the wind from high;
r down majestically near,
r prow, and terror in her tier;
en — the ball beyond her bow
less, hissing to the deep below.
n Conrad from his silent trance,
absent gladness in his glance;
— my blood-red flag! again — again —
deserted on the main!"
ıe signal, answer to the hail,
e boat at once, and slacken sail.
d! Conrad!" shouting from the deck,
or duty could their transport check!
lacrity and gaze of pride,
im mount once more his vessel's side;
xing in each rugged face,
can scarce forbear a rough embrace.
getting danger and defeat,
ir greeting as a chief may greet,
ı a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,
e yet can conquer and command!

XVI.

ings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,
o win him back without a blow;
repared for vengeance—had they known
ıand secured that deed her own,

She were their queen—less scrupulous are they
Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.
With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,
They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;
And her, at once above—beneath her sex,
Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex.
To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;
Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.
Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,
Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII.

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less?—(1)
Hate of that deed—but grief for her distress;
What she has done no tears can wash away,
And Heaven must punish on its angry day:
But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,
For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;
And he was free!—and she for him had given
Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!
And now he turn'd him to that dark'd-eyed slave
Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he gave,
Who now seem'd changed and humbled:—faint and meek,
But varying oft the colour of her cheek

(1) ["I have added a section for *Gulnare*, to fill up the parting, and dismiss her more ceremoniously. If Mr. Gifford or you dislike, 'tis but a *sponge* and another midnight."—*Lord B. to Mr. M.* Jan. 11. 1814.—E.]

To deeper shades of paleness—all its red
That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!
He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—
So soft in love—so wildly nerved in hate;
He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his own
Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.
"Gulnare!"—but she replied not—"dear Gulnare!
She raised her eye—her only answer there—
At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:
If he had driven her from that resting-place,
His had been more or less than mortal heart,
But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.
Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,
His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss
That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,
The first, the last that Frailty stole from Faith—
To lips where Love had lavish'd all his breath,
To lips—whose broken sighs such fragrance fling
As he had fann'd them freshly with his wing!

XVIII.

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely isle.
To them the very rocks appear to smile;
The haven hums with many a cheering sound,
The beacons blaze their wonted stations round,
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,
And sportive dolphins bend them through the spray
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, discordant shriek,
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless beak!
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice gleams
Their fancy paints the friends that trim the beams

Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's troubled foam?

XIX.

The lights are high on beacon and from bower,
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's tower:
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all remark,
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.
Tis strange—of yore its welcome never fail'd,
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only veil'd.
With the first boat descends he for the shore,
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,
To bear him like an arrow to that height!
With the first pause the resting rowers gave,
He waits not—looks not—leaps into the wave,
Strives through the surge, bestrides the beach, and high
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.

He reach'd his turret door—he paused—no sound
Broke from within; and all was night around.
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor reply
Announced that any heard or deem'd him nigh;
He knock'd—but faintly—for his trembling hand
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.
The portal opens—'tis a well known face—
But not the form he panted to embrace.
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,
And fail'd to frame the question they delay'd;
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer all—
It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.

would not wait for that reviving ray—
soon could he have linger'd there for day;
, glimmering through the dusky corridore,
)ther chequers o'er the shadow'd floor;
steps the chamber gain — his eyes behold
that his heart believed not — yet foretold!

XX.

turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—fix'd his look,
d set the anxious frame that lately shook:
gazed — how long we gaze despite of pain,
l know, but dare not own, we gaze in vain!
life itself she was so still and fair,
it death with gentler aspect wither'd there;
d the cold flowers (1) her colder hand contain'd,
that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd
if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,
d made it almost mockery yet to weep:
e long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
d veil'd — thought shrinks from all that lurk'd
below —
! o'er the eye Death most exerts his might,
d hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
ks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
: spares, as yet, the charm around her lips —
, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
d wish'd repose — but only for a while;
the white shroud, and each extended tress,
ig—fair — but spread in utter lifelessness,

In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Which, late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—
But she is nothing — wherefore is he here?

XXI.

He ask'd no question — all were answer'd now
By the first glance on that still — marble brow.
It was enough — she died — what reck'd it how?
The love of youth, the hope of better years,
The source of softest wishes, tenderest fears,
The only living thing he could not hate,
Was reft at once — and he deserved his fate,
But did not feel it less;—the good explore,
For peace, those realms where guilt can never soar:
The proud — the wayward — who have fix'd below
Their joy, and find this earth enough for woe,
Lose in that one their all — perchance a mite —
But who in patience parts with all delight?
Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern
Mask hearts where grief hath little left to learn
And many a withering thought lies hid, not lost,
In smiles that least befit who wear them most.

XXII.

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest
The indistinctness of the suffering breast;
Where thousand thoughts begin to end in one,
Which seeks from all the refuge found in none;
No words suffice the secret soul to show,
For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.

ı Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion prest,
ıd stupor almost lull'd it into rest;
feeble now—his mother's softness crept
› those wild eyes, which like an infant's wept:
was the very weakness of his brain,
hich thus confess'd without relieving pain
›ne saw his trickling tears—perchance, if seen,
ıat useless flood of grief had never been:
›r long they flow'd—he dried them to depart,
helpless—hopeless—brokenness of heart:
ıe sun goes forth—but Conrad's day is dim;
nd the night cometh—ne'er to pass from him.
ıere is no darkness like the cloud of mind,
ı Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the blind!
'hich may not—dare not see—but turns aside
› blackest shade—nor will endure a guide!

XXIII.

is heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong; (1)
ɛtray'd too early, and beguiled too long;
ıch feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew
'ithin the grot; like that had harden'd too;
ess clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,
ut sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.
et tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock,
'such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.
here grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,
hough dark the shade—it shelter'd—saved till now.
he thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,
he Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:
'he gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell
ts tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell;

(2) [These sixteen lines are not in the original MS.—E.]

And of its cold protector, blacken round
But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

XXIV.

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely hour
Few dare; though now Anselmo sought his tower.
He was not there—nor seen along the shore;
Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed o'er:
Another morn—another bids them seek,
And shout his name till echo waxeth weak;
Mount—grotto—cavern—valley search'd in vain,
They find on shore a sea-boat's broken chain:
Their hope revives—they follow o'er the main.
'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,
And Conrad comes not—came not since that day:
Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom declare
Where lives his grief, or perish'd his despair!
Long mourn'd his band whom none could mourn beside;
And fair the monument they gave his bride:
For him they raise not the recording stone—
His death yet dubious, deeds too widely known;
He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.(1)

(1) [In "The Corsair," Lord Byron first felt himself at full liberty; and then all at once he shows the unbroken stream of his native eloquence, of rapid narrative, of vigorous and intense, yet unforced, imagery, sentiment, and thought; of extraordinary elasticity, transparency, purity, ease, and harmony of language; of an arrangement of words, never trite, yet always simple and flowing;—in such a perfect expression of ideas, always impressive, generally pointed, frequently passionate, and often new, that it is perspicuity itself, with not a superfluous word, and not a word out of its natural place. It is strange that he who was so young, who had led a life of adventure more than of study, nay, who had often

a good deal encumbered in his phraseology, could all at once arrive
xcellence. It must have been the exaltation of spirit caused by
ry and unexpected favour, which, by removing the gloom from his
nparted extraordinary vigour to his intellect. — Sir E. Brydges.]

"Corsair" is written in the regular heroic couplet, with a spirit,
, and variety of tone, of which, notwithstanding the example of
we scarcely believed that measure susceptible. It was yet to be
hat this, the most ponderous and stately verse in our language,
accommodated to the variations of a tale of passion and of pity,
l the breaks, starts, and transitions of an adventurous and dra-
ırration. This experiment Lord Byron has made, with equal
and success; and has satisfied us, that the oldest and most respect-
sure that is known amongst us, is at least as flexible as any other,
ble, in the hands of a master, of vibrations as strong and rapid as
a lighter structure. — Jeffrey.]

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e point of honour which is represented in one instance of Con-
racter has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may
e in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother
r in the year 1814: — "Our readers have all seen the account of the
e against the pirates of Barrataria; but few, we believe, were in-
f the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the
ion of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a
e following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has
knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers.
aria is a bay, or a narrow arm of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through
t very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi
een miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches
numerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the sev erest
It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south-west
these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous
, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and
The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year
a band of pirates under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte.
najority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the
Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo during the
there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the last
veen France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave
nd with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony,
ered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana,
the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified
Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which

forbad the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, rece assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, th bation of the General Government for their retaining this pr The island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., lo and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like C Moor, had mixed with his many vices some virtues. In the year party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attentic Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 5(for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inl of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connection, and having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, whi learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The rewa was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answer offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the G The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to I island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to th New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the comm man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, ap very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then i found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from t avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Cl Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared hi offered him that which would have made the honest soldier eas remainder of his days; which was indignantly refused. He then, approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumsta some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment coul expected from them until augmented; for an officer of the navy, w of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelm of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy autho attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been th and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans i an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong force." — *American Newspaper.*

In Noble's continuation of Granger's Biographical History th singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as measure connected with the profession of the hero of the f poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it. — "There thing mysterious in the history and character of Dr. Blackbourn former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his ol Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are i

kbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office ed in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnet's death, in 1704, ied it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held e archdeanery of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, 24. 1716; and translated to York, November 28. 1724, as a reward, to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. rever, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbehaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the is youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, ot appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible er should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the gedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he ikspeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned ; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was ily educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to 1 a pleasant man; this however was turned against him, by its , 'he gained more hearts than souls.'"

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only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Al- I.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and -daughter of Philip II. King of Spain.—Her dying words sunk his memory; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and after the last Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, editate on the vanity of human life."—*Gibbon's Miscellaneous* ol. iii. p. 473.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

REMARKS

ON THE ROMAIC OR MODERN GREEK LANGUAGE, WITH SPECIMENS AND TRANSLATIONS.*

AMONGST an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses n for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so publications on general subjects, than that we find any at all. The whole ber of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and where, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty umber, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion books and their authors, as the Greeks of the present century. "Ay," say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the orance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, "ay, these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good nothing." Well, and pray what else can they write about? It is sant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may se the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse y government except his own, and who may range at will over every losophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject; sneering at Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch cience for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and ned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philo- hy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. at then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion, and holy raphy: and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life ld look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, above fifteen should have touched on any thing but religion. The logue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth me of Meletius's Ecclesiastical History. From this I subjoin an extract ose who have written on general subjects; which will be followed by specimens of the Romaic.

[These "Remarks" were written in the spring of 1811, while Lord n was in the Capuchin Convent at Athens. See *ante*, p. 4. note. —E.]

LIST OF ROMAIC AUTHORS.*

Neophitus, Diakonos (the deacon) of the Morea, has published an extensive grammar, and also some political regulations, which last were left unfinished at his death.

Prokopius, of Moscopolis (a town in Epirus), has written and published a catalogue of the learned Greeks.

Seraphin, of Pericles, is the author of many works in the Turkish language, but Greek character; for the Christians of Caramania, who do not speak Romaic, but read the character.

Eustathius Psalidas, of Bucharest, a physician, made the tour of England for the purpose of study (*χάριν μαθήσεως*): but though his name is enumerated, it is not stated that he has written any thing.

Kallinikus Torgeraus, Patriarch of Constantinople: many poems of his are extant, and also prose tracts, and a catalogue of patriarchs since the last taking of Constantinople.

Anastasius Macedon, of Naxos, member of the royal academy of Warsaw. A church biographer.

Demetrius Pamperes, a Moscopolite, has written many works, particularly "A Commentary on Hesiod's Shield of Hercules," and two hundred tales (of what is not specified), and has published his correspondence with the celebrated George of Trebizond, his contemporary.

Meletius, a celebrated geographer; and author of the book from whence these notices are taken.

Dorotheus, of Mitylene, an Aristotelian philosopher: his Hellenic works are in great repute, and he is esteemed by the moderns (I quote the words of Meletius) *μετὰ τὸν Θουκυδίδην καὶ Ξενοφῶντα ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων.* I add further, on the authority of a well-informed Greek, that he was so famous amongst his countrymen, that they were accustomed to say, if Thucydides and Xenophon were wanting, he was capable of repairing the loss.

Marinus Count Tharboures, of Cephalonia, professor of chemistry in the academy of Padua, and member of that academy, and those of Stockholm and Upsal. He has published, at Venice, an account of some marine animal, and a treatise on the properties of iron.

Marcus, brother to the former, famous in mechanics. He removed to St. Petersburg the immense rock on which the statue of Peter the Great was fixed in 1769. See the dissertation which he published in Paris, 1777.

George Constantine has published a four-tongued lexicon.

George Ventote; a lexicon in French, Italian, and Romaic.

There exist several other dictionaries in Latin and Romaic, French, &c.; besides grammars, in every modern language, except English.

Amongst the living authors the following are most celebrated †:—

Athanasius Parios has written a treatise on rhetoric in Hellenic.

Christodoulos, an Acarnanian, has published, in Vienna, some physical treatises in Hellenic.

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* It is to be observed that the names given are not in chronological order, but consist of some selected at a venture from amongst those who flourished from the taking of Constantinople to the time of Meletius.

† These names are not taken from any publication.

igiotes Kodrikas, an Athenian, the Romaic translator of Fonte-
"Plurality of Worlds" (a favourite work amongst the Greeks), is
to be a teacher of the Hellenic and Arabic languages in Paris; in
f which he is an adept.
anasius, the Parian, author of a treatise on rhetoric.
nzo Damodos, of Cephalonia, has written "ὡς τὸ μισοδάςζαςεν," on
nd physics.
ı Kamarases, a Byzantine, has translated into French Ocellus on the
rse. He is said to be an excellent Hellenist and Latin scholar.
;orio Demetrius published, in Vienna, a geographical work: he has
anslated several Italian authors, and printed his versions at Venice.
oray and Psalida some account has been already given.

GREEK WAR SONG.*

ΔΕΥ΄ΤΕ, παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων,
ὁ καῖρος τῆς δόξης ἦλθεν,
ἂς φανῶμεν ἄξιοι ἐκείνων
ποῦ μᾶς δῶσαν τὴν ἀρχήν·
Ἂς πατήσωμεν ἀνδρείως
τὸν ζυγὸν τῆς τυραννίδος.
Ἐκδικήσωμεν πατρίδος
καθ' ὕνειδος αἰσχρόν.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν·
παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἄγωμεν.
ποταμιδὸν ἐχθρῶν τὸ αἷμα
ἂς τρέξῃ ὑπὸ ποδών.

Ὅθεν εἶσθε τῶν Ἑλλήνων
κόκκαλα ἀνδρειωμένα;
πνεύματα ἐσκορπισμένα,
τώρα λάβετε πνοήν;
Ὡσ την φωνὴν τῆς σαλπιγγός μου
συναχθήτε ὅλα ὅμου·
τὴν ἐπτάλοφον ζητεῖτε,
καὶ νικᾶτε πρὸ παντοῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, &c.

* translation of this song will be found among the smaller Poems, in
third volume.

Σπάρτα, Σπάρτα, τί κοιμᾶσθε
ὕπνον λήθαργον, βαθύν;
ξύπνησον, κράξε Ἀθήνας,
σύμμαχον παντοτεινήν.
Ἐνθυμείθητε Λεοννίδου
ἥρωος τοῦ Ἐξακουστου,
τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἐπαινεμένου
φοβεροῦ καὶ τρομεροῦ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, &c.

Ὅ που εἰς τὰς Θερμοπύλας
πόλεμον αὐτὸς κροτεῖ.
καὶ τοὺς Πέρσας ἀφανίζει
καὶ αὐτῶν κατὰ κρατεῖ·
Μὲ τριακοσίους ἄνδρας,
εἰς τὸ κέντρον προχωρεῖ,
καὶ, ὡς λέων θυμώμενος,
εἰς τὸ αἷμα τῶν βυντεῖ.
Τὰ ὅπλα ἂς λάβωμεν, &c.

RUMAIC EXTRACTS.

Ῥώσσος, Ἄγκλος, καὶ Γάλλος κάμνοντες τὴν περιήγησιν τῆς Ἑλλάδος, καὶ βλέποντες τὴν ἀθλίαν τὴν κατάστασιν, εἰρώτησαν καταρχὰς ἕνα Γραικὸν φιλέλληνα διὰ νὰ μάθουν τὴν αἰτίαν μετ' αὐτὸν ἕνα μητροπολίτην, εἶτα ἕνα βλάχμπεην, ἕπειτα ἕνα πραγματευτὴν, καὶ ἕνα προεστῶτα.

Εἰπέ μας, ὦ φιλέλληνα, πῶς φέρεις τὴν σκλαβίαν
καὶ τὴν ἀπαρηγόρητον τῶν Τούρκων τυραννίαν;
πῶς ταῖς ξυλαῖς καὶ ὑβρισμοὺς καὶ σιδηροδεσμίαν
παίδων, παρθένων, γυναικῶν ἀνήκουστον φθορεῖαν;
Δὲν εἶσθαι ἐσεῖς απόγονοι ἐκείνων τῶν Ἑλλήνων
τῶν ἐλευθέρων καὶ σοφῶν καὶ τῶν φιλοπατρίδων·

καὶ πῶς ἐκεῖνοι ἀπέθνησκον διὰ τὴν ἐλευθερίαν
καὶ τώρα ἐσεῖς ὑπούκεισθαι εἰς τέτοιαν τυραννίαν,
καὶ ποῖον γένος ὡς ἐσεῖς ἐστάθη φωτισμένον
εἰς τὴν σοφίαν, δύναμιν, εἰς κ' ὅλα ζακουσμένον·
πῶς νῦν ἐκαταστήσατε τὴν φωτινὴν Ἑλλάδα.
βαβά! ὡς ἕνα σκέλεθρον, ὡς σκοτεινὴν λαμπάδαν!
Ομίλει, φίλτατε Γραικέ, εἰπέ μας τὴν αἰτίαν:
μὴ κρύπτῃς τίποτης ἡμῶν, λύε τὴν ἀπορίαν.

Ὁ ΦΙΛΕΛΛΗΝΟΣ.

Ῥωσσ-αγκλο-γάλλοι, Ἕλλὰς, καὶ ὄχι ἄλλοι,
ἦτον, ὡς λέτε, τόσον μεγάλη,
νῦν δὲ ἄθλια, καὶ ἀναξία
ἀφ' οὗ ἄρχισεν ἡ ἀμαθία.
ὅστ' ἠμποροῦσαν νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
τοῦτ' εἰς τὸ χεῖρον τὴν ὁδηγοῦσι.
αὐτὴ στενάζει, τὰ τέκνα κράζει,
στὸ νὰ προκόπτουν ὅλα προστάζει,
καὶ τότε ἐλπίζει ὅτι κερδίζει.
εὑρεῖν, ὁποῦ χει νῦν τὴν φλογίζει.
Μα ὅστις τολμήσει νὰ τὴν ξυπνήσῃ
πάγει στὸν ᾅδην χωρὶς τινα κρίσιν.

above is the commencement of a long dramatic satire on the Greek ood, princes, and gentry; it is contemptible as a composition, but s curious as a specimen of their rhyme: I have the whole in MS., but tract will be found sufficient. The Romaic in this composition is so to render a version an insult to a scholar; but those who do not un- id the original will excuse the following bad translation of what is in idifferent.

TRANSLATION.

ilian, Englishman, and Frenchman, making the tour of Greece, and ving the miserable state of the country, interrogate, in turn, a Greek ot, to learn the cause; afterwards an Archbishop, then a Vlackbey * rchant, and Cogia Bachi or Primate.

Thou friend of thy country! to strangers record,
Why bear ye the yoke of the Ottoman Lord?

* Vlackbey, Prince of Wallachia.

Why bear ye these fetters thus tamely display'd,
The wrongs of the matron, the stripling, and maid?
The descendants of Hellas's race are not ye!
The patriot sons of the sage and the free,
Thus sprung from the blood of the noble and brave,
To vilely exist as the Mussulman slave!
Not such were the fathers your annals can boast,
Who conquer'd and died for the freedom you lost!
Not such was your land in her earlier hour,
The daystar of nations in wisdom and power!
And still will you thus unresisting increase,
Oh shameful dishonour! the darkness of Greece?
Then tell us, beloved Achæan! reveal
The cause of the woes which you cannot conceal.

The reply of the Philellenist I have not translated, as it is no better than the question of the travelling triumvirate; and the above will sufficiently show with what kind of composition the Greeks are now satisfied. I trust I have not much injured the original in the few lines given as faithfully, and as near the "Oh, Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!" measure of the Romaic, as I could make them. Almost all their pieces, above a song, which aspire to the name of poetry, contain exactly the quantity of feet of

"A captain bold of Halifax, who lived in country quarters,"

which is in fact the present heroic couplet of the Romaic.

SCENE FROM 'Ο ΚΑΦΕΝΕΣ.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF GOLDONI, BY SPIRIDION VLANTI.

ΣΚΗΝΗ ΚΓ'.

ΠΛΑΤΖΙΔΑ *εἰς τὴν πόρταν τοῦ χανιοῦ, καὶ οἱ ἄνωθεν.*

ΠΛΑ. Ω Θεέ! *ἀπὸ τὸ παραθύρι μοῦ ἐφάνη νὰ ἀκούσω τὴν φωνὴν τοῦ ἀνδρός μου· ἂν αὐτὸς εἶναι ἐδῶ, ἔφθασα σὲ καιρὸν νὰ τὸν ξεντροπιάσω.* [Εὐγαίνει ἕνας δοῦλος *ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι.*] Παλικάρι, *πές μου, σὲ παρακαλῶ, ποιὸς εἶναι ἐκεῖ εἰς ἐκείνους τοὺς ὀντάδες;*

ΔΟΥΛ. Τρεῖς *χρήσιμοι ἄνδρες. Ἕνας ὁ κὺρ Εὐγένιος, ὁ ἄλλος ὁ κὺρ* Μάρτιος Νεαπολιτάνος, *καὶ ὁ τρίτος ὁ Κύρ* Κόντε Λέανδρος Ἀρδέντης.

ΠΛΑ. (Ἀνάμεσα *εἰς αὐτοὺς δὲν εἶναι ὁ Φλαμίνιος, ἂν ὅμως δὲν ἄλλαξεν ὄνομα.*)

ΛΕΑ. Νὰ ζῇ ἡ καλὴ τύχη τοῦ κὺρ Εὐγενίου. [*Πίνωντας.*]

ΌΛΟΙ. Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ.

ΠΛΑ. (*Αὐτὸς εἶναι ὁ ἄνδρας μοῦ χωρὶς ἄλλο.*) **Καλὲ ἄνθρωπε,** *κάμε μοῦ* **τὴν χαρὶν νὰ μὲ συντροφεύσῃς ἀπάνω** *εἰς αὐτοὺς τοὺς* **ἀφεντάδες,** *ὁποῦ* **θέλω νὰ τοὺς παίξω μίαν.** [*Πρὸς τὸν δοῦλον.*]

ΔΟΥ. 'Ορισμός σας· (*συνηθισμένον ὀφφίκιον τῶν δουλευτῶν.*) [*Τὴν ἐμπάζει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ.*]

ΡΙΔ. **Καρδιὰ, καρδιὰ, κάμετε καλὴν καρδιὰν, δὲν εἶναι τίποτες.** [*Πρὸς τὴν Βιττόριαν.*]

ΒΙΤ. *Ἐγὼ αἰσθάνομαι πῶς ἀπεθαίνω·* [*Συνέρχεται εἰς τὸν ἑαυτόν της.*]

[*Ἀπὸ τὰ παράθυρα τῶν ὀντάδων φαίνονται ὅλοι, ὁποῦ σηκόνωνται ἀπὸ τὸ τραπέζι συγχισμένοι, διὰ τὸν ξαφνισμὸν τοῦ Λεάνδρου βλέπωντας τὴν Πλάτζιδα, καὶ διατὶ αὐτὸς δείχνει πῶς θέλει νὰ τὴν φονεύσῃ.*]

ΕΤΓ. *Ὄχι, σταθῆτε.*

ΜΑΡ. **Μὴν κάμνετε. . .**

ΛΕΑ. **Σίκω, φύγε ἀπ' ἐδῶ.**

ΠΛΑ. **Βοήθεια, βοήθεια.** [*Φεύγει ἀπὸ τὴν σκάλαν, ὁ Λέανδρος θέλει νὰ τὴν ἀκολουθήσῃ μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ, καὶ ὁ Εὐγτὸν βαστᾷ.*]

[ΤΡΑ. *μὲ ἕνα πιάτο μὲ φαγὶ εἰς μίαν πετζέτα πηδᾷ ἀπὸ το παραθύρι, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸν καφενέ.*]

[ΠΛΑ. *εὐγαίνει ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι τοῦ παιγνιδιοῦ τρέχωντας, καὶ φεύγει εἰς τὸ χάνι.*]

[ΕΤΓ. *μὲ ἅρματα εἰς τὸ χέρι πρὸς διαφέντευσιν τῆς Πλάτζιδας, ἐναντίον τοῦ Λεάνδρου, ὁπῶ τὴν κατατρέχει.*]

[ΜΑΡ. *εὐγαίνει καὶ αὐτὸς σιγὰ σιγὰ ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι, καὶ φεύγει λέγωντας·* Rumores fuge.] [*Ῥουμόρες φεύγε.*] *

[*Οἱ Δούλοι ἀπὸ τὸ ἐργαστήρι ἀπερνοῦν εἰς τὸ χάνι, καὶ κλειοὺν τὴν πόρταν.*]

[ΒΙΤ. *μένει εἰς τὸν καφενὲ βοηθημένη ἀπὸ τὸν 'Ριδόλφον.*]

ΛΕΑ. **Δόσετε τόπον· θέλωρινὰ ἔμβω νὰ ἔμβω εἰς ἐκεῖνο τὸ χάνι.** [*Μὲ τὸ σπαθὶ εἰς τὸ χέ· ἐναντίον τοῦ Εὐγενίου.*]

ΕΤΓ. *Ὄχι, μὴ γένοιτο ποτέ εἶσαι ἕνας σληρόκαρδος ἐναντίον*

* *Λόγος λατινικὸς, ἀποῦ θέλινὰ εἰπῇ φεύγει τοὺς σύγχισις.*

τῆς γυναικός σου, καὶ ἐγὼ θέλει τήν διαφεντεύσω ὡς εἰς τὸ ὕστερον αἷμα.

ΛΕΑ. Σοῦ κάμνω ὅρκον πῶς θέλει τὸ μετανοιώσῃς. [Κυηγᾷ τὸν Εὐγένιον μὲ τὸ σπαθί.]

ΕΤΓ. Δὲν σὲ φοβοῦμαι. [Κατατρέχει τὸν Λέανδρον, καὶ τὸν βιάζει νὰ συρθῇ ὀπίσω τόσον, ὁποῦ εὑρίσκωντας ἀνοικτὸν τὸ σπῆτι τῆς χορεύτριας, ἐμβαίνει εἰς αὐτὸ, καὶ σώνεται.]

TRANSLATION.

Platzida, from the Door of the Hotel, and the others.

Pla. Oh God! from the window it seemed that I heard my husband's voice. If he is here, I have arrived in time to make him ashamed. [*A servant enters from the Shop.*] Boy, tell me, pray, who are in those chambers.

Serv. Three gentlemen: one, Signor Eugenio; the other, Signor Martio, the Neapolitan; and the third, my Lord, the Count Leander Ardenti.

Pla. Flaminio is not amongst these, unless he has changed his name.

Leander. [*Within drinking.*] Long live the good fortune of Signor Eugenio.

[*The whole company,* Long live, &c.] (Literally, Νὰ ζῇ, νὰ ζῇ, May he live.)

Pla. Without doubt that is my husband. [*To the Serv.*] My good man, do me the favour to accompany me above to those gentlemen: I have some business.

Serv. At your commands. [*Aside.*] The old office of us waiters. [*He goes out of the Gaming-House.*]

Ridolpho. [*To* Victoria *on another part of the stage.*] Courage, courage, be of good cheer, it is nothing.

Victoria. I feel as if about to die. [*Leaning on him as if fainting.*]

[*From the windows above all within are seen rising from table in confusion:* Leander *starts at the sight of* Platzida, *and appears by his gestures to threaten her life.*]

Eugenio. No, stop——

Martio. Don't attempt——

Leander. Away, fly from hence!

Pla. Help! Help! [*Flies down the stairs,* Leander *attempting to follow with his sword,* Eugenio *hinders him.*]

[Trapolo, *with a plate of meat, leaps over the balcony from the window, and runs into the Coffee-House.*]

[Platzida *runs out of the Gaming-House, and takes shelter in the Hotel.*]

Martio *steals softly out of the Gaming-House, and goes off, exclaiming* "Rumores fuge." *The Servants from the Gaming-House enter the Hotel, and shut the door.*]

ria *remains in the Coffee-House assisted by* Ridolpho.]
ler, *sword in hand, opposite* Eugenio, *exclaims,* Give way—I will
it Hotel.]
io. No, that shall never be. You are a scoundrel to your wife, and
fend her to the last drop of my blood.
er. I will give you cause to repent this. [*Menacing with his*

io. I fear you not. [*He attacks* Leander, *and makes him give back*
, *that, finding the door of the dancing girl's house open,* Leander
hrough, and so finishes.] (1)

ΔΙΑΛΟΓΟΙ ΟΙ'ΚΙΑΚΟΙ. FAMILIAR DIALOGUES.

Ζητήσης ἕνα πρᾶγμα.	*To ask for any thing.*
ρακαλῶ, δόσετέ με ἄν	I pray you, give me if you please.
τε.	
με.	Bring me.
τέ με.	Lend me.
ετε νὰ ζητήσετε.	Go to seek.
θύς.	Now directly.
Θέ μου Κύριε, κάμετέ	My dear Sir, do me this favour.
την την χάριν.	
ς παρακαλῶ.	I entreat you.
ς ἐξορκίζω.	I conjure you.
ς τὸ ζητῶ διὰ χάριν.	I ask it of you as a favour.
ώσετέ με εἰς τόσον.	Oblige me so much.
ἐρωτικὰ, ἢ ἀγάπης.	*Affectionate expressions.*
	My life.
μου ψυχή.	My dear soul.

ιεται — " finishes " — awkwardly enough, but it is the literal
ın of the Romaic. The original of this comedy of Goldoni's I
d, but it does not appear one of his best. " Il Bugiardo " is one
ost lively ; but I do not think it has been translated into Romaic :
ı more amusing than our own " Liar," by Foote. The character
is better drawn than young Wilding. Goldoni's comedies
o fifty ; some perhaps the best in Europe, and others the
His life is also one of the best specimens of autobiography, and,
n has observed, " more dramatic than any of his plays." The
ne was selected as containing some of the most familiar Romaic
ıot for any wit which it displays, since there is more done than
greater part consisting of stage directions. The original is one of
ɔmedies by Goldoni which is without the buffoonery of the speak-
quin.

Ἀγαπητέ μου, ἀκριβέ μου.	My dear.
Καρδίτζα μου.	My heart.
Ἀγάπη μου.	My love.
Διὰ νὰ εὐχαριστήσῃς, νὰ κάμῃς περιποίησες, καὶ φιλικαῖς δεξίωσες.	*To thank, pay compliments, and testify regard.*
Ἐγὼ σᾶς εὐχαριστῶ.	I thank you.
Σᾶς γνωρίζω χάριν.	I return you thanks.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος κατὰ πολλά.	I am much obliged to you.
Ἐγὼ θέλω τὸ κάμει μετὰ χαρᾶς.	I will do it with pleasure.
Μὲ ὅλην μου τὴν καρδίαν.	With all my heart.
Μὲ καλήν μου καρδίαν.	Most cordially.
Σᾶς εἶμαι ὑπόχρεος.	I am obliged to you.
Εἶμαι ὅλος ἐδικός σας.	I am wholly yours.
Εἶμαι δοῦλος σας.	I am your servant.
Ταπεινότατος δοῦλος.	Your most humble servant.
Εἶστε κατὰ πολλὰ εὐγενικός.	You are too obliging.
Πολλὰ πειράζεσθε.	You take too much trouble.
Τὸ ἔχω διὰ χαράν μου νὰ τὰς δολεύσω.	I have a pleasure in serving you.
Εἶστε εὐγενικὸς καὶ εὐπροσήγορος.	You are obliging and kind.
Αὐτὸ εἶναι πρέπον.	That is right.
Τί θέλετε; τί ὁρίζετε;	What is your pleasure? What are your commands?
Σᾶς παρακαλῶ νὰ μὲ μεταχειρίζεσθε ἐλεύθερα.	I beg you will treat me freely.
Χωρὶς περιποίησες.	Without ceremony.
Σᾶς ἀγαπῶ ἐξ ὅλης μου καρδίας.	I love you with all my heart.
Καὶ ἐγὼ ὁμοίως.	And I the same.
Τιμήσετε μὲ ταῖς προσαγαῖς σας.	Honour me with your commands.
Ἔχετε τίποτες νὰ μὲ προστάξετε;	Have you any commands for me?
Προστάξετε τὸν δοῦλον σας.	Command your servant.
Προσμένω τὰς προσαγὰς σας.	I wait your commands.
Μὲ κάμνετε μεγάλην τιμῆν.	You do me great honour.
Φθάνουν ἡ περιποίησες σᾶς παρακαλῶ.	Not so much ceremony, I beg.
Πρασκυνήσετε ἐκμερους μου τὸν ἄρχοντα, ἢ τὸν κύριον.	Present my respects to the gentleman, or his lordship.

ιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν ἐνθυ-	Assure him of my remembrance.
οῦμαι.	
ιώσετε τὸν πῶς τὸν	Assure him of my friendship.
γαπῶ.	
Θέλω λείψει νὰ τοῦ τὸ	I will not fail to tell him of it.
πῶ.	
πκυνήματα εἰς τὴν ἀρχόν-	My compliments to her ladyship.
ισσαν.	
αίνετε ἐμπροσθὰ καὶ σᾶς	Go before, and I will follow you.
ακολουθῶ.	
ύρω καλὰ τὸ χρέος μου.	I well know my duty.
ύρω τὸ εἶναί μου.	I know my situation.
κάμνετε νὰ ἐντρέπωμαι	You confound me with so much
ἐ ταῖς τόσαις φιλοφροσύ-	civility.
ις σας.	
ετε λοιπὸν νὰ κάμω μίαν	Would you have me then be guilty
χειότητα;	of an incivility?
γω ἐμπροσθὰ διὰ νὰ σᾶς	I go before to obey you.
ακούσω.	
νὰ κάμω τὴν προσταγήν	To comply with your command.
ας.	
ἀγαπῶ τόσαις περιποίη-	I do not like so much ceremony.
ες.	
εἶμαι στελείως περιποί-	I am not at all ceremonious.
τικος.	
ὶ εἶναι τὸ καλίτερον.	This is better.
ιν τὸ καλίτερον.	So much the better.
τε λόγον, ἔχετε δίκαιον.	You are in the right.

νὰ βεβαιώσης, νὰ ἀρνηθῆς,	*To affirm, deny, consent, &c.*
ὶ συγκατανευσῆς, καὶ τξ.	
ι ἀληθινὸν, εἶναι ἀληθέσ-	It is true, it is very true.
τον.	
νὰ σᾶς εἴπω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	To tell you the truth.
ως, ἔτζη εἶναι.	Really, it is so.
ς ἀμφιβάλλει;	Who doubts it?
εἶναι ποσῶς ἀμφιβολία.	There is no doubt.
ιστεύω, δὲν τὸ πιστεύω.	I believe it, I do not believe it.
ο τὸ ναί.	I say yes.
ο τὸ ὄχι.	I say no.
ω στίχημα ὅτι εἶναι.	I wager it is.
ω στίχημα ὅτι δὲν εἶναι	I wager it is not so.
ζη.	
μὰ τὴν πίστιν μου.	Yes, by my faith.

Εἰς τὴν συνείδησίν μου.	In conscience.
Μὰ τὴν ζωήν μου.	By my life.
Ναὶ, σᾶς ὀμνύω.	Yes, I swear it to you.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ὡσὰν τεμημένος ἄνθρωπος.	I swear to you as an honest man.
Σᾶς ὀμνύω ἐπάνω εἰς τὴν τιμήν μου.	I swear to you on my honour.
Πιστεύσετέ με.	Believe me.
Ἠμπορῶ νὰ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώσω.	I can assure you of it.
Ἤθελα βάλη στίχημα, ὅτι θέλετε διὰ τοῦτο.	I would lay what bet you please on this.
Μὴ τύχῃ καὶ ἀστείζεσθε (χορατεύετε);	You jest by chance?
Ὁμιλεῖτε μὲ τὰ ὅλα σας;	Do you speak seriously?
Ἐγὼ σᾶς ὁμιλῶ με τὰ ὅλα μου, καὶ σᾶς λέγω τὴν ἀλήθειαν.	I speak seriously to you, and tell you the truth.
Ἐγὼ σᾶς τὸ βεβαιώνω.	I assure you of it.
Τὸ ἐπροφητεύσετε.	You have guessed it.
Τὸ ἐπιτεύχετε.	You have hit upon it.
Σᾶς πιστεύω.	I believe you.
Πρέπει νὰ σᾶς πιστεύσω.	I must believe you.
Αὐτὸ δὲν εἶναι ἀδύνατον.	This is not impossible.
Τὸ λοιπὸν ἂς εἶναι με καλὴν ὥραν.	Then it is very well.
Καλὰ, καλά.	Well, well.
Δὲν εἶναι ἀληθινόν.	It is not true.
Εἶναι ψεῦδες.	It is false.
Δὲν εἶναι τίποτες ἀπὸ αὐτό.	There is nothing of this.
Εἶναι ἕνα ψεῦδος μία ἀπάτη.	It is a falsehood, an imposture.
Ἐγὼ ἀστείζομουν (ἐχοράτευα).	I was in joke.
Ἐγὼ τὸ εἶπα διὰ νὰ γελάσω.	I said it to laugh.
Τῇ ἀληθείᾳ.	Indeed.
Μὲ ἀρέσει κατὰ πολλά.	It pleases me much.
Συλκατανεύω εἰς τοῦτο.	I agree with you.
Δίδω τὴν ψῆφον μου.	I give my assent.
Δὲν ἀντιστέκομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I do not oppose this.
Εἶμαι σύμφωνος, ἐκ συμφώνου.	I agree.
Ἐγὼ δὲν θέλω.	I will not.
Ἐγὼ ἐναντιώνομαι εἰς τοῦτο.	I object to this.
Διὰ νὰ συμβουλευθῆς, νὰ στοχασθῆς, ἢ νὰ ἀποφασίσης.	*To consult, consider, or resolve.*
Τί πρέπει νὰ κάμωμεν;	What ought we to do?
Τί θὰ κάμωμεν;	What shall we do?

Τί μὲ συμβουλεύετε νὰ κάμω;	What do you advise me to do?
Ὁποῖον τρόπον θέλομεν μεταχειρισθῆ ἡμεῖς;	What part shall we take?
Ἂς κάμωμεν ἔτζη.	Let us do this.
Εἶναι καλίτερον ἐγὼ νὰ ——	It is better that I—
Σταθῆτε ὀλίγον.	Wait a little.
Δὲν ἤθελεν εἶναι καλίτερον νὰ ——	Would it not be better that—
Ἐγὼ ἀγαποῦτα καλίτερα.	I wish it were better.
Θέλετε κάμει καλίτερα ἂν——	You will do better if——
Ἀφήσετέ με.	Let me go.
Ἂν ἤμουν εἰς τὸν τόπον σας ἐγὼ ——	If I were in your place I——
Εἶναι τὸ ἴδιον.	It is the same.

The reader by the specimens below will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

Νέον.	Αὐθεντικόν.
Κεφάλ. δ.	Κεφάλ. δ.
1. ΕΙΣ τὴν ἀρχὴν ἦτον ὁ λόγος· καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦτον μετὰ Θεοῦ· καὶ Θεὸς ἦτον ὁ λόγος.	1. ΕΝ ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος, καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν, καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.
2. Ἐτοῦτος ἦτον εἰς τὴν ἀρχὴν μετὰ Θεοῦ.	2. Οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς τὸν Θεόν.
3. Ὅλα [τὰ πράγματα] διὰ μέσου τοὺ [λόγου] ἐγίνηκαν, καὶ χωρὶς αὐτὸν δὲν ἔγινε κανένα εἴτι ἔγινε.	3. Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο· καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ ἕν, ὃ γέγονεν.
4. Εἰς αὐτὸν ἦτον ζωὴ· καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦτον τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.	4. Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων.
5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς εἰς τὴν σκοτείαν φέγγει, καὶ ἡ σκοτεία δὲν τὸ κατάλαβε.	5. Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ κατέλαβεν.
6. Ἔγινεν ἕνας ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος ἀπὸ τὸν Θεὸν, τὸ ὄνομά τοῦ Ἰωάννης.	6. Ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος ἀπεσταλμένος παρὰ Θεοῦ, ὄνομα αὐτῷ Ἰωάννης.

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT ORCHOMENUS FROM MELETIUS

'ΟΡΧΟΜΕΝΟ'Σ, *κοινῶς* Σκριπού, Πόλις *ποτὲ πλουσιωτάτη καὶ ἰσχυροτάτη, πρότερον καλουμένη Βοιωτικαὶ Ἀθῆναι, εἰς τὴν ὁποίαν ἦτον ὁ Ναὸς τῶν Χαρίτων, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐπλήρωναν τέλη οἱ Θηβαῖοι, οὗτινος τὸ ἔδαφος ἀνεσκάφθη ποτὲ ὑπὸ τῶν Ἀσπελάγκων. Ἐπαναγύριζον εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν τὰ Χαριτήσια, τοῦ ὁποίου Ἀγῶνος εὗρον ἐπιγραφὰς ἐν στήλαις ἔνδον τοῦ ἐκκλησιάστου Ναοῦ ἐπ' ὀνόματι τῆς Θεοτόκου, ὑπὸ τοῦ Πρωτοσπαθαρίου Λέοντος, ἐπὶ τῶν Βασιλέων Βασιλείου, Λέοντος, καὶ Κωνσταντίνου, ἐχούσας οὕτως. Ἐν μὲν τῇ μιᾷ κοινῶς.*

" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν Χαριτησίων.
" Σαλπιστής.
" Μῆνις Ἀπολλωνίου Ἀντιοχεὺς ἀπὸ Μαιάνδρου.
" Κήρυξ.
" Ζώϊλος Ζωΐλου Πάφιος.
" Ῥαψῳδός.
" Νουμήνιος Νουμηνίου Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ποιητὴς ἐπῶν.
" Αμηνιας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖο
" Αὐλητής.
" Ἀπολλόδοτος Ἀπυλλοδότου Κρής.
" Αὐλωδός.
" Ῥόδιππος Ροδιππου Ἀργῆος.
" Κιθαριστής.
" Φανίας Ἀπολλοδότου τοῦ Φανίου Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Κύμης.
" Κιθαρῳδός.
" Δημήτριος Παρμενίσκου Καλχηδόνιος.
" Τραγῳδός.
" Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
" Κωμῳδός.
" Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Σατύρων.
" Ἀμηνίας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Δωρόθεος Δωροθέου Ταραντινός.

" Ποιητὴς Τραγωδιῶν.
" Σοφοκλῆς Σοφοκλέους Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτὴς.
" Καβίριχος Θεοδώρου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Κωμωδιῶν.
" Αλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Ἄτταλος Ἀττάλου Ἀθηναῖος.
" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν νήμητον ἀγῶμα τῶν ὁμηρίων.
" Παῖδας αὐλητάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Παῖδας ἡγεμόνας.
" Στρατῖνος Εὐνίκου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας Αὐλητάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας ἡγεμόνας.
" Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδίππου Ἀργεῖος.
" Τραγωδός.
" Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
" Κωμωδός.
" Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
" Τὰ ἐπινίκια.
" Κωμωδιῶν Ποιητής.
" Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀριστίωνος Ἀθηναῖος."

Ἐν δὲ τῇ ἑτερᾷ δωρικῶς.

" Μνασίνω ἄρχοντος ἀγωνοθετίοντος τὸν
" Χαριτείσιον, εὐαριόστω πάντων οἳ τυῖδε ἐνικώσαν τὰ χαριτείτια.
" Σαλπιγκτάς.
" Φίλινος Φιλίνω Ἀθάνειος.
" Κάρυξ.
" Εἰρώδας Σωκράτιος Θείβειος.
" Ποειτάς.
" Μήστωρ Μήστορος Φωκαιεὺς.
" Ῥαψευδάς.
" Κράτων Κλίωνος Θείβειος.

" Αὐλειτάς.
" Περιγενεὶς Ἡρακλείδαο Κουζικηνός.
" Αὐλαευδός.
" Δαμηνέτος Γλαύκω Ἄργιος.
" Κιθαριστάς.
" Γάματρος Ἀμαλώω Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Μουρίνας.
" Τραγαευδός.
" Ἀσκλαπιόδωρος Πουθεάο Ταραντινός.
" Κωμαευδός.
" Νικόστρατος Φιλοστράτω Θείβειος.
" Τὰ ἐπινίκεια Κωμαευδός.
" Εὔαρχος Ἡροδότω Κορωνεύς."

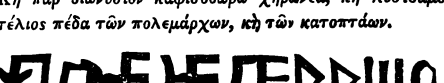
Ἐν ἄλλῳ Λίθῳ.

" Μύριχος Πολυκράτους Ἰαρώνυμος διογίτωνος ἄνδρεσσι χοραγεί-
" σαντες νικάσαντες διονύσου ἀνέθηκαν τίμωνος ἄρχοντος αὐλίωντες
" κλέος ἄδοντος ἀλκισθένιος."

Ἐν ἑτέρῳ Λίθῳ.

" Θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Θειλουθίω, ἀρχι ..... ὡς Εὐϑωλι
" ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖα ..... ὃς ἀπέδωκα ἀπὸ τὰς συνγγραφῶ πέδα
" τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων, ἀνελόμενος τὰς συνγ-
" γραφὼς τὰς κιμένας πὰρ εὐφρόνα, κὴ φιδίαν κὴ πασικλεῖν
" ..... κὴ τιμόμειδον φωκείας, κὴ δαμοτελεῖν λυσιδάμω, κὴ
" δίονυσον καφισοδώω χηρωνεῖα κὰτ τὸ ψαφισμα τῶ δάμω.

" Θυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ἀλαλκομενίω F ἀρνῶν, πολύκλειος
" ταμίας ἀπέδωκε εὐϑωλυ ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖι ἀπὸ τᾶς συνγγραφῶ
" τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελόμενος τὰς συνγ-
" γραφὼ τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελόμενος τὰς
" συνγγραφὼς τὰς κίμενας πὰρ σώφιλον, κὴ εὔφρονα φωκέας
" Κὴ πὰρ διωνύσιον καφισοδώρω χηρωνέα, κὴ λυσίδαμον δαμο-
" τέλιος πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων.



" Ἄρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενῷ Συνάρχῳ, μεινὸς Ἀλαλκομενίου, ἐν δὲ
" F ἐλατίῃ Μενοίταο Ἀρχελάου μεινὸς πράτου. Ὁμολογῶ Εὔθωλυ
" F ἐλατίῃ, ο κὴ τῇ πόλι ἐρχομενίων. Ἐπειδὴ κεκομίσμαι Εὔ-
" θωλος παρ τῆς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἅπαν κατ τὰς ὁμολογίας τὰς
" τεθίσας Συνάρχῳ ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Σειλευθίου, κὴ οὐκ ὀφειλέτῃ
" αὐτῷ ἔτι οὐθὲν παρ τὰν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀπέχι πάντα περὶ παντὸς,
" κὴ ἀποδεδόανθι τῇ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς ὁμολογίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ
" δεδομένον χρόνον Εὔθωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας F ἔτι ἀπέτταρα βούεσσι
" σοὺν ἵππυς δια κατίης Fι κατι προβάτυς σοὺν ἤγυς χειλίης ἀρχὶ
" τῶ χρόνω ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς ὁ μετὰ Συναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίος ἀπο-
" γραφέσθη δὲ Εὔθωλον κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν ἕκαστον παρ τὸν ταμίαν κὴ
" τὸν νόμων ἂν τάτε καὔματα τῶν προβάτων, κὴ τῶν ἠγῶν, κὴ
" τῶν βουῶν, κὴ τῶν ἵππων, κὴ κάτινα ἀσαμαίων δίκη τὸ πλεῖθος
" μεὶ ἀπογράφεσο ὧδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τῇ συνγχω-
" ρείσι ἡ δέκατις ... . η τὸ ἐννόμιον Εὔθωλον ὀφείλει .....
" λις τῶν ἐρχομενίων ἀργουρίω ..... τετταράκοντα Εὔθωλυ
" καθ' ἕκαστον ἐνιαυτὸν, κὴ τόκον φερέτω δραχμὰς ..... τας
" μνᾶς ἑκάστας κατὰ μεῖνα ..... τὸν κὴ ἔμπρακτος ἔστω τὸν
" ἐρχομένιον ..... καὶ τὰ ἐξῆς."

Ἐν Ἄλλοις Λίθοις.

" Ἀνοδώρα συνφορον χαῖρε." ΝΟΚΤΕΣ. " Καλλίπιτον ἀμφάριχος, καὶ ἄλλαι." Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα, ἃ δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφομεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἐξῆς.

The following is the prospectus of a translation of Anacharsis into Romaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in England.

ΕΙΔΗΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

Ὅσοι εἰς βιβλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἠξεύρουν πόσον εἶναι τὸ χρήσιμον τῆς Ἱστορίας, δι' αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκεται ἡ πλέον μεμακρυσμένη παλαιότης, καὶ θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρῳ ἡ

πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων Ἐθνῶν καὶ Γενῶν ἀν-
τὴν μνήμην διεσώσατο καὶ διασώσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς αἰῶνα
τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τέτοια Ἐπιστήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταὐτῷ ὠφέλιμη,
ἡ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαία· διατὶ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνοι νὰ τὴν
ὑστερούμεθα, μὴ ἠξεύροντες οὔτε ἀς ἀρχὰς τῶν Προγόνων μας,
πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὑρέθησαν εἰς τὰς Πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ
ἤθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν
τοὺς ἀλλογενεῖς, ἠξεύρουν νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχι μόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν
ἀρχὴν καὶ τὴν πρόοδον τῶν Προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς
μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς θέσεις τῶν Πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἱονεὶ χειρα-
γωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικούς τῶν Πίνακας, μᾶς
λέγουν, ἐδῶ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθῆναι, ἐδῶ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆβαι,
τόσα στάδια ἡ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία Ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην.
Τοῦτος ᾠκοδόμησε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκεῖνος τὴν ἄλλην καὶ τλ.
Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς μὴ Ἕλληνας χειραγωγοὺς
μας, πόθεν ἐπαρακινήθησαν νὰ ἐξερευνήσουν ἀρχὰς τόσον παλαιὰς,
ἀνυποστόλως μᾶς ἀποκρίνονται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. "Καθὼς
" ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνάχαρσις, ἂν δὲν ἐπεριέρχετο τὰ πανευφράντα
" ἐκεῖνα Κλίματα τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα,
" τὰ ἤθη καὶ τοὺς νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκύθης καὶ
" τὸ ὄνομα καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ἡμέτερος Ἰατρὸς, ἂν δὲν
" ἐμάνθανε τὰ τοῦ Ἱπποκράτους, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ εἰς
" τὴν τέχνην τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν Νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε τὰ τοῦ
" Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιττακοῦ, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ ῥυθμίσῃ
" καὶ νὰ καλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἤθη τῶν ὁμογενῶν του· ἂν ὁ Ῥήτωρ δὲν
" ἀπηνθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισμοὺς τοῦ Δημοσθέ-
" νους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν ἀκροατῶν τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ
" Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀββᾶς Βαρθολομαῖος δὲν ἀνεγίνωσκε
" μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ σκέψιν τοὺς πλέον ἐγκρίτους συγγρα-
" φεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξερευνῶν αὐτοὺς κατὰ βάθος ἐπὶ τριακοντα
" δύω ἔτη, δὲν ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τοιάτην τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων Ἱστο-
" ρίαν τοῦ, ἥτις Περιήγησις τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως παρ' αὐτοῦ
" προσωνομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλας τὰς Εὐρωπαϊκὰς Διαλέκτους μετε-
" γλωττίσθη." Καὶ ἐν ἐνι λόγῳ, οἱ Νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπερναν
δία ὁδηγοὺς τοὺς Προγόνους μας, ἤθελαν ἴσως περιφέρονται
ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι Λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένοι

διὰ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶναι δὲ φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ἐμετάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχαρσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ Γερμανικόν.

Ἂν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μεθέξωμεν τῆς γνώσεως τῶν λαμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων ὁποῦ ἔκαμαν οἱ θαυμαστοὶ ἐκεῖνοι Προπάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν πρόοδον καὶ αὔξησίν των εἰς τὰς Τέχνας καὶ Ἐπιστήμας καὶ εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήσεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ γνωρίσωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, καὶ ὁποίους θαυμαστοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους ἡμῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γνωρίζομεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὁποῦ οἱ ἀλλογενεῖς θαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺς, καὶ ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως σέβονται, ἂς συνδράμωμεν ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοῦ θαυμασίου τούτου συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθύμως τὴν μετάφρασιν τοῦ Βιβλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν καλὴν φράσιν τῆς νῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τοῦτο εἰς τύπον, θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσει μὲ τοὺς Γεωγραφικοὺς Πίνακας μὲ ἁπλᾶς Ρωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἐδικάμας γράμματα, προστιθέντες ὅτι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἁρμόδιον εἰς τὴν Ἱστορίαν.

Ὅλον τὸ σύγγραμμα θέλει γένει εἰς Τόμους δώδεκα κατὰ μίμησιν τῆς Ἰταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ Συγγράμματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαέξη τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσθήκην τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὴς οὖν Συνδρομητὴς πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε Τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ Καρανταλία εἴκοσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ὁποῦ θέλει τῷ παραδοθῇ ὁ Τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δεμένος.

Ἐρρωμένοι καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαβιώσοιτε Ἕλλήνων Παῖδες.
Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξηρτημένοι.

Ἰωάννες Μαρμαροτούρης.
Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.
Σπυρίδων Πρεβέτος.

Ἐν Τριεστίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωβρίου, 1799.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC.

Ὦ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΜΑΣ ὁποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς, ἂς ἁγιασθῇ τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ θέλημά σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτζη καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ ψωμί μας τὸ καθημερινὸν, δός μας τὸ σημερον. Καὶ συγχώρησέ μας τὰ χρέη μας, καθῶς καὶ ἐμεῖς συγχωροῦμεν τοὺς χρεοφειλέτας μας. Καὶ μὴν μᾶς φέρε εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπὸ τὸν πονηρόν. Ὅτι ἐδική σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία δὲ, ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, ἀς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK.

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σήμερον. Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλεταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστιν ἡ βασιλεία, καὶ ἡ δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

LONDON:
Printed by A. SPOTTISWOODE,
New-Street-Square.

συμβουλεύετε νὰ κάμω;	What do you advise me to do?
ον τρόπον Θέλομεν μεχειρισθῆ ἡμεῖς;	What part shall we take?
άμωμεν ἔτζη.	Let us do this.
καλίτερον ἐγὼ νὰ ——	It is better that I—
ῆτε ὀλίγον.	Wait a little.
ἤθελεν εἶναι καλίτερον	Would it not be better that—
ἀγαποῦτα καλίτερα.	I wish it were better.
τε κάμει καλίτερα ἂν——	You will do better if——
τετέ με.	Let me go.
ήμουν εἰς τὸν τόπον σας	If I were in your place I——
ὼ ——	
τὸ ἴδιον.	It is the same.

reader by the specimens below will be enabled to compare the modern with the ancient tongue.

PARALLEL PASSAGES FROM ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL.

Νέον.	Αὐθεντικόν.
Κεφάλ. *ά.*	Κεφάλ. *ά.*
ΕΙΣ *τὴν ἀρχὴν ἦτον ὁ*	1. ΕΝ *ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ λόγος,*
ς· καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦτον μετὰ	*καὶ ὁ λόγος ἦν πρὸς τὸν Θεὸν,*
· καὶ Θεὸς ἦτον ὁ λόγος.	*καὶ Θεὸς ἦν ὁ λόγος.*
Ἐτοῦτος ἦτον εἰς τὴν	2. *Οὗτος ἦν ἐν ἀρχῇ πρὸς*
ν μετὰ Θεοῦ.	*τὸν Θεόν.*
Ὅλα [τὰ πράγματα] διὰ	3. *Πάντα δι' αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο·*
ι τὸν [λόγου] ἐγίνηκαν,	*καὶ χωρὶς αὐτοῦ ἐγένετο οὐδὲ*
ωρὶς αὐτὸν δὲν ἔγινε κα-	*ἕν, ὃ γέγονεν.*
εἴτι ἔγινε.	
Εἰς αὐτὸν ἦτον ζωὴ· καὶ	4. *Ἐν αὐτῷ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ*
ἡ ἦτον τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώ-	*ἡ ζωὴ ἦν τὸ φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώ-*
	πων.
Καὶ τὸ φῶς εἰς τὴν σκο-	5. *Καὶ τὸ φῶς ἐν τῇ σκοτίᾳ*
φέγγει, καὶ ἡ σκοτεία δὲν	*φαίνει, καὶ ἡ σκοτία αὐτὸ οὐ*
ιτάλαβε.	*κατέλαβεν.*
Ἔγινεν ἕνας ἄνθρωπος	6. *Ἐγένετο ἄνθρωπος ἀπε-*
ταλμένος ἀπὸ τὸν Θεὸν, τὸ	*σταλμένος παρὰ Θεοῦ, ὄνομα*
ί τοῦ Ἰωάννης.	*αὐτῷ Ἰωάννης.*

THE INSCRIPTIONS AT ORCHOMENUS FROM MEL

'ΟΡΧΟΜΕΝΟ'Σ, *κοινῶς* Σκριπού, Πόλις ποτὲ πλουσιωτ
ισχυροτάτη, πρότερον καλουμένη Βοιωτικαὶ 'Αθῆναι,
ὑποίαν ἦτον ὁ Ναὸς *τῶν Χαρίτων, εἰς τὸν ὁποῖον ἐπλήρω*
οἱ Θηβαῖοι, οὗτινος τὸ ἔδαφος ἀνεσκάφθε ποτὲ ὑπὸ τῶ
λάγκων. 'Επανηγύριζον εἰς αὐτὴν τὴν Πόλιν τὰ Χαριτή
ὁποίου 'Αγῶνος εὗρον ἐπιγραφὰς ἐν στήλαις ἔνδον τοῦ κ
Ναοῦ *ἐπ' ὀνόματι τῆς Θεοτόκου, ὑπὸ τοῦ Πρωτοσπαθαρί*
τος, ἐπὶ τῶν Βασιλέων Βασιλείου, Λέοντος, καὶ Κωνσ
ἐχούσας οὕτως. 'Εν μὲν τῇ μιᾷ κοινῶς.

" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν ἀγῶνα τῶν Χαριτησίων.
" Σαλπιστής.
" Μῆνις 'Απολλωνίου 'Αντιοχεὺς ἀπὸ Μαιάνδρου.
" Κήρυξ.
" Ζώϊλος Ζωΐλου Πάφιος.
" 'Ραψῳδός.
" Νουμήνιος Νουμηνίου 'Αθηναῖος.
" Ποιητὴς ἐπῶν.
" Αμηνιας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖο
" Αὐλητής.
" 'Απολλόδοτος 'Απολλοδότου Κρής.
" Αὐλωδός.
" 'Ρόδιππος Ροδιπποῦ 'Αργῆος.
" Κιθαριστής.
" Φανίας 'Απολλοδότου τοῦ Φανίου Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Κύμης
" Κιθαρῳδός.
" Δημήτριος Παρμενίσκου Καλχηδόνιος.
" Τραγῳδός.
" 'Ιπποκράτης 'Αριστομένους 'Ρόδιος.
" Κωμῳδός.
" Καλλίστρατος 'Εξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Σατύρων.
" 'Αμηνίας Δημοκλέους Θηβαῖος.
" 'Υποκριτής.
" Δωρόθεος Δωροθέου Ταραντινός.

" Ποιητὴς Τραγωδιῶν.
" Σοφοκλῆς Σοφοκλέους Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Καβίριχος Θεοδώρου Θηβαῖος.
" Ποιητὴς Κωμωδιῶν.
" Αλέξανδρος Ἀρίστωνος Ἀθηναῖος.
" Ὑποκριτής.
" Ἄτταλος Ἀττάλου Ἀθηναῖος.
" Οἵδε ἐνίκων τὸν νήμητον ἀγῶμα τῶν ὁμοδώων.
" Παῖδας αὐληστάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Παῖδας ἡγεμόνας.
" Στρατῖνος Εὐνίκου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας Αὐλητάς.
" Διοκλῆς Καλλιμήδου Θηβαῖος.
" Ἄνδρας ἡγεμόνας.
" Ῥόδιππος Ῥοδίππου Ἀργεῖος.
" Τραγωδός.
" Ἱπποκράτης Ἀριστομένους Ῥόδιος.
" Κωμωδός.
" Καλλίστρατος Ἐξακέστου Θηβαῖος.
" Τὰ ἐπινίκια.
" Κωμωδιῶν Ποιητής.
" Ἀλέξανδρος Ἀριστίωνος Ἀθηναῖος."
Ἐν δὲ τῇ ἑτερᾷ δωρικῶς.
" Μνασίνω ἄρχοντος ἀγωνοθετίοντος τὸν
" Χαριτείσιον, εὐαριόστω πάντων οἳ τυῖδε ἐνικώσαν τὰ χαριτείτια.
" Σαλπιγκτάς.
" Φίλινος Φιλίνω Ἀθάνειος.
" Κάρουξ.
" Εἰρώδας Σωκράτιος Θείβειος.
" Ποειτάς.
" Μήστωρ Μήστορος Φωκαιεύς.
" Ῥαψευδάς.
" Κράτων Κλίωνος Θείβειος.

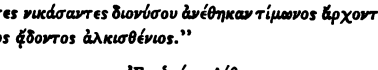
" Αὐλειτάς.
" Περιγενεὶς Ἡρακλείδαο Κουζικηνός.
" Αὐλαευδός.
" Δαμηνέτος Γλαύκω Ἄργιος.
" Κιθαριστάς.
" Γάματρος Ἀμαλώω Αἰολεὺς ἀπὸ Μυρίνας.
" Τραγαευδός.
" Ἀσκλαπιόδωρος Πουθεάο Ταραντινός.
" Κωμαευδός.
" Νικόστρατος Φιλοστράτω Θεῖβειος.
" Τὰ ἐπινίκεια Κωμαευδός.
" Εὔαρχος Ἡροδότω Κορωνεύς."

Ἐν ἄλλῳ Λίθῳ.

" Μύριχος Πολυκράτους Ἰαρώνυμος διογίτωνος ἄνδρεσσι χορα
" σαντες νικάσαντες διονύσου ἀνέθηκαν τίμωνος ἄρχοντος αὐλίοι
" κλέος ἕδοντος ἀλκισθένιος."

Ἐν ἑτέρῳ Λίθῳ.

" Ϟυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς Ϟειλουθίω, ἀρχι ..... ὡς Εὐθ
" ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖα ..... ὃς ἀπέδωκα ἀπὸ τὰς συγγραφῶ π
" τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων, ἀνελόμενος τὰς σο
" γραφὼς τὰς κιμένας πὰρ εὐφρόνα, κὴ φιδίαν κὴ πασικ
" ..... κὴ τιμόμειδον φωκείας, κὴ δαμοτελεῖν λυσιδάμω,
" δίονυσον καφισοδώω χηρωνεῖα κὰτ τὸ ψαφισμα τῶ δάμω.



" Ϟονάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ἀλαλκομενίω F ἀρνῶν, πολύκλε
" ταμίας ἀπέδωκε εὐθωλυ ἀρχεδάμω φωκεῖ ἀπὸ τᾶς συγγραφ
" τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελόμενος τὰς συν
" γραφὼ τὸ καταλύπον κὰτ τὸ ψάφισμα τῶ δάμω, ἀνελόμενος τ
" συγγραφὼς τὰς κίμενας πὰρ σώφιλον, κὴ εὔφρονα φωκέ
" Κὴ πὰρ διωνύσιον καφισοδώρω χηρωνέα, κὴ λυσίδαμον δαμ
" τέλιος πέδα τῶν πολεμάρχων, κὴ τῶν κατοπτάων.

Ἄρχοντος ἐν ἐρχομενῷ ξυνάρχω, μενὸς Ἀλαλκομενίω, ἐν δὲ F ἐλατίη Μενοίταο Ἀρχελάω μεινὸς πράτω. Ὁμολογᾶ Εὔβωλυ F ἐλατίη, ο κὴ τῇ πόλι ἐρχομενίων. Ἐπειδὴ κεκομίστη Εὔβωλος πὰρ τῆς πόλιος τὸ δάνειον ἅπαν κἀτ τὰς ὁμολογίας τὰς τεθίσας ξυνάρχω ἄρχοντος, μεινὸς ξειλουθίω, κὴ οὐτ ὀφειλέτη αὐτὼ ἔτι οὐθὲν πὰρ τὰν πόλιν, ἀλλ' ἀπέχι πάντα περὶ παντὸς, κὴ ἀποδεδόανθι τῇ πόλι τὸ ἔχοντες τὰς ὁμολογίας, εἰ μὲν ποτὶ δεδομένον χρόνον Εὔβωλυ ἐπὶ νομίας F ἔτι ἀπέτταρα βούεσσι σοὺν ἵππυς δια κατίης Fι κατι προβάτυς σοὺν ἤγυς χειλίης ἀρχὶ τῶ χρόνω ὁ ἐνιαυτὸς ὁ μετὰ ξύναρχον ἄρχοντα ἐρχομενίος ἀπογραφέσθη δὲ Εὔβωλον κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν ἕκαστον πὰρ τὸν ταμίαν κὴ τὸν νόμων ἂν τάτε καὖματα τῶν προβάτων, κὴ τῶν ἠγῶν, κὴ τῶν βουῶν, κὴ τῶν ἵππων, κὴ κάτινα ἀσαμαίων ξίκη τὸ πλεῖθος μὲι ἀπογράφεσο ὧδε πλίονα τῶν γεγραμμένων ἐν τῇ σουγχωρείσι ἢ δέκατις ... . η τὸ ἐννόμιον Εὔβωλον ὀφείλει ..... λις τῶν ἐρχομενίων ἀργουρίω ..... τετταράκοντα Εὔβωλυ καθ' ἕκαστον ἐνιαυτὸν, κὴ τόκον φερέτω δραχμὰς ..... τας μνᾶς ἑκάστας κατὰ μεῖνα ..... τὸν κὴ ἔμπρακτος ἔστω τὸν ἐρχομένιον ..... καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς."

Ἐν Ἄλλοις Λίθοις.

Ἀγαθῇ τύχῃ. Ἀνοδώρα συνφορον χαῖρε." ΝΟΚΤΕΣ. "Καλλίπιτον ἀμφάχος, καὶ ἄλλαι." Ἐν οὐδεμίᾳ ἐπιγραφῇ ἴδον τόνον, ἢ πνεῦμα, δὲ ἡμεῖς ὑπογράφομεν, οἱ παλαιοὶ προσέγραφον. Καὶ τὰ ἑξῆς.

The following is the prospectus of a translation of Anacharsis into omaic, by my Romaic master, Marmarotouri, who wished to publish it in ngland.

ΕΙΔΗΣΙΣ ΤΥΠΟΓΡΑΦΙΚΗ.

Πρὸς τοὺς ἐν φιλογενεῖς καὶ φιλέλληνας.

Ὅσοι εἰς βιβλία παντοδαπὰ ἐντρυφῶσιν, ἠξεύρουν πόσον εἶναι χρήσιμον τῆς Ἱστορίας, δι' αὐτῆς γὰρ ἐξευρίσκεται ἡ πλέον μακρυσμένη παλαιότης, καὶ θεωροῦνται ὡς ἐν κατόπτρῳ ἤθη,

πράξεις καὶ διοικήσεις πολλῶν καὶ διαφόρων Ἐθνῶν καὶ Γενῶν ἂν τὴν μνήμην διασώσατο καὶ διασώσει ἡ Ἱστορικὴ Διήγησις εἰς αἰῶνα τὸν ἅπαντα.

Μία τέτοια Ἐπιστήμη εἶναι εὐαπόκτητος, καὶ ἐν ταὐτῷ ὠφέλιμη, ἡ κρεῖττον εἰπεῖν ἀναγκαία· διατὶ λοιπὸν ἡμεῖς μόνοι νὰ τὴν ὑστερούμεθα, μὴ ἠξεύροντες οὔτε ἀς ἀρχὰς τῶν Προγόνων μας, πόθεν πότε καὶ πῶς εὐρέθησαν εἰς τὰς Πατρίδας μας, οὔτε τὰ ἤθη, τὰ κατορθώματα καὶ τὴν διοίκησίν των; Ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν τοὺς ἀλλογενεῖς, ἠξεύρουν νὰ μᾶς δώσουν ὄχι μόνον ἱστορικῶς τὴν ἀρχὴν καὶ τὴν πρόοδον τῶν Προγόνων μας, ἀλλὰ καὶ τοπογραφικῶς μᾶς δείχνουν τὰς Θέσεις τῶν Πατρίδων μας, καὶ οἱονεὶ χειραγωγοὶ γινόμενοι μὲ τοὺς γεωγραφικούς τῶν Πίνακας, μᾶς λέγουν, ἐδὼ εἶναι αἱ Ἀθῆναι, ἐδὼ ἡ Σπάρτη, ἐκεῖ αἱ Θῆβαι, τόσα στάδια ἢ μίλια ἀπέχει ἡ μία Ἐπαρχία ἀπὸ τὴν ἄλλην. Τοῦτος φκοδόμησε τὴν μίαν πόλιν, ἐκεῖνος τὴν ἄλλην καὶ τλ. Προσέτι ἂν ἐρωτήσωμεν αὐτοὺς τοὺς μὴ Ἕλληνας χειραγωγοὺς μας, πόθεν ἐπαρακινήθησαν νὰ ἐξερευνήσουν ἀρχὰς τόσον παλαιὰς, ἀνυποστόλως μᾶς ἀποκρίνονται μὲ αὐτοὺς τοὺς λόγους. "Καθὼς "ὁ ἐκ Σκυθίας Ἀνάχαρσις, ἂν δὲν ἐπεριέρχετο τὰ πανευφρόσυνα "ἐκεῖνα Κλίματα τῆς Ἑλλάδος, ἂν δὲν ἐμφορεῖτο τὰ ἀξιώματα, "τὰ ἤθη καὶ τοὺς νόμους τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἤθελε μείνῃ Σκύθης καὶ "τὸ ὄνομα καὶ τὸ πρᾶγμα· οὕτω καὶ ὁ ημέτερος Ἰατρὸς, ἂν δὲν "ἐμάνθανε τὰ τοῦ Ἱπποκράτους, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ προχωρήσῃ εἰς "τὴν τέχνην τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ ἐν ἡμῖν Νομοθέτης δὲν ἐξέταζε τὰ τοῦ "Σόλωνος, Λυκούργου, καὶ Πιττακοῦ, δὲν ἐδύνατο νὰ ῥυθμίσῃ "καὶ νὰ καλιεργήσῃ τὰ ἤθη τῶν ὁμογενῶν του· ἂν ὁ Ῥήτωρ δὲν "ἀπηθίζετο τὰς εὐφραδείας καὶ τοὺς χαριεντισμοὺς τοῦ Δημοσθέ- "νους, δὲν ἐνεργοῦσεν εἰς τὰς ψυχὰς τῶν ἀκροατῶν τοῦ. Ἂν ὁ "Νέος Ἀνάχαρσις, ὁ Κύριος Ἀβᾶς Βαρθολομαῖος δὲν ἀνεγίνωσκε "μὲ μεγάλην ἐπιμονὴν καὶ σκέψιν τοὺς πλέον ἐγκρίτους συγγρα- "φεῖς τῶν Ἑλλήνων, ἐξερευνῶν αὐτοὺς κατὰ βάθος ἐπὶ τριακοντα "δύω ἔτη, δὲν ἤθελεν ἐξυφάνῃ τοὐτην τὴν περὶ Ἑλλήνων Ἱστο- "ρίαν τοῦ, ἥτις Περιήγησις τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως παρ' αὐτοῦ "προσωνομάσθη, καὶ εἰς ὅλας τὰς Εὐρωπαϊκὰς Διαλέκτους μετε- "γλωττίσθη." Καὶ ἐν ἐνι λόγῳ, οἱ Νεώτεροι, ἂν δὲν ἔπερνων δία ὁδηγοὺς τοὺς Προγόνους μας, ἤθελαν ἴσως περιφέρωντα ματαίως μέχρι τοῦ νῦν. Αὐτὰ δὲν εἶναι Λόγια ἐνθουσιασμένο

ἀ τὸ φιλογενὲς Γραικοῦ, εἶναι δὲ φιλαλήθους Γερμανοῦ, ὅστις ιστάφρασε τὸν Νέον Ἀνάχαρσιν ἀπὸ τοῦ Γαλλικοῦ εἰς τὸ ερμανικόν.

Ἂν λοιπὸν καὶ ἡμεῖς θέλωμεν νὰ μεθέξωμεν τῆς γνώσεως τῶν αμπρῶν κατορθωμάτων ὁποῦ ἔκαμαν οἱ θαυμαστοὶ ἐκεῖνοι Προάτορες ἡμῶν, ἂν ἐπιθυμῶμεν νὰ μάθωμεν τὴν πρόοδον καὶ αὔξησίν ὧν εἰς τὰς Τέχνας καὶ Ἐπιστήμας καὶ εἰς κάθε ἄλλο εἶδος μαθήεως, ἂν ἔχωμεν περιέργειαν νὰ γνωρίσωμεν πόθεν καταγόμεθα, αὶ ὁποίους θαυμαστοὺς καὶ μεγάλους ἄνδρας, εἰ καὶ προγόνους μῶν, φεῦ, ἡμεῖς δὲν γνωρίζομεν, εἰς καιρὸν ὁποῦ οἱ ἀλλογενεῖς ιαυμάζουσιν αὐτοὺς, καὶ ὡς πατέρας παντοιασοῦν μαθήσεως θέωνται, ἂς συνδράμωμεν ἅπαντες προθύμως εἰς τὴν ἔκδοσιν τοῦ ιαυμασίου τούτου συγγράμματος τοῦ Νέου Ἀναχάρσεως.

Ἡμεῖς οὖν οἱ ὑπογεγραμμένοι θέλομεν ἐκτελέσει προθύμως τὴν ιετάφρασιν τοῦ Βιβλίου μὲ τὴν κατὰ τὸ δυνατὸν ἡμῖν καλὴν ρμοσίαν τῆς νῦν καθ' ἡμᾶς ὁμιλίας, καὶ ἐκδόντες τοῦτο εἰς τύπον, θέλομεν τὸ καλλωπίσει μὲ τοὺς Γεωγραφικοὺς Πίνακας μὲ ἁπλᾶς Ρωμαϊκὰς λέξεις ἐγκεχαραγμένους εἰς ἐδικάμας γράμματα, προστιθέντες ὅτι ἄλλο χρήσιμον καὶ ἁρμόδιον εἰς τὴν Ἱστορίαν.

Ὅλον τὸ σύγγραμμα θέλει γένει εἰς Τόμους δώδεκα κατὰ μίμησιν τῆς Ἰταλικῆς ἐκδόσεως. Ἡ τιμὴ ὅλου τοῦ Συγγράμματος εἶναι φιορίνια δεκαέξη τῆς Βιέννης διὰ τὴν προσθήκην τῶν γεωγραφικῶν πινάκων. Ὁ φιλογενὴς οὖν Συνδρομητὴς πρέπει νὰ πληρώσῃ εἰς κάθε Τόμον φιορίνι ἕνα καὶ Καραντανία εἴκοσι τῆς Βιέννης, καὶ τοῦτο χωρὶς καμμίαν πρόδοσιν, ἀλλ' εὐθὺς ὁποῦ θέλει τῷ παραδοθῇ ὁ Τόμος τυπωμένος καὶ δεμένος.

Ἐρρωμένοι καὶ εὐδαίμονες διαβιώσοιτε Ἕλλήνων Παῖδες.
Τῆς ὑμετέρας ἀγάπης ἐξηρτημένοι.

Ἰωάννες Μαρμαροτούρης.
Δημήτριος Βενιέρης.
Σπυρίδων Πρεβέτος.

Ἐν Τριεστίῳ, τῇ πρώτῃ Ὀκτωβρίου, 1799.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN ROMAIC.

Ὦ ΠΑΤΕΡΑ ΜΑΣ ὁποῦ εἶσαι εἰς τοὺς οὐρανοὺς, ἃς ἁγ
τὸ ὄνομά σου. Ἂς ἔλθῃ ἡ βασιλεία σου. Ἂς γένῃ τὸ θ
σου, καθὼς εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν, ἔτζι καὶ εἰς τὴν γῆν. Τὸ ψωμί μ
καθημερινὸν, δός μας τὸ σημερον. Καὶ συγχώρησέ μας τὰ
μας, καθῶς καὶ ἐμεῖς συγχωροῦμεν τοὺς κρεοφειλέτας μας.
μὴν μᾶς φέρε εἰς πειρασμὸν, ἀλλὰ ἐλευθέρωσέ μας ἀπ
πονηρόν. Ὅτι ἐδικἡ σου εἶναι ἡ βασιλεία δὲ, ἡ δύναμις,
δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

IN GREEK.

ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν, ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, ἁγιασθήτω τὸ ὄνομά
Ἐλθέτω ἡ βασιλεία σου· γενηθήτω τὸ θέλημά σου, ὡς ἐν οἰ
καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον δὸς ἡμῖν σή
Καὶ ἄφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα ἡμῶν, ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφίεμε
ὀφειλεταις ἡμῶν. Καὶ μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς ἡμᾶς εἰς πειρασμὸν,
ῥῦσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ὅτι σοῦ ἐστὶν ἡ βασιλεία,
δύναμις, καὶ ἡ δόξα, εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. Ἀμήν.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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